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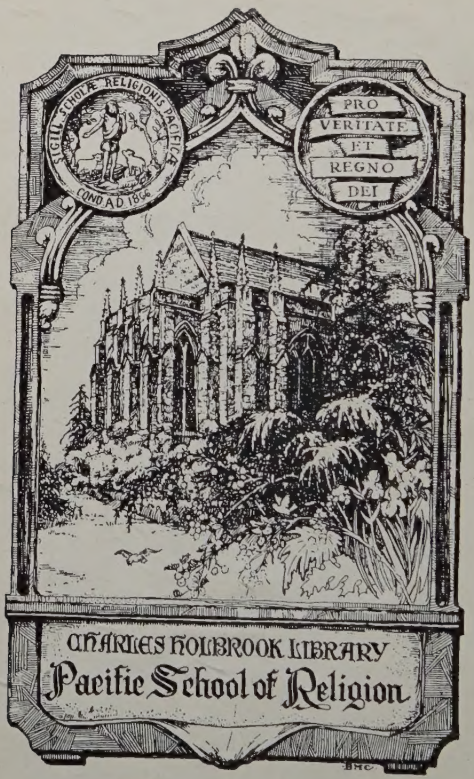

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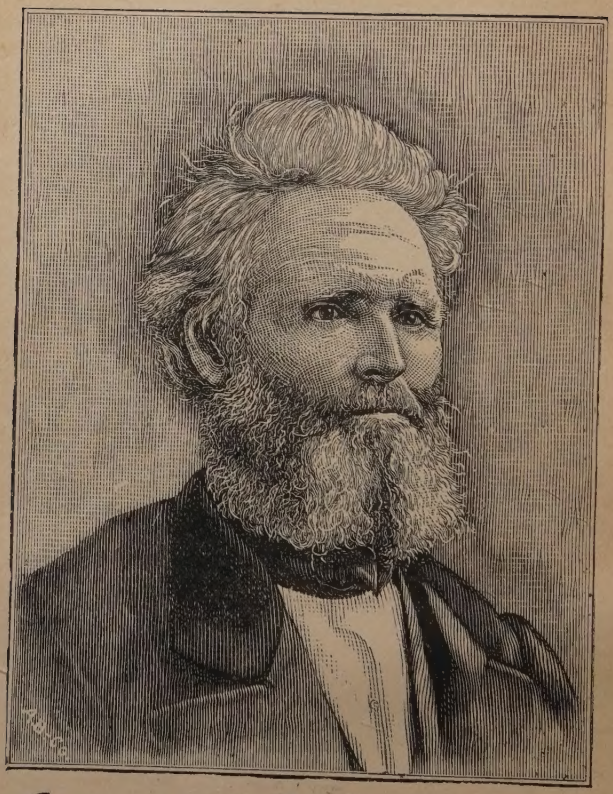

Your Friend
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L. Waugh

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

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OF

LORENZO. WAUGH.

"WHATSOEVER thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

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PREFACE.

DEAR CHILDREN: For some time I have been thinking very seriously of all the happy times I have enjoyed with the children. And more especially have I been feeling serious under the clear conviction of my own mind that these happy times and associations with the dear children are very soon to close with me, and forever as far as this world is concerned, being now in the seventy-fourth year of my age.

I may say to you that, through the greater portion of my life, I have been much guided and influenced in my acts and doings by the clear and abiding impressions made on my mind; first having always thought closely, and prayed the Great Spirit to give me light, and if duty be clearly pointed out to give wisdom and strength to do it, to do it fully and faithfully; and then trusting in God for all the results.

I have had the impression of late, that I should try to write and publish for you a little sketch of my life, so that when I am gone from this world, some of the children may possibly be helped by something I may tell them, to try and be good, and so to have the better chance for usefulness, and for long life, and for happiness in this life and in the world to come.

When I tell you, as I can in truth to-day, that I am now *very happy*, I am sure you will like to know something of how I have got along, and where I have been, and what I have done all along these more than seventy years of my life. Of course, I can only write you a sketch, but will try and give you a true and faithful one.

And so, under my old rule of thought and prayer, and clear impression of duty, I will commence to-day, March 22, 1882.

LORENZO WAUGH.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 14, 1883

DEAR CHILDREN: I now rejoice that our book is in type, on solid stereotype plates, and I realize that God has blessed me in the work, affording me increasingly good health. To him I desire here to express hearty thanksgiving and praise.

To all the good people who have kindly encouraged me, for your help I here tender most hearty thanks.

As soon as the little indebtedness incurred is settled up, I shall then reduce the price of the book to the lowest possible figure, so that all can get it who wish.

My purpose is to please you children, and to try to do you good; and if I should secure something ahead from the sale of the book, this will be used in my visits among the children, and in my plans of trying to help you, as really I have no purpose or desire now to engage in laying up treasure anywhere this side of the heavenly country.

May the Heavenly Father bless you, and bless your parents, and bless our country; and oh, may we be so happy after awhile to meet in the heavenly home! Your friend, affectionately,

LORENZO WAUGH.

My address is, Petaluma, Sonoma County, California.

DEDICATION.

In sincere and heartfelt love, I dedicate this *sketch of my life* to you, children—the boys and the girls—and with the single purpose to please and to do you good. And now, children, if you will live till you are twenty-one years old, faithfully avoiding the use of the filthy tobacco weed, and all intoxicating drinks, as I have done for seventy-four years, we, children, will rid our race of a scourge of evils more debasing and ruinous than have ever afflicted us from any other source since man was turned out of Eden—not even excepting that terrible habit, which is yet in some places still kept up, namely, some members of the human family killing and eating others of the same family, and then killing themselves. And may you all be blessed and prospered in every good word and work. "May your course be full of joy to others, and when your own star shall set at life's close, may it set as sets the morning star, which goeth not down behind the darkened west, but melts away into the brightness of heaven."

Your friend, affectionately,

LORENZO WAUGH.

Petaluma, Cal., Feb. 4, 1883

CAMP LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.

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Life of Lorenzo Waugh.

CHAPTER I.

My Birth and Early Boyhood—"Father Jacob Warwick"—He Gives Me a Fine Filly as a Reward for Beating a Big Young Man in a Foot-race—The Country but Lately an Indian Country—Saw my Father Start to the War of 1812—Hard Times after that War—My Hands Blistered Splitting Rails—My Little Brother Came Nigh Being Killed by a Falling Tree.

I WAS born in West Virginia, August 28, 1808, near Greenbrier River, in what is now Pocahontas County, but was then the County of Bath. The family, when complete, consisted of father and mother, six sons, and six daughters. Of the sons, I was the elder—two sisters being older than I.

The noted Lorenzo Dow was a great favorite of my father, and in this way I got my name; but in place of being called Lorenzo, they gave me the nick-name "Ranzy;" and so by this name I was known and called through all my early life. And I found when back in Virginia this last summer, that I am still there called "Ranzy Waugh."

My father was a good and honorable man, and my mother was a faithful Christian woman. In those, my early boyhood days, my father was poor, as was the case with nearly all the families in that section of the country then. The country was new and just being settled

by the white people, after being vacated by the Indian tribes.

There was one man in our neighborhood who was called rich, having, I think, over a hundred slaves, and I wish to mention him, as he and his family were real friends to me—"Father Jacob Warwick."

His daughter Betsey used to come to our house and give me lessons, and with her I learned to read and write before I ever went a day to school.

Father Warwick was very fond of smart boys, and I must here tell the boys of a little thing that happened to me in his case which would please any boy.

In those early times, when men and boys got together, even in harvest-time, they never were too tired, if leisure was afforded, to have a friendly foot-race, or a wrestle, or a hop, or a jump.

One day, when a big crowd was gathered, putting up a big log house, at a leisure time the favorite sport of foot-racing was going on, and a large young man, by the name of Freel, seemed quite boastful of his success. Father Warwick took me aside, and said: "Now, if you will beat Freel, I will give you something very pretty." I told him I would do my very best.

So the race was soon arranged, and I did beat him fairly twice out of three heats, while the men and boys had lots of fun. Father Warwick patted me heartily, and whispered, "Come up next week." I went, and he gave me a beautiful filly; and I can here add with great pleasure that by this filly I have virtually had my stock of horses all my life since.

The country, I have already told you, was new. I heard this Father Warwick tell how he and his colored man, Sam, almost miraculously escaped being murdered

by the Indians. They succeeded in hiding in a corn-field, and saw the Indians burn the house and carry off all they could lay their hands on, even picking the feathers off the few chickens they left alive, leaving only the topnots and the tails.

I have often had pointed out to me the places in West Virginia where men and women were killed by the Indians. Near my father's house was an old camping place, where bushels of river shells had been thrown, after the meat of them had doubtless been used for food. I am sure that such was the hostile feeling against Indians there then, that no Indian band could have passed safely through and got out of the country. I was myself thus much prejudiced when a boy against "Poor Lo."

DEAR CHILDREN: In running back in my mind to those early boyhood days, I feel sure it will be difficult for me to fully impress you with the hardships and disadvantages which the early settlers in West Virginia had to endure. Especially back near the close of the War of 1812.

Many even of the little minutias of those times, as they then came under my notice, are still indelibly fixed in my memory.

I remember, as clearly as though it was but yesterday, the time my father started to the War of 1812—which was near the close of the war. Soldiers then had to furnish the most of their own outfit. I saw my mother making father's knapsack, and often noticed the tears running down her face. Her own brother was in the same draught, and came to our house so as to start off with father. And I remember well what he said to my mother. She said, when he came—"John how did you

leave Nellie" (his wife). He replied, "I left Nellie just as you are—crying because we are going to defend our country."

But, children, just think. There was my mother and four little children—none large enough to help her; and living on a new place, and really no money; and father, the main dependence, to be taken off, and with the probability to her that he might never return. Was it a wonder that she wept as she worked?

Times after the War of 1812 were such as could be called "hard times" without any exaggeration. There was scarcely any money in circulation, and the people were generally poor and hard run in every sense of the word.

Where families had even secured a home, it required much hard labor to get the land in condition to produce anything, as I now will explain to you. The country was generally very heavily timbered. There was also, besides the large timber, much brush and undergrowth, and this required a vast amount of hard work to clear it off, as this undergrowth had to be grubbed up from the roots, and then gathered and burned, while the large surplus timber was chopped up and rolled into heaps and then burned. So that, really, the labor and cost of getting the land cleared off and made fit for cultivation was more than the original cost of the land in many instances. The fencing was always made of the better splitting timber, and was laid up in crooked "Virginia worm-fence" style; and many a hundred rails have I split and laid up. I am sure, too, I could split and lay up rails as nice and fast as the lamented Abraham Lincoln ever could; though often my hands were sorely blistered by the operation.

And just here I will relate a little circumstance which occurred when I was cutting down a large oak tree; and I do it to remind the children that it is very important to be thoughtful, and to look well all around where there may be possible danger.

My little brother James was a great favorite with me, and would often go off with me to my work and sit down, or run around and watch me work. On the morning I refer to, I went to my work and did not take him along. When I had chopped a fine oak tree till it began to start to fall, I looked in the direction it was going, and to my horror, there was my little brother I screamed with all my might for him to run away, and with inspiring aptness for a little lad, he ran his best, and in the right way; and the lashing tree with its top branches tore his little loose garment as it was pressed back by the breeze, but did not touch his body, and he was safe, while I had emotions of fear and then of joy commingled such, I know, as no mortal tongue could express.

CHAPTER II.

My Foreparents--Grandpa Waugh a Scotchman, and McGuire an Irishman—A Fellow-man is Rescued from the Gutter—My Grandmother's Hungry Nose—My New Preparation to Feed it Rejected.

THERE is another little incident that now strikes my mind, but very different from the one just related, which I must also give you; but, as one of my grandmothers is associated with it, I will first write you a little sketch of my foreparents, as I know you would like to hear something of them.

My grandfather James Waugh was a Scotchman, of

whom I heard much from others who knew him, but never saw him. He was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and I once was in possession of his military land warrant, which he got for his services. This warrant itself had a history, if I had time to write it. Anyway, neither he nor any of us got anything for it. Grandfather Waugh, as I am fully satisfied from authentic information, was a noble specimen of a man—honest, industrious, generous and brave—characteristics, indeed, belonging usually to all true-blooded Scotchmen.

My grandfather John McGuire was, of course, an Irishman. And so, you see, children, that, in addition to my noble Scotch blood, I am akin to the Irish, and I am not going to make any apology for it, but will say that, though there is now a great excitement about Ireland, and many sneering things said about "the Irish," among the great and good men known in history there were some who were Irishmen—some men who were never surpassed by any nationality in thus being great and good. Take, for instance, Dr. Adam Clarke, as a Protestant. Trace him from his boyhood up through his remarkable life, till cholera took him suddenly off to the better world. What a man! How vast his store of knowledge! How faithful his vast exposition of God's Holy Word! How kind and charitable to those who differed with him! How arduous and persevering in doing what he saw and felt to be for the glory of God and the good of man. Where is the one that surpasses Adam Clarke?

Take St. Patrick, as a Roman Catholic, on the othe side, and differing simply in the matter of the externals of our holy Christianity. Look at him in his mighty accumulation and resources of knowledge; a man mighty

in word and deed; stupendous in his purpose and efforts to accomplish what he believed to be essential to the salvation of man and for the glory of God. And where is the one that is more than his equal to be found? Those historians who are asserting that "St. Patrick was not an Irishman" would surely do well to be a little more reserved.

You take an Irishman as he may come to you, even in your hay-barn, poor and ragged, and with his old clay pipe lit up and upside down, asking you for work; or you may find him down in the gutter, suffering under the curse of strong drink, and you clear away the rubbish* of his bad habits, and get down so you can touch the heart with the tender hand of human kindness, and at once comes up from away down deep in that great Irish heart the warm response, "Thank you, sur; God bless you for your help."

A case just now comes to my mind which will illustrate this statement, and so I will give it to you here.

In our town of Petaluma, some years ago, John Egan lived. He was intelligent, and had a nice wife—a good woman—and some nice children. The little girl, "Lew," was just as pretty as she could be. But John got down, down, down, till, under the tyrant strong drink the gutter was his common place. One day I saw him there, and looking on him, said in my heart, "Poor fellow-man, cannot something yet be done to save you?" A feeling of a kind of distant, doubtful response came to my spirit,

*NOTE.—There is more good and bad unentangleably mixed up with the Irish people than can almost anywhere else be found, and somebody is to blame for their getting into so many bad habits—smoking, swearing, getting drunk, etc. If I had the chance I would tell you who I believe has done them this wrong, but I cannot do it now; but I am sure the noble Father Mathew is not to blame.

saying, "you can but try." I had him laid up into my wagon, and hauled him out to my home. There I washed off the filth and vermin from his body, and burned his filthy garments, and put on him a clean suit of clothes, and then fed him with warm milk from the cows—it being doubtful whether he would live or die. I prayed with him and for him, and tried to point him in faith to the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world." He lived, and for eight months I kept him there, knowing that if he should get to town, the saloon vultures would at once light upon him and ravenously pick his bones. He said to me soon after he got sober: "I am so glad you brought me out, for I had fully determined, under the accursed stimulus from the grog-shops and the devil, to murder my wife, and probably the children, and to thus make a clean sweep of myself at once down to hell."

In eight months John was again quite himself, and not only milked his own milk from the cows, but loved to be doing other light work. Just then I received a letter from the Chief of the Fire Department in San Francisco, saying, "Bring John Egan down [a certain day and hour], and do not fail to come." At the time named we landed in the city, and were escorted by a committee to a grove, then a place of resort; and there was a long table laden with rich provisions, and the firemen and invited guests, ladies and gentlemen. Egan had been once the Chief of the Fire Department, and I think the first one there. We ate together in joy and in friendship. After dinner they picked John Egan up and placed him on the table, and all called for a speech—and John could make a speech once—but just then he stood with his glass of *sparkling water* in his hand, and he

looked as though a volcano was just getting ready to burst out from the depths of his heart. Finally, wiping the tears from his face, he drank the sparkling water, and said: "Mr. President, Brother Firemen, Ladies and Gentlemen: It is a long time since I was 'elevated' before." He then unbosomed his soul in most astonishing sentiments and narration, and I saw that many a tear was wiped off from the hardy firemen's faces.

Of John Egan's entire after life I am not fully informed, as he went off from our part of the State. I saw him some years after, in a distant town, and he then was Worthy Chief of a Good Templars' Lodge; and I understood that after this he was elected Superintendent of Public Instruction. Some twelve years ago, I understand, he died. I hope he died in peace and went to rest. But all thoughtful people will say, "If John Egan did so die, and so escaped the drunkard's hell, it was a miracle of mercy; and no other conclusion could be arrived at, when taking an honest view of our modern drinking-tobacco business—rapacious, without conscience, full of rebellion against all law, both of God and of man—as is seen in their efforts to enlarge and maintain it, though the Government be overthrown and souls innumerable be sunk to hell.

But, children, I must not forget the incident promised you in the case of my grandmother McGuire. She came to spend some months at our house; and I loved her much. But she used to snuff, and had a nice snuff-box, and, as she was the first one that I remember to have seen take snuff, it interested me very much to see her *feeding her nose*, as it seemed to me, and then her nose seemed to get so often *hungry*. But finally her snuff was all gone, and she became terribly distressed, as no more

snuff could just then be got; but, while she was so miserable—and I pitying her most heartily—one day being out with my father in the clearing, I thought I struck the very thing that would at once relieve my dear grandmother, and very soon I had her snuff-box full of what I honestly thought was first-class snuff. My father had some time before been cutting down hickory trees, and the hot sun had thoroughly cured and colored the green leaves, so that they would pulverize finely. Of these I

GRANDMOTHER FEEDING HER HUNGRY NOSE.

made the box full of snuff, and in the joy and kindness of my heart, I hastened to present it to my dear grandmother; but, don't you think, that in place of feeding her hungry nose with my snuff, she just stood and laughed at me till she almost cried.

Of course, I felt disappointed in my failure to get grandmother what she would accept as pleasant and nourishing for her hungry nose; but even now I really think she was as much mistaken as I was, for it is my candid judgment that hickory snuff is as good, and even

better, than snuff made of the tobacco leaves. But, children, I do not want much said about this hickory snuff, lest some of the folks should really get to using it; for I know lots of people now who put into their mouths and noses things that not only rob them of their money, but make them shamefully filthy, disgusting and unhealthy, and they are not all of them "old grandmothers" either.

CHAPTER III.

Early Times in West Virginia—All the Work Had to be Done by Hand—Girls and Boys Have Sometimes a Good Time Husking Corn and Pulling Flax—A Girl Gets Bitten by a Copperhead.

AND now, children, I must return and give you some further particulars of our early times in West Virginia. Then we were so circumstanced that we all had to work—all the children, boys and girls—and I think I may say in truth, that to be industrious, and a good worker was the first essential of being beloved and honorable. And I can say, too, truthfully, that there were comparatively few youths then who were fairly regarded as "lazy and shiftless." They were trained to work from the start, and they soon got to love work. The farm work had to be done, the shop work had to be done, and the house work had to be done; and when I give you some of the particulars in all these departments you will see more fully what was implied by work among "all hands."

On the farm, I might say nearly literally everything had then to be done by hand. The fields were broken up by the two-horse plow, followed and guided by hand,

as there was not then a "gang-plow" in the State. The corn and everything had to be planted and hoed by hand. And then, when everything was raised, the harvesting had to all be done by hand. A sowing machine, or a mowing machine, or a reaping machine, would have been a wonder in those days. When the harvest was ripe and ready, a company of men, with sickle in hand, generally went to the ripest grain-field in the settlement and, with their backs bent to the right point, they went ahead, cutting the grain down a handful at a time, taking what was called a "through"—there being an experienced selected leader at the head. This leader was virtually the commander-in-chief, and he saw that everything was done in order. When they had reaped through to the other side of the field, then, with the sickle over the shoulder, they returned, gathering up the grain and binding the sheaves with a band of the same, all throwing the sheaves in one direction. These sheaves were then gathered up by some old men and boys, and put into "shock."

And just here I will describe the *sickle*, as many of you boys never saw one, and never will. This sickle was simply a piece of steel, sharp at the point and a handle on the other end, with a nice regular bend, with the part of it called the "gather" back near the hand, and nice little sharp teeth all the way on the inside edge. And if any fellow got drunk, or even careless, when using this sickle, it would not be surprising that he would be seen leaving the field with a bloody hand, and probably able only to count four fingers and half a thumb on one hand, and so would be dismissed from the pleasant harvest company for all the season. But now, boys, I am happy to tell you that I have yet my two thumbs sound, and

all my fingers, though I have handled this sharp sickle through many a long summer day.

While I am still about the grain, I may as well tell the boys a word about the *threshing*. We had no threshing machines then; and the first I remember about threshing, we just laid the sheaves with the heads together on a threshing floor, and with one stick tied to the end of another smaller stick, the latter being the handle, the whole called a "flail," we flailed out the grain, and then cleaned it the best we could—in early times simply in the wind.

In addition to wheat, and rye, and corn, of course we usually raised both buckwheat and oats, and nearly all the families raised a field of flax. The size of the flax field was usually regulated by the size of the family—that is, so as to produce enough to supply the family all that might be needed for clothing, etc. A sad incident occurs to me, which happened in a flax field when I was young, which I will tell you in concluding this chapter.

Our neighborhood shops, especially the blacksmith shop, were then of great importance, as all our tools, and plows, and even chopping-axes, were made at these shops, there being then no store supply of any of these things, as there is now; in fact, stores themselves were different things from what they are now. In all the stores I then knew anything of, there was not in any of them a ready-made boot, or any part of a suit of clothes, nor was there even a bolt of factory cloth from the cotton fields of the South. And this brings me to tell you that then all our clothing and bed-clothing belonged to the house and loom-house work of our mothers and sisters. They carded, and spun, and wove, and then made up the cloth for our garments, bedding, etc.

I have known girls to get married, beautiful girls, too, and beautifully dressed, and yet not a thing in all the beautiful bridal outfit but what they themselves had spun, and wove, and made up; and finer wives never graced a lovely home or more lovingly cheered a good and happy man.

An now, children, you all love to go to the weddings, and crack the nuts, and eat the candies and sweet cakes; but would it not *now* be a nice sight to see a pretty bride and groom stand up and get married, and have nothing on only what the bride herself had spun, and wove, and made up with her own hands?

I wish it was convenient for me to describe to you more particularly how good our mothers and sisters, and the girls generally, then were, and indeed how generally good the boys were.

Our haying, too, was all done then by hand. The "scythe" was our only mower, and it required a bent back and long and hard exertions with the arms; but it came as a matter of course, and we were hale and hearty, and so we cheerfully worked it through.

We boys in those days were always delighted when we could manage so as to have the pleasant company and association of the girls. And there were two items of work in which our country custom made it perfectly right and pleasant for the girls to join us. One of these was the "corn shucking," and the other the "flax pulling," as I will explain directly. Even the mothers seemed to enjoy seeing us young folks happy with each other, and I know, for one, it much encouraged me to try to be good.

I remember hearing a good lady say to my mother: "I think I shall have your Ranzy for a beau and then a

husband for my girl after awhile." It might have been all a joke with the old lady, but I, as a boy, was delighted with the idea of being so well thought of by so good a lady and such a nice girl. And I know I determined, away back in those boyhood days, that, whatever I might lack in the way of money or education, I would anyway seek to have the good-will of good people, and always to treat the girls with purity and kindness.

Our corn shuckings came off in the fall, after the ears of corn were pulled off of the stocks and hauled near the crib in a big pile. So a day would be set, and boys and girls gather round the corn pile and go to work in earnest, the boys, often every one, having a choice partner. There was, too, a kind of a game played, which I cannot now remember well enough to fully explain, but I think those who should get the greater number of speckled ears and red ears were to have certain preferences in the way of kisses in the little plays which were to come off after the shucking was done. Sometimes, too, the mothers joined in the shucking; but anyway they always got the good dinner ready. And so we often had lots of fun, while a great pile of corn would be shucked.

And now I must tell you about the flax and our flax pullings. The flax is a beautiful growth, usually a little over three feet high. The seed forms on the top branches in little pods. In place of cutting it with the sickle, like the grain, we pulled it up by handfuls from the roots; and I cannot take the time now to tell you how we spread it on the ground to be watered after the seed was secured, so that the lint would come off—how we broke it and hackled it, and so got it ready for our mothers and sisters to spin and to weave, and

then to make it up into our beautiful linen garments, and so forth.

Well, at the time of the flax pulling lots of the boys and girls would go together to the field, every boy having a nice girl for his partner, if he could get one. We pulled up the flax a big handful at a time, in "throughs" like the reapers, having our appointed leader, and so having lots of wit and fun and good humor. The time I now speak of I thought I had as my partner just one of the smart-

A Copperhead in the Flax.

est and prettiest little girls in all the company. But, as we were thus pulling along, all of a sudden she gave a fearful scream, and looking to her instantly, there was a fearful snake—a copperhead—with its open mouth clamped to her foot near the ankle, and its terrible fangs drove through her stocking into her tender flesh. With all speed I got it off, mashed its head to atoms, and then picked up my poor, fainting girl, and in my arms I carried her hurriedly to the house, being a strong, active

boy. Soon her foot and limb were swollen ready to burst, and turned black, while her pain was most excruciating. For days she lay at the point of death; but by incessant care and medical application, she revived, and finally got well. But I can tell you, children, I have ever since been terribly afraid of "snakes in the grass"—copperheads. Why, some years ago, there was a political association formed, and many very good men belonged to it, calling themselves "Copperheads," and having up great cards inviting people to come and join them, saying "Rally, Copperheads!" But I would no more have joined them under that name than I would have gone down, naked and alone, to attack a great shark, such as I have seen in the Pacific Ocean. You, children, watch out always when you are in the locality where there are poisonous snakes—"snakes in the grass," copperheads in the flax.

CHAPTER IV.

My School Days, and no Common School to Go To—Rich Pine for Light—No Stoves—A Yankee Trick—The Poor Deprived of Education—A Law against Educating People of Color—Going off to School—My Teacher Dismissed for Intemperance—I Put into the School to Teach, and Not Half Educated Myself.

AND now, children, I must in this chapter give you some of our early school-boy times, and so hurry up a little, lest I should become tedious and you should get weary; and I know that the school subject is one you are all very much interested in. There was no subject that more interested me when a boy than that of education. and I can assure you, children, that we young folks had in those early days a very poor show in that direction,

as I think you will agree when I have given you some of the facts.

To begin with, we had really then no common schools, and, I think, not a dollar of public money. My father frequently taught school when I was young (though he afterward became a Judge of Court), and I know something of it. The way a school was usually gotten up then was, the one going to teach, or some one for him, took the names of all the children that the family could spare, and especially agree to pay for at a stated rate per scholar, and the teacher might bear in mind that he might not be able to collect quite all that was promised.

The school houses were few and far between. The nearest one to my father's then was at least four miles away, and over quite a mountain at that. To this school house we walked, and sometimes in snow near "knee deep," for there our schools were usually taught only in the winter time, there being too much work to be done in the summer. But I can tell you truthfully that the children, when they did get a chance to go to school, did improve their time well, and those who excelled were always duely noticed and approved; and there was much studying and learning done by us young folks at home. And I must here tell you a little about that. It had to be done mainly at night, and we had no lamps worth even my telling you how lamps were then made. But to provide our light we would go out to the woods and gather and bring to the house rich pine knots, and these, when split up, would furnish a nice light and help to keep us warm, too, though then we had plenty of wood and great wide fire-places, but we had no stoves. And, as I just think of it, I will tell you what they have told me happened about a stove, when stoves first came

round, praised up by the Yankees as being such good things; and if I can think of it I will tell you of a "Yankee trick," too, which was played off on one of our good neighbors. But about the stove first.

The folks in a little town concluded that they would get a stove and try it anyway, putting it up in the church. But one of the good deacons opposed it firmly, saying he was sure it would be very unhealthy, even absorbing all the oxygen from the atmosphere, etc., etc. But he was overruled, and so the stove was set up about the middle of the church. Sunday came and the congregation gathered, and the good opposing deacon took his seat as far from the stove as he could get, for then there were no family pews even. Directly it was seen that there was something wrong with the deacon, as he was breathing heavily and possibly like to faint, and so he was immediately helped to where he might get some fresh air, the heat from the stove being, of course, the cause of the trouble. But after his recovery, on examining the stove it was found to be perfectly cold, no fire having ever yet been put in it. And so it is true, children, that much severe suffering and pain have been endured by some good people in this world, caused only by superstition and imaginary things. And I know in early times even some of our staid, chivalrous Virginians were not entirely free from such delusions; so I will here illustrate this by giving you that little "Yankee trick," and that was long before the Yankees ever brought round their "wooden nutmegs."

A Yankee came round with some of his notions for sale—probably it was wooden clocks—and stopped with neighbor Sharp. Sharp was a first-rate man, and so treated him kindly, but was no doubt a little suspicious

of him, and told him he had heard many things about the Yankees and their tricks, and asked him if they were true, and if he would not show him a fair "Yankee trick."

The Yankee told him that much that he had heard was really so, and he would show him a trick at once; if he would just crawl under the bed for a few minutes, that he could sing him out in less than no time. Sharp, not willing to miss the chance to learn, crawled under, and I might say here, too, that the beds were then often found in the only sitting-room in the house. The Yankee sat silent a bit, then sang out: "If you don't come out, you can stay there! If you don't come out, you can stay there!" And so, sure enough, in a few minutes out he crawled, and, doubtless, always afterwards felt more friendly and less suspicious of the hitherto dreaded Yankees.

It is my most charitable judgment, that in early times there was some superstition, or something else, that was not just the right way on the great subject of education with some of our good old Virginians. They had the idea that "common schools" were really not needed. The wealthier class—that is, as a general thing, the slave-holders—could send their children off and have them schooled at the popular educational resorts, and so their children could thus be prepared to fill all the important positions of public trust and emolument, the poorer people being thus liberally and kindly relieved of the trouble of well educating their children, and also prepared for avoiding the danger and care of holding any offices of trust or emolument, or even mingling in the circles of the said *highest class.*

As evidence that these very liberal ideas prevailed, I need only state the fact that there was a plainly-expressed

and well-understood law in Virginia's statute book, which required, and with a very telling penalty, that "no colored person should be taught to read or write." And some of the colored people—boys and girls—let it be distinctly remembered, were much less than half colored, and yet no fault of their own, by the way; and yet even all these, equally with all the jet-black negroes, whether born in Africa or of home manufacture, were held sternly under the provisions of this grave law.

I am not here going to touch purposely the matter of human slavery, but only simply to call your attention to our old educational matters in our beloved old Virginia. I will, if spared, touch the matter of human slavery direct before I close this sketch, and so you children shall know some things which I know about it, and, in brief just what I think of it.

When I was about sixteen, I had a most pressing desire to obtain a good education, and I do not know but that I came within one day of getting it as you will judge when I state the following facts to you:—

I read a statement in a newspaper about in substance as follows: "Desiring to further the cause of God, and having a little spare means, if a good boy, with a conviction of duty that he should preach the gospel, will apply to me, and I am satisfied with him, I will furnish the means for his complete education, expressly to fit him for this holy calling."

I had already then had very serious impressions in reference to the "holy calling," and so with a free and confiding heart I at once wrote him, giving him a true statement of my impressions of mind, circumstances, etc., and told him I would be very glad to be the one to share his kind offer. Soon after I got his answer, in substance about as follows:—

DEAR BOY: I have to inform you, that I have just made the arrangement (contemplated in my proposition which you saw) with a boy from your own State, Virginia. But I am glad to hear from you, and if you were here I would help you, too, what I could."

I did not deem it manly to try to go and additionally tax this good man's kindness; yet I hoped that some way would be honorably opened by which I might be able to secure a good education.

Soon after this, I left home and went across one county and to a point near Clarksburg, Virginia, on purpose to find an opening to try and get an education; but without being able to take as much, even, as five dollars with me. I stopped with an old gentleman by the name of Cheuveront, a noble Frenchman—a worn-out Methodist traveling preacher—a blessed good man, and highly educated. Soon he and all his kind family took an interest in me, and I went at once to a school near by, and done work for my board, and on my vacations and odd days I chopped timber and split rails to pay for my schooling, and was much encouraged every way. Father C. and family did even much more for me than they had promised, helping me in keeping up my stock of clothing, etc., and they encouraged me with the thought, whether I deserved it or not, that I did more than they had expected me to do. My teacher, too, was kind to me. He was a young man from somewhere East, and had a finished education. He often encouraged me by assuring me that I was progressing finely in my studies; and he had said to me I should stay with him till I finished my education, and that he had purposed to help me through.

But a great set-back and sad disappointment awaited

me again, just ahead. From the time I had first known my teacher, he was in the habit of taking what he called his "social glass" with friends, and for a time seemed to sustain no injury. But after awhile he would get drunk on Saturday and continue it all through Sunday; then Monday come to school, if not drunk, yet so stupid and miserable that nothing could be done all the day, while the children themselves were becoming terribly demoralized, and would fight and quarrel and chew tobacco and curse and swear.

On a Friday evening, Father Cheuveront and two other patrons of the school came and said to my teacher, in the presence of the scholars, "You are now dismissed from the charge of this school, and we have no further need of your services; you will take your money and leave."

Then they said to the pupils, "You come as usual, and Master Waugh is authorized to take charge of the school." The arrangement was as much of a surprise to me as to the children, for they had not even consulted me.

I took the school as they directed, but really had feelings of sadness and disappointment, and pity for my dear teacher, which affected me deeply. Our parting was in perfect kindness and friendship.

He left, and I never knew anything more of his history or his end. And here ended my going to school, and I was not half educated either at the time.

And here now I say, that no one but myself can know the great embarrassments and the many disadvantages which I have labored under through my long and checkered life because of my unavoidable failure to obtain a thorough and finished education.

I continued teaching this school, I think, for three

terms, then I taught for a time in the adjoining county, and then in the neighborhood of my father's house, then in Mason County, Virginia, near the Ohio River.

And now children, since I witnessed the fall of my dear teacher, and saw the effect of his example on some of those dear little boys, and from my observations all my life since in that direction, I am under the most profound conviction that no professed teacher who uses tobacco and drinks whisky, and swears profanely, should ever, under any circumstances, be placed as a teacher over the dear children and young people.

CHAPTER V.

Our Early Educational Matters Continued—The Cultivation of the Earth, Even the Filthy Tobacco Plant—Studies in Geography and Geology—Ancient Men and Boys' Foot-prints Found in the Rocks, and Fish too—The Study of Astronomy and Astrology—The Man that Got in the Filthy Slough.

DEAR children, I had intended to close the detail of our early educational advantages with the last chapter, but, in justice to you, I cannot do it, and so will continue the subject in this one.

In those early boyhood days, we had some rather superior advantages in the way of study and the acquirement of knowledge—useful knowledge. For instance, to start at the foundation—the foundation being really the right place to start in almost everything—the earth there, as I have already briefly expressed, was about as nature had left it, and we dug it up, and often with tired bodies and sweaty faces tested many of its wonderful qualities and great varieties and capacities as the

mother of our "daily bread." I know my lessons in that very important and interesting department were often very long, and sometimes hard. Our fathers then would have everything hoed well. The corn had to be "hilled" up, the potatoes too, and the beans also in good time; and so of about everything. Even the tobacco—that vile plant—the foul use of which has proved since to be such an enormous, unmitigated curse to more than one-half of the whole human family. For many a day I had not only to hoe the miserable, "filthy weed," but with my fingers to pull off the great, green, horned worms from the growing leaves, my hands and head and clothes looking worse and feeling worse than if I had been bodily dipped into something worse than warmed-up asphaltum.

In geography we had some splendid opportunities for practical study, traveling over the great new country in hunting the cows and seeing to the horses running loose in the beautiful wildwoods.

In geology we sometimes took some interesting lessons, and I must tell you how we mastered one of these hard but very interesting ones. When we boys had the time —but not on Sunday, I tell you, boys—we would go upon the top of some lovely steep hill, and one we knew contained the best specimens of great bowlders, or of large, detached pieces of rock—the rounder in shape the better. These, with much care, and often with close and hard application, we would get unbedded, and then started off down the steep hill, leaving the old spot where they had lain quietly for ages. Every student would then be in almost an ecstasy of joy, witnessing this wonderfully striking, powerful demonstration in geology. We could see that the adhering quality or principle of the rock in its united and combined particles was one of remarkable

tenacity, as it was able to displace many objects from its pathway—shrubs and parts of trees and other rocks—and yet hold together. We could see, too, what a direct and moving power, under certain circumstances, the great principle of gravity would have on rocks. We witnessed too, the power of the rock to again bed itself for another long rest in the bottom of the swiftly-running stream at the foot of the steep hill. And a great question here naturally arises, which the boys may be excused if we here ask it of some of our wise modern geologists—may it not have been in this very way that long ago, when the boys rolled great rocks down the steep hills into the running rivers or the lakes below, that the fish got caught under the rocks, and there stuck to them, so that now their skeletons are found perfect, embodied in the solid rocks? And, again, may not those boys and men's foot-prints, some of which I have seen and examined myself found now embodied in solid rocks—may they not have been made there long, long ages ago, when the boys then got incautiously into the mud and mire, and so left the prints of their bare feet, so that people in all the after ages may see how incautious or foolish they were to get into the mud and mire. At the close of this chapter, I will tell the children what a fix I once saw a man get into by not being careful to keep out of the mire.

The study of astronomy, too, was when I was a mere youth very interesting to me. My mother had taught me as far back as I can remember that God the Heavenly Father had made all this great universe, and that he, though unseen, was everywhere, upholding and superintending this world and all the worlds in the wonderful universe. And she taught me, too, that I should get down on my knees, and shut my eyes and with my heart

and all my mind pray to this loving Heavenly Father. And I can tell you that my first studies in astronomy were based on these great truths my dear mother had taught me; and I can still well remember how forcibly these great truths took hold of my heart and impressed my mind. Often I went out at night and, opening my inquiring eyes, looked up, and gazed, and thought, as I saw the great assemblage of stars away in the expanse and far-above—more than could be numbered; and the beautiful moon hanging, as it seemed, on nothing; and the fleecy clouds, floating along without showing the great power that moved them, or that held them up. I know that when quite young, seeing and thinking about these wonderful things, I had thoughts and feelings of reverence for the Great Spirit, to whom my mother taught me to look in faith and love. In looking back even now and thinking of those early thoughts and impressions which I know I then had, I think it would have been an easy task for me to have become a young astrologer as well as a boy astronomer; and so to have thought and believed that the great assemblage of stars had tongues as well as smiling, twinkling faces, and that they talked and sang together; and that the comets, too, might have tongues as well as tails; and that altogether they knew much of the affairs and things going on in this little world of ours.

I had learned to read, and my first readings were mainly the sayings of Solomon, the Psalms of David, and of the love and sufferings of the blessed Saviour. When very young I learned by heart many beautiful songs, and even now these songs, when I can catch the first line, I can repeat entire, and the many beautiful sentiments and truths contained in them are now to me

a source of very great pleasure and comfort. It would astonish you, children, to know how many beautiful songs and pious hymns I can yet repeat, learned when I was but a boy, such as—

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

And this one—

"How happy every child of grace
Who knows his sins forgiven;
'This earth,' he cries, 'is not my place,
I seek my place in Heaven.'"

But now I must tell you of the man who got in the mire.

Many years ago, I was standing on the margin of the great Mississippi River, near that old French town, St. Genevieve, and quite a crowd of people was there, as a steamer was just landing, on her way to St. Louis. The town was a little distance back from the landing, and the Captain told the passengers they could walk into town if they wished, but they must be back in just so many minutes, as just at that time the boat would start. When the time was up, all were back on board but one man, and he was seen coming—a finely-dressed, aristocratic-looking Orleans gentleman.

The road led round the bend of a most filthy slough, and he, seeing the steam up, and that the distance to the boat by crossing the slough, in place of going by the road, was much nearer (and as some of us thought he had steamed well up himself), took the short route, attempting to cross the filthy slough, and was seen at the first jump to go down into the filthy, slimy mire up to his neck. When gotten out and on the gang-

way, I heard the Captain say to him, "I can't take you on board this boat, sir, in your present fix, unless I cable and tow you awhile." But the Captain furnished him a temporary change of raiment, and he threw his own fine suit overboard, and so went on his way for St. Louis.

And now, dear children, allow me to say that, "The longest way round is often the shortest way home." So the old folks used to tell us children. Then it is very important anyway, and at all times, to keep well out of the filthy mire. And it is my own observation, that those youths who entirely shun the grog-shops and all the gambling dens, and take nothing they take there, and do nothing they do there, will surely grow up and look nice and be nice; and always have a nice suit of good clothes unsullied, and they will never have to be, any of them, cabled by the neck, or towed behind the beautiful boat, while the other happy passengers are socially enjoying themselves in the spacious cabin and in the happy company.

CHAPTER VI.

My Trip in 1881 to the Home of My Childhood — Letters Written Back—On the Run East—Harper's Ferry and Intermediate Cities, to Saratoga, N. Y. The Temperance Conventions and Some of the Distinguished Assemblage.

DEAR children, it was only two years ago that in going on a little trip East, I called by to see the dear old homestead where I was born, and the old neighborhood where I spent my early boyhood days, and the dear old spring of water, bubbling up yet, just as clear and sweet and sparkling as it was when I took from

it the first drink I ever took in my life, and after an unbroken absence of nearly forty years.

On that trip I wrote a number of letters back, as I could catch a little time. Some of those letters were kindly published in the *Petaluma Argus*, and I have clipped out some of them and will insert them here, so that any of you children can read them if you wish. Only hoping that some little thought or circumstance named, may chance to encourage some of you to try and be good. I may also add some little things which I wrote, while on the trip East, for some of the good children and young people I had the happiness to meet and get acquainted with.

FROM ST. LOUIS.

EDITORS ARGUS: I am this morning in St. Louis, Mo., after an absence of over thirty years; and you may be sure things look greatly changed. The city itself has grown to be a great city. Our trip across the plains has been really a delightful one. A little before reaching Omaha, the most of our company took the express and went flying for their different destinations. When the rest of us reached Omaha, we found the river again so high that trains could not get further than the end of the bridge. The water in a swift current was washing over all the bottom; I should think a mile wide. But by the next afternoon the astonishing energy of those railroad men had placed flat-cars over all that distance, spiking on two-inch lumber to hold them connected, and so we run in the car to the end of the bridge, and then walked on this flat-car bridge safely to Council Bluffs. The weather all the way was fine, and the grand and varied scenery greatly delighted our company. The vastness

of this great plain and the mountain country is wonderful, and the seekers of homes are gradually working into it, while the wild animals are shying off a little. The antelopes, however, we saw in little gangs, gay and beautiful. We saw three wolves on a chase after a large white hare, also a few buffalo. On the Platte the dead stock are lying, I should think, by the thousands. The timber along the way from Council Bluffs to St. Louis is seen terribly mashed by the heavy snows, and only a few kinds showing signs of leaving out. I am already finding friends in St. Louis, and hope to have here, and during my entire visit East, a pleasant time.

L. WAUGH.

St. Louis, Mo., April 23, 1881.

FROM CINCINNATI.

EDITORS ARGUS: I wrote you from St. Louis. I remained there seven days, and my stay was made very pleasant by the kindness of friends, especially Messrs. Wm. H. Redemeyer and C. Horstman, who took me by carriage to the different extremes of the city, and while I have not time to describe or particularize, I may just say that their public parks, in number and extent, and in improvements, are noted. Shaw's Garden, with its great collection of plants, flowers, etc., from all countries, is beautiful. Their water-works, for design, efficiency of operation, and powerful machinery, are grand.

On leaving St. Louis, I passed in the cars through the tunnel under a portion of the city and then over the Mississippi on their world-renowned steel bridge, the water being very nearly up to the mark of the great flood of 1844, and extending far out over the bottoms of Illinois. This bridge, in the great strength and symmetry

of its piers, the height, peculiar structure, etc., of its steel arches, is a wonder of skill and utility. It is so high that the steamers pass under. Immediately above is the double railroad track, and yet above is the wagon and foot-way.

Leaving St. Louis at 7 P. M., I reached Cincinnati at 7½ A. M.

My health is good and I am enjoying myself finely.

LORENZO WAUGH.

Cincinnati, April 30, 1881.

FROM OLD VIRGINIA.

EDITORS ARGUS: I am now in the immediate locality where I was born, and where I spent the early years of my life; and if you, or any of your readers, imagine you could be placed in like circumstances in reference to yourselves, and have no pressing and peculiar emotions, allow me to assure you that you would be mistaken. Here, after the lapse of a little over seventy-two years, I am looking intently after objects dear and interesting, deeply and indelibly engraved on memory, and "they are not." A kind and honorable father, an affectionate and faithful mother, six beloved sisters—all are gone off to the spirit world; my dear father's grave being here at the old homestead alone. But the old Greenbrier River is here, rippling along just as it used to be when I learned to swim in it when I was a boy. The old hills and rocks are here and the beautiful groves of trees—the flourishing friendly sugar and maple, hickory, chestnut, black and white walnut; and how vividly am I reminded, as I now "crack these nuts," of the old happy time when we boys used to climb the trees and shake them down, while the beautiful girls gathered them up and awaited our com-

ing down for a friendly divide. And how vividly I am reminded, as I eat the pure maple sugar here now, of those happy days and nights, where, at the "sugar-camps," we stirred off and caked the sugar, and sometimes kissed the girls, saying, if we caught a smile, "there is nothing so sweet as home-made sugar." Yes, I remember those dear, beautiful, virtuous girls with special delight now, but their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren are all that remain to be found of them.

I have just had the pleasure of addressing a large assemblage of Western Virginians in a beautiful grove, and in giving an opportunity for the old people to report themselves and something of their lives only two were found older than myself. These were dear old friends, and remarkable, both having been God-fearing and loving from their youth, never indulging in the use of either strong drink or tobacco.

While the changes here in general are great, those things found remaining unchanged seem wonderfully familiar. The old whip-poor-will and his large family quite monopolize the twilight and early darkness, while the lightning-bugs make believe that they are going to get up a tremendous thunder-storm by midnight.

The signs of that terrible War of Rebellion are still plenty. I have seen the mounds where the opposing cannon where planted, and where the father and the son and the brothers faced each other on opposing sides in the deadly conflict. To show you the bitterness and danger of those times I will copy a little paper I have and send you for your next issue. But I am happy to tell you that the old state of bitterness here is now well-nigh gone, and love and kindness is taking the place. I recently had a conversation with a gentleman who was

strong for rebellion and a slave-holding confederacy. He said: "We were wrong in our estimate of slavery. It was a curse to us, to our children, and to the nation. I am glad it is forever abolished. We are, even now, more prosperous in West Virginia than ever before."

Inclosed please find $25 genuine Confederate money. I might just as easily have sent you $1,000, if I had not feared you might think hard of me if I had required you to pay the postage. My health is good, and by the 20th instant I expect to reach Saratoga, New York.

LORENZO WAUGH.

Edray, West Va., June 1, 1881.

FROM SARATOGA.

EDITORS ARGUS: On last Friday morning, I left my brother's, in Buckhannon, West Virginia, where I spent a pleasant week. Taking a hack, I traveled thirty-two miles to Clarksburg, where I reached the cars. Here is old historic ground to me—the neighborhood where I took my last lessons at school, and where I was put to teaching by the trustees when I was not half educated myself—they dismissing my dear old teacher for dissipation. At 8 P. M. I took the train, of course seeing but little through the night. Saturday dawned on us beautifully, and soon, amidst the sunshine and lovely scenery, the cry from the conductor was heard, "Harper's Ferry." All were in a stir in a moment to get a view of the old historic spot, from whence "John Brown's soul goes marching on." The train moved slowly and gracefully over the bridge facing the old brown bluff which stands there still, with an apparent frown on its face, just as it used to stand, when from the old craggy stand-point of human selfishness came the stern avowal, "Human

slavery is divine, and must endure." A gentleman from New Orleans, sitting near me, said, "Slavery is ended, and we should all be glad of it." As I proceed to note some of the principal points reached on this day's run, you will not be surprised when I tell you that the prophet Daniel's wonderful declaration is stirringly impressive, viz., "Many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased." In but a short time after leaving Harper's Ferry we reached Washington City, then Baltimore, Wilmington, and Philadelphia, and so on by all the intermediate towns, reaching New York City in the afternoon. After stopping an hour in New York, we took the train up the Hudson, passing Peekskill, Poughkeepsie, Sing Sing, Auburn, Albany, Troy, and others, and just at midnight our conductor cried out "Saratoga." What a distance for a day's ride! and how great and numerous the historic interests hanging out at almost every point—the drafting and signing the Declaration of Independence; George Washington, at the head of the heroic army, leading it to victory and to independence; then the President of the new nation starting it out under the holy principles of justice and honor—and all without a steamboat or telegraph wire; Ben Franklin, with the sweat on an anxious face, busy getting the lightning into his bottle; and the immortal Abraham Lincoln, with "love for all and malice toward none," writing with his steady hand the Emancipation Proclamation. But I cannot enlarge. My health is good, and all things of my journey so far very pleasant.

L. WAUGH.

Saratoga, New York, June 20, 1881.

FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

EDITORS ARGUS: I last wrote you on my arrival at Saratoga, New York. I remained at that place one week, attending all the various meetings of both the temperance conventions then assembled there. Both of those conventions were attended by delegates from nearly all the States, and also from Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia—among the latter being Sir Leonard Tilly and Edward Carswell. On this side we had John B. Gough, Mrs. Foster of Iowa, Miss Frances E. Willard, Mother Steward of Ohio, Hon. Mr. Townsend of South Carolina, Mother Hill—at the mention of whose son, J. B. Hill of California, it was no wonder she smiled so pleasantly; besides many other distinguished names I have no room to mention. The public meetings were largely attended, and the interest taken such, I think, as I never saw before in the temperance cause. Nearly all the religious bodies were represented, and by their most distinguished men. I think it is safe to predict that a forward movement in the temperance cause is nigh, which will result in great good to the human race, by curtailing the curse of intemperance now debasing mankind in every part of the inhabited earth.

Saratoga itself is one of the most lovely places on the continent. Beauty and taste are prominent on nearly everything that catches the sight—the dwellings, the public houses, the shrubbery, and the numerous and inimitable springs. And, beside, the lakes some distance out, fitted up for pleasure and recreation, are charming. On returning to New York I took the steamer *Drew* down the Hudson; and just think of a steamer over 300 feet long and costing over one million

dollars. The scenery on the Hudson is varied and some of it really grand.

In New York I was fortunate in having the company of Judge Joseph Weed, of San Francisco, he being well acquainted there. On the Sabbath we attended the old M. E. Church, where the clock still swings its pendulum as it did over a hundred years ago when John Wesley gave it to them. On the whole, I do not much enjoy New York, and especially those thundering, elevated railroad cars, rushing along thirty feet above your head, letting off their smoke and dust without any respect for those below.

The storms of late here are, I think, causing great destruction of crops. I saw yesterday in passing on from New York to this place whole fields of wheat laid level with the earth, and much mown grass spoiling. Of course I thought of our lovely California harvest weather.

I am going from here to the north of Ohio.

LORENZO WAUGH.

Lebanon, Pa., June 29, 1881.

FROM ST. LOUIS ON MY RETURN.

EDITORS ARGUS: As you have been kind in noticing my journeyings, I may now say that all the way I have so far had a pleasant time. I spent some three weeks in the north of Ohio, meeting many kind friends. On the 18th ult. I took the train at Mansfield for the Ohio Conference Camp-meeting, near Lancaster. There I spent a very pleasant week, meeting my dear old friend Rev. Jas. M. Jamison, with whom I spent many pleasant days in Missouri more than thirty years ago. From there I came *via* Indianapolis and through Central Illi-

nois to St. Louis. In both the last-named States the effects of the great drought present a sad appearance to the passing traveler. Whole fields of corn and grass stand completely dried up on the ground as I never remember of seeing the like before. My stay in St. Louis is being made very pleasant by the special kindness of Wm. H. Redemeyer, brother of our A. F. Redemeyer of Ukiah. G. W. Tenville, a relative of our friend Simon Morrison in California, has also contributed much to my pleasure by driving me into their neat forest park of 1,400 acres, and to other interesting portions of the city. The magnitude of St. Louis is now really wonderful, and especially as compared with what it was forty years ago when I used to be here. Thunder storms have of late been literally terrific, yet attended by but little rain. Two buildings here were struck and consumed just the other night, and as I write one is raging, and I am told has struck somewhere near. My health is good, and I hope in a few days to be on the move for home. LORENZO WAUGH.

St. Louis, Mo., August 18, 1881.

Dear children, though I thought I should insert some other little things which I wrote for the children and other friends on my late trip East, I now see it is not practicable for me to here attempt it. For I see in looking over the things I have on hand, written lately and at other times along through life for the children and other friends, little songs, acrostics, etc., enough to make up quite a little book in itself. And so in the little space I could only use here, I could not do justice either to what I have written or to you. So I will close this chapter, and with the next one commence to give you a little

sketch of my religious life, with some of its attending incidents, assuring you now, in real candor, that my judgment is that the matter of religion, in the case of every one of the human family, is really the most important thing to be attained and attended to of all the interests and attainments within the possible reach of any one in all this world.

CHAPTER VII.

My Distress and Burden With Sin—My Pardon and Happy Change.

DEAR children, I have already told you how my mother taught me, when I was but a very little boy, to believe in God and to revere and love his great and holy name. She taught me that he would always keep notice of me, whether in the darkness of the night or in the light of the day. That he was everywhere at the same time, and that he would be pleased always with all who would try to be good, but that he was "angry with the wicked every day."

I believe that my mother knew, and that she would tell me nothing but the truth. She said she loved me, and I believed and felt that she did. And the same is true of my dear father, for he often directed my youthful mind to these great truths which I here have just named.

We lived a long way from any church. But father and mother often went to church, or as they then called it, "went to meeting," and generally took us children with them. They usually rode horseback, and we children went on foot, and indeed was glad to do so. And I

can well remember that I rather enjoyed those meetings then; loved to hear them sing and pray, and to hear the preacher preach. They then would sing, as it seems to me still, in the spirit, and would always repeat the two last lines of the hymn. And, as well as I now remember, nearly all the church members, men and women, and often quite young people, would freely pray in meeting and speak in class-meeting.

When I grew up a little and got off among the boys, I not only got careless about thinking of the presence of God but sometimes did things that I knew, when I did think, would displease him, and if my parents knew, would also displease them.

I did not seem to really wish to be wicked, but yet there seemed to be something inside of me, or somewhere strangely about me, that wanted to entice me to be wicked. For I well remember that when I would do little wicked things, I would be sorry and ashamed of myself, and I would often wonder why I could not be good all the time and so escape all this shame and sorrow for my sins. True, I did shun many vile things which I saw other youths falling into. And so, I can say to the children now, in truth, I never remember of having used a profane oath, and I think that I never did. I never got into the vile, sinful habit of using tobacco or strong drinks, and so to-day I can say in truth I never was intoxicated.

I had learned to read and would often read some in the Bible. And so I went on for sometime, feeling at times as though I was doing pretty well, but then again would feel that I had sinned, and so was unhappy. Getting angry was one of my great besetments when young.

About this time, to be brief, I went to a quarterly meeting, and there heard Elder Jerard Morgan preach, and he described this distressed sinful state I was in with wonderful clearness and force to my mind; and still to make it more sad and alarming to me, the preacher said: "There is no sinner, in all the sinful race of man that could, of himself, do anything to get out of this state of sin and death." "Yet," said the preacher, "There is a way, a way for every one of all the fallen, sinful human family to escape from this state of depravity and death by sin, and so to find peace with God and joy and love in this life, and then if faithful, a home in Heaven at last." "Yes," said he, "there is balm in Gilead, there is a physician there; Christ Jesus the Saviour, by the voluntary sacrifice of himself once offered, has paid all the debt and satisfied Divine Justice, and made the way open and sure by which all may come and be saved. And on the easy condition of accepting this blessed Saviour by faith and through the assistance of the promised Holy Spirit, simply in penitence and faith confessing the actual sin and the efficiency of the Saviour's merit and love and power, thus attaining and entering into this new life of peace and fellowship with God."

But the hard point was still there with me. To submit, to openly confess, to yield and make the surrender, here was the hard point for my sinful, stubborn, rebellious heart to accept. And so just at this point I parleyed and rebelled for weeks, while my just alarm of being banished from God as a sinner under condemnation, increased. And as it looks to me still, at times then, under the promptings of Satan and of my own rebellious heart, I was almost ready and determined to say, "I will not yield, I will not submit, and I will let sin and nature,

the world and the flesh, take their course, and so run my chance of going to hell."

And to make things still worse, I had heard a Mr Irwin say to my father, that "he believed God had definitely fixed the number of the elect and the reprobate from all eternity, and that on this unalterable ordination, there were even many infants in hell not a span long."

And so for days I went brooding over my sad condition as a condemned sinner in the sight of a loving, holy God, who I was fully sure knew all my heart and all my ways.

I ought to say, too, here, that while this doctrine of Mr. Irwin's harrassed me, yet I am satisfied that I did not believe it. The doctrine taught me by my dear mother was exactly the reverse in the main, and I know, when it came right down to it, I had confidence in what my mother had taught me of the love and mercy and justice of our Father in Heaven.

In this condition of mind I went to church, to the same place where I had heard Elder Morgan preach—a kind of protracted revival meeting. There I saw some who professed to be converted, and made happy. And there I felt the clear conviction of mind that it was my duty, and without any further delay, to seek God and to obtain, if possible, a release from the guilt of sin, and the renewal of my fallen, corrupt nature. God had blessed others, could he, would he not also help me? I knew the blessed invitation of the Saviour as he had said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I believed he had saved others, even the thief on the cross, and would he not save me—save me from the guilt and power of

sin and from the fear of death and hell? And then and there I wrestled and pleaded for power to yield, and for power to lay hold of the atoning, risen, living, interceding Saviour. And I shall always believe I did then obtain the blessing the Christian people call the "new birth." I was surely "born again," born into a new life. My whole being seemed to be changed. I was happy, and all the people looked to me as though they were happy. My happiness, too, was such as I had never experienced before.

Sometime after this, however, I received another blessing, or holy baptism of the spirit, still more wonderful and powerful than the first. I still remember its blessed and glorious effects upon me, yet I have no means to describe it to you. It was clear, sensible and powerful. I knew that I was indeed in Christ Jesus a new creature, old things being passed away and all things become new.

These blessings, allow me to say, children, I never have yet lost, though I have at times wandered some and had some "backslidings," as the Christian people used to say; still I have kept hold of the same Almighty help, and so amidst all the changes and vicissitudes falling to my lot in this checkered life so far, I am this day still happy, and God in Christ Jesus is my trust and Heaven my intended and unwaveringly hopeful home.

And now, in closing this chapter, I wish to say to all the children, that my sincere conviction and belief is that God, our Heavenly Father, wishes the salvation of all the children—of everybody, and that all should seek his pardon, and obtain and enjoy his indwelling love; and so be prepared for usefulness and happiness in this life, and then for the society of all the good and faithful in the life which is to come.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Devils and Hell, and Those Who Go There.

DEAR children, in the past chapter I have used the term "hell," and I am sure you would like me to tell you what I really think of that term and place, and a word about Satan, or the devil, himself. And I feel that under all the circumstances I should give you my views briefly in reference to this very thing, and so I will do it now.

My mother was the first one who told me of the "bad place," for that was what they called this place then. I have told you that I believed my mother knew pretty well of the things she would tell me of, and that I knew she would never try to deceive or mislead me. So, from my mother, I got the impression, clear and firm, that there was a "bad place." And from her, too, I got the idea that in connection with this hell, or bad place, there was a devil, a chief devil and many other devils. And that these devils, the whole of them, were unredeemably abandoned, cast off for their rebellion and wickedness, and yet were still active in opposing God and in doing all in their power to ruin mankind, deceiving, misleading, and seeking to ruin all who might consent thus to be deceived and led in the way of sin, the devils all being limited by the distinct boundary and power of the human will. That is, that the devils could have no power over any one only as they might consent and agree that the devils might enter in, and so possess and then direct and control them in their purposes and actions, and as against all the dictates of reason and truth, and all God's love and goodness as revealed in his

holy word, and in all his merciful providences in their behalf.

I then thought my mother was about right, and I am still of the same opinion, after all the thought and reading and study, and all the experience of my life so far.

Notwithstanding all the criticisms and denials, and strained expositions of God's word on the matter, I still believe that there are devils, abandoned, wicked spirits, and necessarily a hell, a "bad place." I believe that God's word, fairly and honestly read, as clearly maintains this doctrine to all candid minds as it does any other doctrine in it. And moreover, I believe that the history of the human race, embracing all ages, honestly and fairly read, clearly and conclusively shows the truth of existing devils, and also the imperious necessity for a hell for the final care of all the devils. A hell capacious enough too, to hold all those of the human race who, against all the dictates of human reason, and the love and word of the Heavenly Father, will of their own free choice only associate with the devils, doing their bidding in opposing God, and as far as possible deranging his plans of love and mercy to all the world, and so in effecting, to the full extent of their power, the shame and ruin of the children of men.

Some people are known to express much sympathy for the "poor devils," as they say; and to propound many silly questions about the matter, and these people would do well to try to see clearly into the great truth announced by the old poet, thus :—

> God is his own interpreter
> And he will make it plain.

Indeed children, the longer I live and the more I feel of God and his holy government, and of man, and his

shameful, needless wickedness, the more I see the absolute necessity in the mercy and goodness of God itself of there being a hell, so as to protect those who try to be good in loving and obeying him, and in doing justice and loving righteousness in their union and association in the great family of man.

You see now in looking around, those even in comparative youth who have so given themselves up to the devil as to accomplish all kinds of wickedness with greediness, bringing sorrow and shame and death into the common family of man; so desperate in wickedness that it would really seem that nothing but a powerful hell could restrain them and hold them in check.

Then, finally, the talk with some that the "idea of a hell is cruel." This talk is all conceived in ignorance, if not in the love of sin itself.

The heights of intelligence and wisdom, and the power and glory of love, could never be attained only that the will of man is free.

And so, if some will to go in with the devil, and finally, under the holy rulings and power of justice, find themselves shut up in hell, neither those who have willed to be good, and are good, nor the loving Father of the universe, are to blame for their punishment, though it even be eternal.

A long time ago a good man, who well knew (James 4:7), said: "Resist the devil and he will flee from you."

Let us all, children, heed and be happy. If we do right, though the heavens fall, there will no harm come to us.

CHAPTER IX.

The Enjoyment of Religion Guards us Against Dangers in Youth—My First Sabbath-school—The Power of God Attending Early Methodism—The Wonderful Conversion of an Infidel.

DEAR children, my conversion, my change of heart, of which I have already told you, took place sometime before I was sixteen, for I was about sixteen at the time I left home to go off and try to get an education, and my conversion was sometime before this, as then I know I was a full member of the M. E. Church. And so, when I stopped and settled at school, I sent for and received my church letter, and joined in the place where I was at school.

And I know, children, that my having given my heart to God and united with a branch of his people, greatly helped me, and in many ways, when I was off and alone from my home and people.

And here I will give you an instance in which I know it did greatly protect and help me—probably, as I since have thought, saved me from ruin.

As I have told you, I had to start off from home with scarcely any money, and so had to stop by the way and work for money to take me along.

I traveled into an adjoining county, and when I got my rather scant extra suit of clothes washed it took the last two bits I had. But a chance offered for me to work for more. I considered myself a number one boy with an axe, and a gentleman, who was making salt in a small way, told me if I would cut and cord I think it was ten cords of wood, he would give me in cash four bits a cord, and I very gladly accepted his offer. And there were some five or six other young men chopping

wood for this gentleman. These young men, I soon learned, were fond of some bad ways, and I heard them talk of some of their exploits in some of them, and also talk of other special arrangements which they had just ahead. And they talked seemingly joyously of the fun and pleasure they were sure they would have, and invited me to go and enjoy the pleasure with them. And for the moment I was almost ready to say I would go; that it would not likely do me harm to go and look on.

But the very first act of the arrangement was to violate the Sabbath day. So, on reflecting, and in the fear of God, I declined, and this caused them all to turn against me, and I am sure they tried to injure me with my employer. But I finished my job nicely and in good time. And on Sunday my employer's wife, a good woman, sent for me, saying she wished to see me and talk some with me. After inquiring of my home and people, she expressed to me her great pleasure in seeing me observe the Sabbath day so quietly, and not go off with those wicked young men. She told me her husband would employ me in chopping wood for him just as long as I wished; that he was pleased with me and with my work.

These young men were soon paid off and left, and I remained and was treated as one of the family, which, considering my circumstances, was a very pleasant thing for me, as it was the first of my being any distance from home.

This good woman was just like a mother to me while I stayed. I remained there until I got quite a little start of money to go on with. And there, boys, I got the first pair of boots I ever wore. For in those early days, if we boys could get one pair of home-tanned, home-

made buckskin moccasins a year we were in rather extra good luck.

But I want to say a word to the boys in reference to my fortunate escape from falling in with the plans and arrangements of those wicked young men. I am now pretty sure, after seeing all I have seen in life, that had I been under no religious enlightenment and conscientious restraints, and had gone in with them, I would most likely have been ruined for life. For in reference to some of their plans, Solomon describes the results clearly and minutely in the twenty-third chapter of his Proverbs; all of you boys just please read that chapter, and study it carefully, and see how fortunate I was to escape the snares laid to take me in while yet so young. And just think, dear boys, how happy you will be, if you, too, faithfully shun those terrible snares into which so many dear, precious youths have so unfortunately fallen and there lost all their hopes for happiness in this life and in the life which is to come.

I have already somewhat detailed my educational experience to you, children, which came on soon after the time I have been just now speaking of, and I will now proceed in giving you further items and incidents in my religious life.

While living with Father Cheuveront, going to school, and then teaching, I had many religious privileges. The counsel and instruction and books of this good man were great blessings to me. In the settlement, too, we had some kind of religious exercises every Sabbath. We had a kind of Sunday-school too, but not like the children now have. As well as I can remember, we simply repeated to the Superintendent the verses of scripture which we had learned by heart during the week,

and we were commended according to the number of verses we repeated and the correctness with which we spoke them. I remember one Sabbath of giving an entire chapter, the first of I. Peter, containing twenty-five verses, which really contains in itself a wonderful "body of divinity." And since I began writing to you about it, I have looked it over and find that when I get a fair start on it, I can yet repeat the whole chapter. I wish, children, every one of you would learn this entire chapter by heart, as I did.

The Methodist people in those days were comparatively few in number, and I think were looked on by many as being rather under par in point of class They were usually plain then, almost to a novelty. But they were spiritual in experience and in religious effort; preachers and people, men and women. They talked and felt that nothing good or effective could be done unless God, by the Holy Spirit, would help them. And I know that in the revival meetings one special prayer was always made that God, by the Holy Spirit, would awaken and convict sinners of their sins and their need of salvation. Their weapons, with those who opposed them, were not hard words and disputations, but faith and fervent prayer.

Men of infidel persuasion seemed to feel specially called on to oppose the Methodists, and to expose what they regarded as their errors in doctrine and their fanaticism in effort. One of these infidel friends of theirs I must here tell you of, as he became a special acquaintance of mine and told me himself much of what I am here going to tell you.

He was well educated, and neat and dressy, a perfect "ladies' man," and I suppose I might say he was a fair

sample of an original Robert Ingersol, only that he was sincere and not working for money. He objected to Methodist doctrines generally, and to their getting the people in such earnestness about it, particularly. But there was one thing which of all others was most unendurably offensive to Mr. Gooseman, for that was his name. This intolerably offensive thing was, that these Methodists would so work on the impressible feelings of women that they would speak out in meeting, loudly, and even pray in public. Meeting a little company of these sisters, Mr. Gooseman kindly, but earnestly remonstrated with them, pointing out to them the shame and absurdity of such conduct. The sisters took it all kindly, and no doubt looking up to Him from whom all their help came, they said: "We have one of our little prayer-meetings (giving the place and time); you seem to feel much interest in us and for the cause, come and be with us at the meeting, and so learn more particularly what we do and what we wish." "Oh yes," said Mr. Gooseman, "certainly, I will meet with you; I am not the man to refuse to do what the ladies suggest to me that I ought to do on my part."

What those sisters did till the appointed meeting came on, those acquainted with our mothers and sisters of the olden Methodist times will readily imagine. Anyway the time came, and Mr. Gooseman came, and I have no doubt, but with his best outfit of fine clothes, including as the custom then was, a fine, glossy, ruffled shirt bosom, and was seated.

The sisters opened their meeting, read the Scriptures and sung sweetly, and in the spirit, and prayed and sung and had great liberty—the same Holy Spirit falling on them which so enlightened and happified the early dis-

ciples. And with all, Mr. Gooseman was seen to be wonderfully affected as he sat there upon his seat, and most likely would have gotten up and left only for his gallantry. But after a time he could not have left, his bodily strength even failing him so that soon he fell prostrate on the floor, and was, for a time almost as a dead man. The sisters, however, were not alarmed, for they understood his case, and prayed for him. And I have no doubt that they sung the good old song, as they always did then at such a time:—

"Come humble sinner in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come with your guilt and fear oppress'd
And make this last resolve,

I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Has like a mountain rose,
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

Prostrate I'll lie before his throne
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace."

He told me that at that stage he felt such a weight of sin and guilt before God as no tongue could describe, and that he really feared for the time being that hell would be his inevitable doom. But that he called with all his soul to God for mercy and that he did yield, felt he did, and that pleading and saying in the fullness of his soul:—

"Here Lord I give myself away
T'is all that I can do."

And so laying hold of Christ, by faith, peace came, and like a river of glory into his soul, and with it such joy and love as he had never known before, and that he

had no language only that of praise to God and the Lamb. He made this strange declaration to me: Said he, "When I opened my mouth to speak, all I could utter was Glory, glory, glory to God and the Lamb." Said he, "I felt this word form down deep in my soul, and so when I spoke it was Glory, glory, glory be to God and the Lamb."

Suffice it to say, the sisters had not only rest and peace in their devotions after this, but a great, and ready, and willing and faithful helper in the noted person of Brother Gooseman. I knew him well, and a more faithful, zealous Christian did not live in all that section of country. I doubt not but that to-day, in a far more glorious place his happy voice is heard by angelic hosts and happy saints, as he says: "Glory, glory, glory to God and the Lamb."

If poor Robert Ingersol had met the kindness of such dear sisters as these years ago, to-day he might have been a happy Christian, possibly. As it is, I fear poor Ingersol is fast nearing his everlasting ruin, though I still try to pray for him, though his late speeches show that his case is really a desperate one now.

CHAPTER X.

My Belief in God and in His Infallible Truth and Justice—Licensed to Preach and Employed on Guyandott Circuit—A Pleasant Year, and Some Success—The Same Circuit, in Part, First Traveled by Bishop Cavanaugh—The Poor Have the Gospel Preached to Them.

DEAR children, I know that in reading carefully what I have already written in this sketch you will clearly perceive that I believe in God, the great creator and

upholder and ruler of all this great universe. I believe this; I believe it with all the powers of my being. I believe, too, that God has revealed himself to us in what we call the Holy Scriptures, just as fully and clearly as it is possible for him to reveal his will to us in our present imperfect state of being, accompanying this revelation, as he does, with the light, impression and direction of the Holy Spirit, affording this light and help to every soul of man; not even passing by those we call the heathen nations.

I believe that every one who distrusts God and opposes him, and who speaks lightly and unbelievingly of his holy revealed will, does a great injury to all his interests, and at the same time, to all the interests of the common family of man. And it is true, as the good man of old said: "The fool has said in his heart there is no God."

I believe that man is immortal and so will live on eternally; the good with God and holy kindred spirits, and the incorrigibly bad with the devil and his angels. And I believe that every principle of love and justice demands just this state of things—reward for the good, and punishment for the bad. God made man free, so he may attain glorious heights of love, and joy, and wisdom, and power. So, too, those who will only do wickedly and yield their will up to the devil, will finally find themselves the inseparable associates of the devil and his angels, but so restricted as to be no more able to disturb the good. For God will reign in righteousness when all enemies are conquered.

But, children, I started out to tell you in this chapter of the time and circumstances when I started out to try to preach the gospel.

In the year 1832 I was teaching a country school in Mason County, West Virginia, not far out from the Ohio River, and boarding round with the families sending to school. In the settlement there were quite a number of young people, with the most of whom I soon became acquainted. And I must here tell you how we young folks there managed to be social and to improve ourselves while enjoying each other's society. We would often meet of an evening at a designated neighbor's house, and, usually, a spirited spelling match was prominent on the programme. Sometimes we read, and kindly criticised, and often we joined in singing some of our good spiritual songs and hymns, and would all kneel down and engage in social prayer. And there is a little incident still fresh on my mind, which came off at one of these little meetings, and I will here relate it to you.

One evening, after we had sung and prayed, and were singing another song, a young lady was seen to be much affected, weeping bitterly and using words of deep penitence and prayer. But to be brief, in a little time she was seen to be in a wonderfully changed state, and both in looks and words showed clearly to us all that she was wonderfully blessed, and was inexpressibly happy. Her face seemed really to shine, doubtless from the same holy cause which produced the shining appearance we are told of on the Mount of Transfiguration. It was just delightful to see her, and to hear her praise God, and to hear her expressions of deep-felt love for us all. Of course we were all much affected, and some of us greatly rejoiced with her. As their teacher, I had the care and management of these little meetings, and I might add, by the way, that teachers then who went ahead and succeeded well in their schools were regarded

as entitled to rather special respect in good society, as I am sure they ought to be now, and everywhere. I enjoyed myself religiously. In my school in the morning, I always read a short portion of scripture and prayed with my children; and no one those times was ever infidel enough to complain, or tell me it must not be done. These little meetings I here tell you of grew in interest and were attended even with revival influence, which extended over into other neighborhoods. Still I was not a preacher, and at that time was ready to conclude, notwithstanding all my previous impressions in that direction, that, owing to my unavoidable failure in finishing my education, I never should be able to enter that holy calling. About this time, it being near the close of my school term, the Presiding Elder of the district called on me and told me that he wished me to come down to Point Pleasant to quarterly meeting; that he proposed to have me licensed to preach, and to send me as an assistant preacher on to the Guyandott Circuit till Conference. I admitted to him my previous convictions running in the direction of the holy ministry; but frankly told him of my great lack of a suitable education. He still insisted, saying others before me had been in this fix, but had gone out in the strength of the Master and had accomplished blessed work for Christ in the M. E. Church, and that I could, anyway, have the chance of finishing my education on horseback.

Well, at that quarterly meeting they gave me a local preacher's license to preach, and the Elder sent me to the Guyandott Circuit as the assistant preacher with brother Ebenezer T. Webster—he having left the appointments all around for me. Of course the people had in their new supply a green preacher. But I know

the more I tried to preach, and tried to get the people to be good, the more I felt interested in the work. And whatever others may have thought of my efforts, I believed then, and so still believe, that God blessed me in it. And I know I prayed for increasing light and help, and I know I found encouragement, and then increasing faith and strength in prayer.

Brother Webster was really a talented, educated man, and was very kind to me. He had some peculiarities, however, which sometimes got him into a little trouble. His reproofs had sometimes the appearance of harshness, and some thought they were occasionally uncalled for.

During the year he was complained of to the Elder; and when the Elder was talking to him he wept, and said, "It is strange, that with all my efforts to get along smoothly like other preachers, I seem to fail." And I remember the Elder said to him, "Brother Webster, you should discipline your eyes as well as your tongue, for there are times when your eyes look *sharp* as *pitch-forks*; and then, when you speak, those people feel terribly pierced and goaded." But, after all, there was nothing very serious came out of those troubles. Along through the latter part of that year we had a blessed work on the circuit, and many were converted and joined the church. One instance I know you will excuse me for personally naming, a Colonel Everett and family. The Colonel was a noble specimen of a man—if I remember right, a member of Congress; and we had some honest men in Congress in those times. His wife and daughters were very interesting. I was kindly invited to make his home my stopping-place in passing, which I did, and we would all talk on the subject of religion, and I would pray with the family. In short,

during the year the Colonel was powerfully converted, and his wife, and I think all the daughters, and joined the M. E. Church, and so became a family truly devoted to God, and a blessed help to many others. I heard the Colonel say to the Elder in the fall, in a large religious meeting, "I owe my conversion, under God, to this young man you sent onto the circuit, and I own that boy as my spiritual father."

Notwithstanding the rough, mountainous character of much of that circuit, as it then was, we had in its bounds a number of men of special note. Beside Colonel Everett, which I have named, we had Rev. Stephen and Rev. Burwell Spurlock, both strong men, the latter especially being regarded as possessing more than ordinary talents. I remember of hearing him preach a funeral discourse on the death of Dr. Adam Clarke. Then, besides these, we had Rev. Stephen P. and Rev. Jones Heath, the latter being the father-in-law of our brother, Rev. J. L. Burchard, of the California Conference. And all these were my early intimate friends, all, I suppose, gone off to the better world, taking their sheaves with them. One little incident I will give you in closing this chapter, which will give you a glimpse of the hard times which some folks had to endure in those early days. One of our appointments was away up in the mountains, on the Big Sandy waters. There we had a faithful little congregation, and all, or nearly all—men, women, and children—came to church in their *bare feet*. And I heard it said that one of our preachers of Irish lineage hurt their feelings just in this way: Seeing them come into meeting just after a thunderstorm, and, of course, their bare feet a little muddy, he said to them, "Brethren and sisters, our discipline re-

quires cleanliness and dacency, and when you come to meeting next time, try and wash your fate." The brothers and sisters, no doubt, justly felt that the preacher might have found enough to think and speak of up about the region of their hearts, without getting down and making a disturbance among their bare feet, if even they were a little *soiled.*

This country of which I now speak, constituted in part the first work ever Bishop Cavanaugh was sent to, as well as myself, as the good Bishop and I have since compared notes.

At the close of this year I was recommended as a suitable candidate for admission, on trial, in the Ohio Conference of the M. E. Church, which recommendation was taken up by my beloved Presiding Elder, Brother Isaac C. Hunter, while I remained in my work on the circuit.

CHAPTER XI.

Received on Trial in the Ohio Conference, and Appointed to Nicholas Circuit, W. Virginia—Sold Lots of Good Books—A Desperate Man Converted; also a Whisky Merchant, Who Poured Out All His Liquors —A Snake in Church, and the Hornets after My Head—The Elder Alarmed, Fearing the Turtles Would Bite his Toes Off.

DEAR children, we must now proceed with our sketch, and we have a large section of country before us this year. At the Ohio Conference of 1832, I was received on trial as a traveling preacher, and appointed as junior preacher on the Nicholas Circuit, West Virginia, Rev. Barnard A. Cassatt being the preacher in charge, and Rev. Robert O. Spencer the Presiding Elder of the district. I went immediately, after getting my appoint-

ment, on to the work. The country then embraced was large, and much of it very rough, and the settlements rather scattered, and some of them far between. Indeed, then the whole country there was properly regarded as *frontier*. Wild game was plenty—bear, deer, and wild turkey, and even many wolves and panthers, and so there were many hunters. On much of the work we often ate fat bear meat, and good venison, and fat wild turkey. But, of course, as the custom then was, the good sisters would often get us up a first-class *chicken dinner*, as the general belief then was that the Methodist preachers were all passionately fond of chickens. Then, for supper, we could have good corn-meal mush and sweet milk. Our living was good, and plenty of it; and when ready to eat, we always thanked God, and asked the continuance of his blessings, temporal and spiritual.

Bro. Cassatt and I got on harmoniously together. He was a Frenchman, and well educated, and a good theologian. And so, while he did the strictly theological, scientific preaching, I was in good earnest trying to do the more miscellaneous, exhortational work. I called on the young people, told them kindly of the danger and misery of being servants of sin and Satan, and of the great blessings of being the children of God, and of gaining that happiness which forgiveness of sins and fellowship with God can alone secure.

I had known much from a boy of the hunter's life, and I went among these hardy, honest frontier men, and reasoned with them, urging that, while they could fearlessly attack the wild bear, and wolf, and panther, they should come out on the Lord's side, and engage with all their native bravery in subduing sin and con-

quering Satan, and so in building up God's holy kingdom among men. I noticed, too, that when the children would embrace religion, setting out in good earnest to live devoted Christian lives, it would not be so difficult, directly, to reach the parents—more frequently, first, the mother, and then the father.

Our societies grew up wonderfully in many parts of the work during the year. And our camp-meeting in the fall was really a wonderful time of holy spiritual power. One incident of that meeting I must give you here:—

There was a man near the place of the meeting who was terrible in wickedness, and was much dreaded, as he was especially hostile to Methodist preachers, and to revivals of religion, and it was greatly feared that he would get his chums, and try to break up the meeting. But he was not seen to come onto the ground till Sabbath morning, and then, at this time, a really wonderful work of revival was going on. This man came walking boldly up to the altar rail, and some of his special associates near him. He stopped there, and there stood leaning against the rail, but said nothing. In a short time he was seen to turn pale and was trembling, and soon fell over the rail down into the altar, and was for a time as a dead man. An awful solemnity pervaded the place and all the people. But, without detaining you with all the minutiæ of this case, the man was there converted to God, saved from the power of sin and the devil, and was then one of the happiest men living, and was seen to be really a man of rather extra talents, as was at once shown by the striking description he gave of his wicked life and purposes, and of the mercy and goodness of God in sparing him and affording him salvation.

That meeting was a memorable one, and its good effects remain in operation to this day.

There was still another wonderful conversion there, of which I must also tell you—a leading merchant, who, besides other merchandise, was doing a large business in buying and selling intoxicating liquors. This man, too, was converted—powerfully saved from his sins and from their condemnation; and so went home happy, full of the love of God. But there was his store of liquors, and he had just had a new supply ordered and just then put in his store. Some of his old whisky customers accosted him pleasantly when he came to his place of business, expecting, no doubt, as he was professing to be feeling extra well, he would afford them a good treat of whisky. But instead of that he exhorted them to leave off, at once, this and all their sinful ways, and to turn to God and seek salvation. They said to him, "But what are you going to do with your whisky? He told them he would see about that in due time. And sure enough, pretty soon his clerks were seen rolling out a barrel of whisky near the edge of the gutter. Then the lovers of it began in earnest to remonstrate, saying, "Why, don't pour out that whisky. If you won't allow it to be drunk, why just let us save it for vinegar." "That's my business," said he. "Knock out the head, boys, and bring out the other barrels. I have done all the mischief I ever intend to do in this miserable liquor business. I cannot undo all the evil I have done, but I can pour out the stuff I have on hand, so that no more people will be cursed with this by me. Knock out the heads, boys, and let it into the filthy gutter."

This man was indeed a converted man all over, and he was happy in doing his duty. He was a man of

means, too, and so did much to strengthen and build up the cause of God. The last I heard of him he was pressing onward and upward, doing good and having peace with God and in joyful hopes of Heaven.

All the older good people of West Virginia will remember Father Burns. In the other extreme of the circuit, we had a stirring revival, too, and a number there united with the church. Brother Spencer, our beloved Elder, came up and assisted us and held his quarterly meeting.

A little circumstance which occurred here I will relate, as in giving a narration of anything, what happens on one side, if even it is a little different, should as well be told as all on the other side. And what I am going to tell you of was in connection with our good Presiding Elder, and he was a good man, learned, sincere, and loving in all his dispositions and ways. In talking, he always had a little but beautiful lisp.

Among the new converts at this our Benson appointment was a large, fleshy man, who, when to be baptized, chose the mode of immersion, and desired that the Elder should attend to it. So a meeting was held on the margin of Brother Benson's mill-dam, the only place convenient with deep enough water. At the proper time young Brother Benson was requested to wade into the water, stick in hand, and mark the proper place, which he did, leaving the mark where the water very nearly reached his arm-pits. Brother Spencer and the man started in, but as they were slowly walking in the water the Elder was seen to make rather hasty jerking motions with his legs, as his feet, each step, would go down a foot or so into the soft mud. All of a sudden he partly turned, rather hurriedly, and quickly called out, " Brother

Benson, are there any turtles in here?" "No," said Benson. But it was too much for Brother Cassatt; being French, and to laugh and stay lean being French characteristics, he could not stand it, and yet, what to do with himself was the trouble. And I would not like to try to describe here just what he did do. The next day, however, he was heard to complain of feeling terribly sore about his chest. And even after that was seen often suddenly to laugh aloud at the thought of Brother Spen-

A Snake in Church.

cer's honest fears of getting his toes bit off down in the mud by the snapping-turtles.

At another place on this circuit I had a real scare in my congregation, and at the time of the opening prayer. Our church houses then were not so fine and convenient as they are now, almost everywhere. They were built of long hewed logs and matched in at the ends, and the planking of the floors was simply what we called puncheons, large pieces of split timber, hewed with the broad-

axe on the top side; and in some cases the jointing was badly done, as was the case where I am now speaking of, there being a crack near the middle of the church, about two or three inches wide. Well, in time of prayer, a good staid lady cried out as she jumped from her knees, "A snake! a snake!" and such was the effect that I think the "amen" was omitted. And sure enough there was a large black snake, some four or five feet long, which by this time had crawled clear up out of the crack onto the floor, among the frightened congregation, under some strange excitement, which, if his snakeship understood, the people did not.* And then he, the old serpent, being even tardy in fleeing, got his head bruised according to the old promise and commandment, and so was cast out of church.

At another place in this circuit I was myself found in what some of my good congregation felt—as was plainly to be seen by their actions—was rather a laughable fix; but which under a little variation of circumstances would have been very far from being laughable either for them or me. The appointment was at an old log meeting-house, which had not been used for months. Just after I got fairly started to preach, I saw that quite a number of the audience, the elder folks as well as the younger people, were terribly tickled, and I knew I had not said anything that ought to have that effect on anybody just then. My desk was near the wall, and a glass window just close behind, and as the tickling increased, they still looking at me, or the window, I looked around, and there was a great hornets' nest built to the upper corner of the window, and every bald hornet popping away at

*I was reading this manuscript to some children the other day, when a little girl earnestly exclaimed, "Why that snake came up to hear the singing."

my head, and would have hit me every lick, if it had not been for the glass. My voice had aroused them, and, like other cannibals, they had never heard preaching, and were in a desperate rage.

This was my initiation year in selling Bibles, Testaments, and many other good books among the people, from our Methodist Book Concern. And I still think that in a number of instances these good books were the leading means in the conversion of those who bought and read them.

Near the close of the year, Brother Cassatt married one of our good West Virginia girls. And you know I have already told you what good wives some of the good West Virginia girls made. And had you seen Brother Cassatt soon after he was so fortunate as to make the practical test in the case of the good Miss Koonse (a lady of the noble German extraction); had you seen how it lighted up every feature of his being whenever getting within reach of her shadow, you would have been fully assured that I did not overrate these good girls.

I remained on the circuit while the other preachers went on to Conference.

CHAPTER XII.

Long Journey from West Virginia to the North of Ohio—Kindness of the Quakers—Happy Revivals—Christian Kindness of Presbyterian People—Taken by My Elder on to the Norwalk Circuit—An Acrostic by a Twin Sister.

AND now, children, you may start with me on my first long journey in my itinerant work. My appointment for the ensuing year was to the Mt. Gilead Circuit,

high up in the north of Ohio. A good man—an Irishman—Father Wilson, was preacher in charge. I had a splendid young horse, a beautiful bay, and of the genuine old Virginia stock. And my saddle-bags were new, strong and large. My clothes were plain and comfortable, with good woolen socks, enough to do me for the year, which the good sisters had knit and given me. And I had some money in my pocket, saved from my salary of one hundred dollars, paid me in full on the circuit. So I started on the only great highway then in the country, going on down *via* the great "Hawk's Nest;" so on down the great Kanawha River, and crossing the Ohio near where the old brave Cornstalk was killed and buried. Then through nearly the whole length of the great State of Ohio, *via* Columbus, its capital, and so on to my work in good time.

Here again I found myself in a new frontier country, just settling up among the great beech forests, and often miry, unbridged marshes, and running streams, with the noted Wyandotte Indian tribe just out northwest of us in the direction of "Upper Sandusky." The circuit comprised a few little scattered-about societies, but a large scope of country.

So, Father Wilson and I went to work; and in some places we met some opposition. The Universalist brethren were, I think, the most numerous body of professed Christians then settled in the north of Ohio. They believed that such was the mercy of God that, some way or other, everybody would finally get to heaven; and they rather, doubtless sincerely, opposed us Methodists. And they charged us—even in their sermons—honestly and piously no doubt, with preaching that very unpleasant doctrine of "hell and damnation"

in the case of every finally incorrigible sinner against Jehovah's holy, just government. But with these good brethren we had no rancorous difficulties. We found them, often, at the head of good society, and in learning and in general intelligence equal to any.

The Friends, or Quaker brethren, were considerably numerous then in the north of Ohio, and of these good people I must here say a few words. I think it was by their kindness and prayers, with God's blessing, that much good was done in their settlements and in their families during the year.

These good Christian people had been then lately suffering much spiritual disturbance and loss by internal doctrinal differences, and, as I became acquainted with them, they communicated freely with me in reference to their spiritual state. One good leading sister, especially, expressed her deep sorrow, as she said, "The Friends have lost much of that holy spiritual power and union with God which used to be our prominent joy, and means of our religious success; that their young people were growing up and falling into the frivolities of the world, and she hoped and prayed the Lord would give me success in my work among the people."

At one of my meetings a man, who had been raised a zealous Friend, was wonderfully blessed, and continued to attend the meetings, and was often moved by the Holy Spirit to speak. Many of the young people also began to attend our meetings; and soon a glorious work of the Holy Spirit was realized, and a number were converted and made inexpressibly happy, and joined our society. This good brother first mentioned, we appointed the leader.

And so the blessed work went on, all in good order,

as it always will when the teachings of the Spirit of God are faithfully obeyed. At these meetings we had but little need of preaching regular sermons, for all freely spoke—men, women and children—as they were moved by the Holy Spirit. The remembrance of these seasons of love, and holy spiritual power, and ingathering of precious souls, is still cheering to the spirit.

At two other points on the circuit, we had also glorious revival seasons, one of these being an entirely new place. The society at this place was raised up in the following way: A well-to-do, rather influential, but worldly man, living in the settlement, a Virginian, learning that I hailed from the "Old Dominion," invited me to call and see his family, which I did with much pleasure; and, finding quite a settlement, and no religious meeting of any kind in it, I asked my friend if I could not leave an appointment at his house, so as to have the neighbors all come in, and get acquainted with them; and that I would give them a talk on the blessings and duties in connection with Christianity. He cheerfully assented, and the appointment was made. The time came, and I found, on arriving, about all of the neighbors there. So, after a good shake-hands and introductions, and a social, friendly little chat all round, I proceeded with my part of the promise, and preached them Christ, and his willingness to save us all, and our duty to yield and be saved from our sins, and so fitted for the heavenly inheritance. At the close of the meeting I was pressingly invited to come again, and made the arrangement to do so; and the place became a regular meeting-place. And best of all, this man and his house were converted, and many of the people, and we had soon there one of our best societies, and this, my

good Virginia friend, was their faithful, earnest leader.

The other point I refer to was not far from the home of our present beloved Bishop Wm. Logan Harris' sainted widowed mother, a faithful Presbyterian sister. The leading families, indeed, in the settlement were Presbyterians, but were without regular stated preaching. These Presbyterian families were well-disciplined, well-regulated families, the young people being very nice, and very intelligent—as, I am happy to say, is a noticeable characteristic of our good, old-styled Presbyterian families everywhere.

We held our meetings there in a comfortable, roomy log-house, which soon, at our meetings, was filled with attentive people; and it was not long until a holy power seemed to pervade the meetings; and soon a most glorious revival of religion was the happy result. Among the young people converted and made happy, was a young lady whose parents were leading Presbyterians, and who was the school teacher there. She was remarkably, wonderfully blessed, and though naturally very modest and timid, was constrained, under the powerful light of the Holy Spirit, and the holy love which filled her soul to overflowing, to speak out and tell of this love, which she so happily enjoyed, and to urge others, the young and all, to seek at once this great salvation. Her manner and words, and even her look, were so loving and impressive that she proved a great help in this good work. She became my intimate friend, a dear Christian young lady, and still I love to think of her holy love and Christian aspirations, as I doubt not, today her happy spirit mingles with the white-robed company which no man can number—Rev. 7:9. A short time ago, I knelt down by the marble slab which marks

the last earthly resting-place of my dear friend, CAROLINE CUMMINGS, and thanked God for all my continued earthly blessings, and for the gospel hope of meeting friends beyond the reach of death or separation.

I continued in the work on this circuit until the 26th of January, 1835, and then went down to the Norwalk Circuit, under the direction of John H. Power, my Presiding Elder.

A Brother Hill was the preacher in charge of the Norwalk work, and his assistant preacher—a Brother Goshorn—had been put into Norwalk Seminary to teach. So the Elder supplied my place on the Mt. Gilead work with a promising young preacher up there, and put me on the Norwalk work, to fill the place of Brother Goshorn.

Having become much interested in the work on Mt. Gilead Circuit, and made many interesting acquaintances, I felt it rather a hardship to leave the field where I had enjoyed so much pleasant though often fatiguing labor, so many endearing associations, and above all, the scenes where the Holy Spirit had so often been manifested in connection with my humble efforts. But we juniors were instructed from the start that it was right and proper to obey our elders in the gospel. So trusting all to God's disposing, I went immediately on the receipt of my call from the Presiding Elder to my place on the Norwalk work.

To show that we were not forgotten by some of our young religious friends, I will here append the following acrostic lines, the well-preserved original still being in my possession, after the lapse of more than forty years. The author was a beautiful twin sister, then a student in the Norwalk Seminary :—

ACROSTIC.

Lorenzo, hast thou resolved thy youthful days to spend,
Offering to man salvation; and thus thy course to end?
Ready art thou afflictions and stormy winds to brave?
Endure life's bitt'rest ills, immortal souls to save?
Nor is there ought will daunt thee; canst thou sin's waves repel?
Zeal hast thou, love, and courage enough thy foes to quell?
Oft pride, that soul destroyer, man's most successful foe,

Will strive thy best exertions and labors to o'erthrow.
Ah, let not this deter thee; thy calling's glorious hope,
Unaided by things earthly, shall buoy thy spirits up.
Go, then, preach free salvation, for all it is prepared;
Heaven, if thou art faithful, shall be thy sure reward.

Be thou, by this encouraged; thy onward course pursue;
Yes, raise the eye of faith, and Heaven's bright splendor view

Youth's morning sun there brightens, with a celestial glow;
Of all on earth that's darling, naught can such beauties show.
Unseen, unheard by mortals, the glories there prepared,
Reserved for the enjoyment of those who love the Lord.

Friendship is not forgotten, but brightens into love;
Replete with joy, friends reunite, celestial joys to prove,
In sweet harmony they sing their Saviour's worthy praise,
Even with angelic choirs join; to highest notes they raise.
Nor songs grow dull, nor voice e'er tire, nothing hast thou to fear;
Delightful, joyous prospects, enough thy heart to cheer.

Joy, then, that God e'er called thee to stand on Zion's wall,
And sound the gospel trumpet, on sinners loud to call;
Nor cease, whether they'll hear thee, or whether they forbear;
Ever, his whole counsel, most faithfully declare.

Wakeman, Ohio, July 6, 1835.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Pleasant Time on the Norwalk Work—A Remarkable Meeting—A Big Sailor Converted—A Daughter Driven from Home for being Converted—Big Hurrah over the Lighting of a Match—An Acrostic and Response—Gathering Shells on Lake Erie's Shore—Off for Conference.

DEAR children, Norwalk was the educational center in north Ohio, at that time. The seminary was under the control of the M. E. Church, and really a flourishing institution of learning, and many students, young ladies and gentlemen, were then in attendance. Rev. H. O. Sheldon was the agent, and actively engaged in its interests. And there was a good, and increasing religious interest in the town and in the school. The extent of the Norwalk work was very large, running back in the country east and south for miles; and then including all the country down to Lake Erie and on its line from away below the mouth of the Huron River up to Sandusky Bay, and including the city of Sandusky, and still on up in the direction of Upper Sandusky some miles further, requiring three weeks for each preacher to make the round.

I can say that the progress of the religious work on this circuit was very encouraging, and there was much harmony and faithful co-operation in the good work both among the preachers and the people. We had a most interesting class of converted, pious young men—such, both in intelligence and energy as are rarely to be found anywhere. And out of these came finally a host of young M. E. preachers, and even two Bishops—Thompson and Harris. But the most of them have been called from labor to reward, while a very few of us still are left.

I would love here to give a long list of those dear young men with whom I used to study, and pray, and exhort, and preach, on the Norwalk work, but my limits forbid. Still it is blessed yet to think how God did bless and strengthen and help us. Allow me to give a few of the items and incidents of those times.

We appointed a meeting to begin at the little town of Monroeville on the 20th of June, 1835, where the mass of the people seemed utterly indifferent to the claims and interests of Christianity, and some of them were avowedly infidel, but generally very intelligent. During the early part of the meeting it seemed dark, and hard for the preachers to preach. At night, as Brother Harry O. Sheldon was preaching, the Holy Spirit seemed to pour down all of a sudden and the preacher was ushered into a state of wonderful spiritual liberty; and this extra and wonderful power was felt throughout the entire congregation. And after a hymn was finally sung, it was seen that, probably, over a dozen men had fallen from their seats prostrate on the floor, some seemingly almost as dead men, and others crying most earnestly to God for mercy, yet there was no confusion, but only a holy and deep solemnity.

In the congregation there were two doctors, both of the Universalist belief. These doctors both began to give some attention to those who seemed to be most like dying or dead men, and one said, rather in a harsh way, "These men are dying." The other, rather in a smiling mood, said, "No, sir, no signs of natural dying here, Doctor. It is something else, Doctor." The first then excitedly left, while the other remained with us. And in short, it served to be a time of glorious conquering and conquest over sin and Satan, in the name and strength of Jesus

and by the power of the Holy Spirit sent down upon the people. A number were converted to God and made happy in his love. Among the number was a sturdy sailor from off Lake Erie, an Englishman, who delighted everybody with the happy sailor way he told of the holy peace and joy he had that night obtained, and of his love to God, and all the good people for the *blessedness* that he was so happily enjoying, and with those the happiest messmates he had ever met." He shouted at the very top of his voice and gave Jesus the praise just as heartily, I have no doubt, as did the sick and blind whom Jesus healed when on earth in person.

We had some revival work in other parts of the circuit, and some opposition, occasionally. I remember the case of a good young lady who, for being converted and joining the Methodists, was driven off from home. The following was written for her:—

ACROSTIC.

Ensur'd to us are all things good,
So long as we uprightly walk;
The Lord hath said support he would,
His promise stands—he cannot mock.
Enough, dear sis! if God's your friend,
Relations, friends and glory's sure;

Ask but in faith, his grace he'll send;

Go to his throne till you are pure.
In peace and joy you then shall live,
Belov'd and bless'd by all the good;
Be calm when Death his call shall give,
Salvation sing beyond the flood.

[From Ps. 84: 11.] LORENZO WAUGH.

Norwalk, Ohio, April, 1835.

This young lady, besides being a faithful Christian was a faithful student, and became the faithful wife of a talented young Methodist minister.

I must here tell the children what a great "hurrah" I saw a great company of people make at the Norwalk Seminary just over the lighting of a match. Harry O. Sheldon had been off to New York, getting various supplies for the Seminary; and on getting back, he gave notice that he would exhibit on a stated evening all he had obtained, stating, as seemingly an inducement to stir up all the people to attend, that he would exhibit the late wonderful discovery, the "Lucifer match;" that, with this new and wonderful thing, he would light up the great hall at a stated minute, and so all should be on hand; that it would be a reality, and no "Yankee trick" or humbug about it. Of course the hall was jammed full of excited, anxious people. And there on the stand were a lot of candles, and in good time Harry O. came in and gravely took his seat, a fine robust gentleman, when people had a good light to look at him. And really Harry O. Sheldon was in some respects rather an extraordinary man, and some, who had seen him at times at some of his religious meetings, might possibly be induced to believe that Harry O., under special emergencies, might be induced even to "raise the devil;" as it was known that he neither feared him nor his imps.* There the people sat and darkness covered them in. Some whispered, and possibly some sat trembling, fearing Harry O., might have "Old Lucifer" in his box, and would let him loose with his iron skin and cloven feet right among them. All of a sudden Harry O.'s shrill voice was heard, "Prepare for the Lucifer match." Then all was still a moment. Then came the shrill voice, "Now look out for the Lucifer match." A snap was

*Harry O. Sheldon is still living at the time of this writing, a venerable old patriarch, now in the eighty-third year of his age.

heard, and in a minute the great hall was in a blaze of light, and such hollering and clapping and stamping had not been heard lately.

Probably you children are ready to say, "Well, what a silly set of folks you were to be excited over the lighting of a little bit of a match. But children, just think, this was the first match any of us had ever seen. And before this, the usual way to get a fire, if it had gone out, was to have a flint and piece of steel, and what we called a piece of spunk to catch and light the sparks which with the steel we struck out of the flint. The Indian mode of getting fire was still more simple than ours. They got their fire by rapidly rubbing two dry sticks together. We folks, when young, lived in quite a different time of the world, children, from what you do, and some of our ways then of getting along you would never know, or even think of, unless we told you.

At the Norwalk Seminary, with the others, there were some Indian students; for instance, John Armstrong and his sister. John was a handsome, smart boy, too, and he afterwards married one of Ohio's good, smart, handsome girls, the daughter of Elder Russell Bigeloe. But as I intend further on in this sketch, if spared, to tell you something about the Indians, I will not detain you on that matter now; but will only say here that with my early dread of Indians, I was really surprised here at Norwalk to meet a young, well-educated, lovely lady, who had spent considerable time as a teacher and missionary among the Wyandott Indians. This good lady was Jane C. Riley, and when she told me of the great joy she had in seeing these Indian children learn, and many of the older Indians embracing Christianity, I felt some of my early prejudices slightly give way.

Anyway I admired the piety and Christian fortitude of this good lady, and so wrote the following acrostic lines for her. I now clip them from my journal written nearly fifty years ago.

[WRITTEN BY REQUEST, FOR J. C. R., WHO WAS ONCE MISSIONARY TO THE WYANDOTTE INDIANS, UPPER SANDUSKY.]

JEHOVAH is the only God,
And all creation's but his germ
Nature, all beauteous, at his word
Emerg'd from nought, and stood all firm.

Come, O my soul, and view his might,

Report it all creation round;
In seasons see, in day and night,
Lo, wisdom vast, and skill profound.
Eternal source of life and love,
Ye holy spirits tell his fame;

Be prais'd by earth and all above,
Yea, holy, holy is thy name.

Your friend, LORENZO WAUGH.

Norwalk, Huron County, Ohio, July, 1835.

Some years afterwards one of Miss Riley's pupils, named John Armstrong, who became a Christian and an orator of considerable ability, and married a daughter of Elder Bigeloe, moved out among the Wyandottes west of the Missouri River. In that western wild he and his noble, self-denying wife proved a real light in a dark place, not only amongst the Wyandottes, but also exerting a refining influence upon the adjacent tribes.

The following acrostic lines I received some time after from Sister Jane C. Riley; and as I place here the original manuscript, the printer will see it is neatly written, and for its age, nearly fifty years, well preserved. I have learned that she became the wife of one of our Ohio traveling preachers; and I have no doubt was an efficient helpmate in his holy work.

AN ACROSTIC FOR REVEREND

Let fortune smile, or adverse prove,
Onward in duty's path I'll move,
Reaping from each a harvest rare,
Enriched by God's peculiar care.
Not all the tinsel'd toys of fame,
Zeal can present or fortune name,
One joy substantial can impart

Welcome to the sin-sick heart.
And shall I with its varying scenes
Unite, a varying life and mien?
Give to the things of time and sense
Honors due the Omnipotent.

Yon scene on Calvary answers, No!
Onward to heights of glory go;
Until the crown of life you gain,
Replete with joy and free from pain.

Sister in Christ, J. C. R.

Norwalk, Huron County, Ohio, August 10, 1835.

We are now closing up our work at Norwalk, and getting ready to leave for Conference. We have been to the lovely beach of the beautiful Lake Erie and gathered some of the delicate little shells to carry off as mementoes. And this reminds me, too, of a little incident. Among the interesting group of good Christian young ladies we had there were two sisters, twins, so much alike I was always bothered to call the right one's name. So in my stroll for shells, I tried to get two just alike to give to these two lovely twin sisters, but could get no two shells which were so near alike as these twin sisters were when dressed the same. And now some of our young preachers are ready to ask, "Why did you not arrange then to get you a wife among so many fine, good girls you speak of?" Why, boys, in those days the elder brethren, had they had the least idea that we boys

had even a thought in that beautiful direction, would have said, "Nothing of this boys. It is the rule that there is to be no thinking or talking about courting or marrying until you have traveled your full four years, and so have been thoroughly tested, and proved, and ordained." But I do think of those good Christian girls, as well as those good boys, with great pleasure up to this day.

CHAPTER XIV.

Meeting of Conference at Springfield, Ohio, 1835—Ordained a Deacon—Transferred to Missouri Conference—The Long Trip on Horseback—My Main Companion Disagreeable—Sickness on the Road—Favored with an Additional, and a Good Companion—Prairies Alive with Distressing Flies—Made the Journey Safely.

DEAR children: From Norwalk, with a number of preachers, all on horseback, I rode down to Springfield, Ohio, to the Ohio Conference, which met there on the 19th day of August, 1835. Bishop James O. Andrew

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS,

THAT I, James Osgood Andrew, one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the United States of America, under the protection of ALMIGHTY GOD, and with a single eye to his glory, by the imposition of my hands and prayer, have this day set apart Lorenzo Waugh for the office of a DEACON, in the said Methodist Episcopal Church; a man who, in the judgment of the Ohio Annual Conference, is well qualified for that work; and he is hereby recommended to all whom it may concern, as a proper person to administer the ordinance of Baptism, Marriage, and the Burial of the Dead, in the absence of an Elder, and to feed the flock of Christ, so long as his spirit and practice are such as become the Gospel of Christ, and he continueth to hold fast the form of sound words, according to the established doctrines of the Gospel.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this twenty-third day of August in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-five. JAMES O. ANDREW. [L. S.]

Done at Springfield, Ohio.

presided; but Bishop Soule wa also there and sat with him. At this Conference, a number of the old veteran preachers were present—Jacob Young, James B. Finley, Thomas A. Morris, I. C. Hunter, E. W. Sehon, Harry O. Sheldon, Henry B. Bascom, and many others.

At this Conference I passed my examination, and was received into full connection, and with several young men, was ordained Deacon, as the certificate on preceding page will show.

Bishop Soule had just returned from a trip west, and reported a great lack of ministerial help in Missouri, and asked that an appeal be made for some volunteers who would consent to go off at once to that distant frontier work. The appeal was soon made, and I, feeling full of frontier vim and sympathy, went forward and took my seat, and was accepted, and soon had my official transfer in hand to the Missouri Conference, which was to meet on the 10th of the coming September, at Arrow Rock, Mo. A Rev. Jesse Prior also volunteered and was transferred. In bidding the brethren farewell in the Conference-room, I still remember there was considerable feeling, and both the Bishops and dear Brother Finley took me in their arms and gave me a parting blessing.

This Brother Jesse Prior was a stranger to me, and seemed to be but little known in the Conference. But it was arranged that we should start on the long trip together. My good Virginia bay horse was young and in fine trim. Brother Prior, too, had a fine, spirited horse. Before leaving the Conference-room I remember of some one handing me $25, and this, with what I had still on hand of my one hundred-dollar salary of the past year, made me easy in the matter of my expenses for the long journey. So, on the 26th day of August,

1835, we left Springfield, Ohio, for the then far distant Missouri, and so I will give you here a hasty glance of this long journey on horseback.

We had only traveled a short distance till I became well satisfied that in the case of Brother Jesse Prior I had a very uncongenial traveling companion. He was gloomy, fretful, and impatient, a confirmed old batchelor —if not actually a woman-hater. I disliked his spirit much, but resolved to do all I could to make him and our journey as pleasant as possible.

We had traveled but a few days when a fine-looking young man fell in with us, and in conversing with him, I soon learned that he, too, was on his way to Missouri. Soon he proposed to join our company, to which I most readily assented, and Brother Prior said nothing. This young gentleman proved to be a Mr. Lucas, from Ohio, a near relation of an ex-Governor of that name—a very refined, interesting, companionable young man; and so, with his companionship, I soon had reason to feel that, after all, I was rather a fortunate traveler. So we got along as comfortably as possible, some days Jesse being somewhat more pleasant than was his usual mood, and Lucas and I getting so we thoroughly understood him.

But when we got into the great prairies of Illinois the trouble began to thicken up with Brother Jesse. In these seemingly almost boundless prairies there was then what they called the "greenheaded fly," and in vast numbers. These flies attacked our spirited horses with terrible ferocity, every fly when lighting on the horse driving his blood spear into the writhing animal, so that, with all we could do, soon our poor horses would be all in a stain of blood. Brother Jesse greased his horse all over, still it did no good, only we were obliged to keep

off a proper distance so as to avoid being soiled with the hog's lard on his horse.

One day in the midst of a terrible swarm of these flies we saw near the road a watering-place; so we thought we would ride out to it, light of and water, and with bunches of the high grass brush off the flies for awhile, and so let our horses rest. But just then Lucas had been telling me that he had once heard of an Irishman who was riding and happening to take his foot from the stirrup, and the horse kicking at a fly, stuck his foot in, and so, whirling and kicking, the Irishman cried out at once, "And faith! if you're going to ride, sir, I'll be off." Just then Brother Jesse's spirited horse did the same thing, as Jesse had just got his right foot out, intending to dismount; so round and round went Jesse's horse, Jesse hanging on for dear life. So in a few brisk rounds, down came the horse and Jesse, too, but so that neither were injured. But Lucas and I laughed and could not help ourselves. But with Jesse's already unpleasant feelings, our laugh on such an occasion was too much, and more than he would stand. So he righted up, mounted his horse, and left us in great disgust. That was the last we saw of Brother Jesse for about two days. We then overtook him where he had stopped waiting for us, having gotten seemingly quite over his irritation. So we then traveled along together as usual.

This year, in traveling through Indiana and Illinois, we found it terribly sickly, so that in some places we were at times troubled, even to get us something to eat, finding in places whole families down with fever, and, though friendly, yet not able to cook for us.

One morning, while crossing a large prairie before reaching Edwardsville, Ill., my friend Lucas was taken suddenly sick, as though the cholera had struck him,

and was in a few minutes unable to sit on his horse. I happened to have with me some cloves and the essence of cinnamon, both of which I at once administered, but especially had him to chew at the cloves. And so, to my great joy, after a time he could again sit on his horse, and I got him into Edwardsville to an inn, and called a doctor. The doctor commended my prescription, considering the stock of my medicines, and avowed that the medicine had probably saved my friend's life. The next morning we were all in the saddle again, and early on the road for Alton and for the "Father of Waters," which none of us had ever yet seen.

Friday, the 7th of September, 1835, we crossed the Mississippi River, and were in the then great new border State, Missouri. Here my young friend Lucas, who had become really dear to me, had to leave us, as he wished to reach a point in Missouri which was out of our way. We parted, and I have never met him since, but have always remembered the good young man with real pleasure. From here it took Brother Jesse and me four days more to reach Arrow Rock, the seat of the Conference, crossing the Missouri River near the place. And now, being at the end of this part of the journey, and having to part with my Brother Jesse Prior, I will say that I never met him again. I think he got along with the Conference about as well as he did with me—got disgusted and soon left the State.

At this Conference the good Bishop Roberts was presiding, and there was a camp-meeting going on in connection with the Conference, and all seemed to be in harmony and love, and there was quite a revival spirit, and I was pleased to find so many friendly people. And with all, a few were there whom I had known back in other places. A good brother, Rev. Peter McGowan,

whom I had known when I was a boy in the bounds of the Pittsburg Conference, met me as a dear friend and introduced me to the Bishop.

The cordiality and kindness of the Bishop and all the preachers and of the good people, greatly cheered my youthful spirit, in a distant, far-off place from my own dear native home. And I know I tried to give myself wholly to God, and did earnestly implore his grace to fit and help me in the great new field of labor in which I was then just entering.

My appointment was to the Farmington Circuit, away down toward the lower part of the State, bounded on one side by the Mississippi River, and running back at the other towards the Iron Mountain, embracing a large portion of three large counties, and I reached the work in quick time after Conference. So, now, I am settled down for a long siege in Missouri, much to learn and much to do. And how good it is for the Christian traveler that he walks by *faith* and not by *sight*. Could he see all the conflicts of life's great journey at once before him, his frail human nature would shrink in discouragement. But walking by faith and working in God, seeking his direction, and ever ready to do all his will, the great difficulties disappear on their near approach, or God furnishes the immediate help for the accomplishment of the great work which his wisdom and love require to be done.

And so the faithful Christian traveler, who puts all his trust in God and not in fallible man, can journey, and work, and yet sweetly sing—

"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour.
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

CHAPTER XV.

Work Began in Missouri Selling Good Books—Two Wedding Incidents, and Another Plucky One—Saved a Man From Drowning, and Several Thousand Dollars from Going Off Down the River—When On My Way to My Circuit Came Near Losing My Horse in the Quicksand in Missouri River.

DEAR children, in giving you a sketch of times and incidents in Missouri, I can only do so in a very summary way, in view of the necessary limits in the size of our book.

On this Farmington Circuit I had, on the whole, a pleasant and encouragingly prosperous year, religiously. A number of entirely new societies were formed; and, I think, all the old ones much enlarged.

During the year I sold several hundred dollars' worth of Bibles and Testaments, and various good books, ordered from our Methodist Book Concern. I often found it very pleasant to have sent me a Bible or hymn-book, with the name nicely stamped in gold leaf, for a present from a friend to a friend, or for those desiring such a keepsake bought of me. I did the same often in my work in the case of Family Bibles. I saw that, in settlements where these good books were bought and read, and where our *Christian Advocates* were taken, it was often much easier to get the families interested directly in the great matter of our holy Christianity. Often I think, too, that the more wealthy and worldly families were reached just in this way—first buying and then reading our good books. In this way, too, they would get acquainted with us, and so invite us to visit their families, where there is always a favorable opportunity to do good by faithful religious intercourse, and

instruction of the children, and by the children reach the parents.

Two little wedding incidents, which occurred on this work, I will give you—the first a little amusing, the second very sad.

I was called on, one day, to marry a couple of young people, and a great crowd of happy guests were present. The house was a log-house, rather old, but the main room quite large. The flooring of those houses then was of broad split timber, hewed on the upper side, say twelve feet long, and the ends meeting and resting on what was intended to be strong timbers beneath, so that the middle timber would occupy the central point of about twenty-three or twenty-four feet. The floor of this house was probably three or four feet from the ground.

I took my position centrally, and the young groom and bride were led out near me. Then came the rush of all hands to witness the ceremony, and just as I had said "Now join your right hands," the middle timber below began to crack, and down we all went, the bride and groom, however, held fast grip of hands, or rather fell into each other's arms, and, as soon as we could steady up to our feet again, we got the ceremony completed, and I delivered up the happy couple to their friends for congratulations, which came happily, and with many a spirited kiss—for this was the custom then—even the preacher was expected to kiss the smiling bride immediately after receiving the nuptial salutation from her smiling husband. So all went off finely, notwithstanding this little interruption, "merry as a marriage bell."

The sad case was in this wise: We had a very intelli-

gent, highly-educated lady, who was a near relative of a distinguished clergyman of the Roman Catholic Church, and who, while East at school, had been induced in some way to attend some Methodist meetings, and was converted, and joined the Methodists, and was firm and immovable in her faith. She was a thoroughly converted woman; and even the Catholic friends gave her up as such, while they treated her kindly, be it said to their praise.

Then we had a local preacher, a good man, who had several children whose mother had died.

Brother J. W. Quick and Sister Julia Gregoire were truly one in faith, and so they concluded and agreed to become one as man and woman; the time was set March 17, 1836, and many friends assembled, both Catholic and Protestant, to witness and to congratulate, and I performed the ceremony; and now comes the sad part:—

Brother Quick was taken sick that afternoon, lingered some fifteen days, and died. But his death was most happy and triumphant, having inexpressible joy in his union with God, and in the hope of a glorious union with all the good in heaven. Some of the Catholic friends witnessing his happy state, seemed astonished, and said to me, "We do not see it in this way with our people in dying;" and asked, "Is this usual with your people?"

Of course I told them that Wesley said, "Our people die well."

Brother Quick's sickness was entirely from natural causes, and his death was mourned alike by Protestant and Catholic friends.

Sister Julia, like a noble Christian, as she was, went to the home of her deceased husband, and became the

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kind, careful, affectionate mother of his little children. And the last I knew of Sister Julia she was pressing her onward course of faithful Christian duty—the stay of the little family, and a most active, useful member of the M. E. Church.

And as the young people like sometimes to hear about weddings, there was another one came off in that section of country that year. A gentleman of some wealth and standing had died, and left a rather beautiful young wife, and at the time of his death, and before, he had a young laboring man who attended to the business of the place; and as this working man so well understood the management of the place, the good lady of the house still employed him.

But after a time he took up the idea that he must try and marry the good landlady; and so I must tell you how the matter came out, just to show you what pluck and perseverance will sometimes do.

He kept teasing her to marry him; and she, feeling that it would be too much of a come down, or something, put him off again and again. But he did not give up. So one day she said to him, "Well, if nothing else will do you, come right away, let us go to the church, and have the priest marry us." All right; off they went, with friends enough for witnesses. And the "father" got on nicely in the ceremony with him, as he promptly agreed to have her and to meet all the other requirements.

But when he came to question her, "If she would have, love, obey," &c., &c., she was tardy in answering, and finally when she did speak, she said—

"*No.*"

Then said the father, "Go your way, I have no more to say."

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Sometime after this (for he was still her manager) he found her one day seemingly in an unusually pleasant mood, and talkative. So he ventured to say to her, "Can we not, after all, go and get married?"

"Well, yes," said she, "if you will go right away while I am in the humor."

So off they went, and again were before the father for the ceremony.

The usual question being put, "Will you take this woman," &c., &c., the man, after being a little tardy, answered—

"No, father, not to-day."

Then off he sent them again. When they got back, she tearfully charged him with his strange and unkind course of procedure, which he admitted, but said, "You taught it to me."

"And now," said he, "we are again even, and so let gone-bys be gone-bys, and go and get married as we ought. So off they went, and sure enough both said "Yes," and came away with the father's blessing, man and wife.

I knew her well, and she was a good woman, and a good friend of mine, and I had this information from those who had a right to know.

Our Conference was held this year in St. Louis, September 14, 1836, Bishop Roberts presiding, and was a very pleasant meeting. Before Conference adjourned, the Rev. Jacob Lannius and myself obtained leave of absence, he wishing me to accompany him back to his old home near Potosi, also to attend a camp-meeting near there. The father of Brother Lannius had died, and Jacob, as the administrator of the estate, had drawn quite a sum of money from the bank, in bank-

bills, which he had to carry along in his saddle-bags for the heirs at home. And here I will give you a little incident of this journey. There had been heavy rains, and the streams were swollen. We came to a stream called Big River, and found it quite up and muddy, and no ferry, indeed, no house near the crossing. After consultation we concluded to cross, and when getting into the stream some distance, Lannius' horse got his foot through the martingale, which he had thoughtlessly not taken off, and, in floundering in the water, Lannius was washed off, but held on to the horse's mane and the saddle, the saddle-bags, with the money, floating off at the same time. For a moment I surveyed the situation, and seeing Lannius was not in immediate danger of drowning, I bade him hold on for life, and I pushed my horse with all possible speed for the capture of the treasure. The chase was a lively one, but my horse swam well, and some hundred yards below I overtook the saddle-bags, took hold and swam them to the other shore, dragging them out; and then, throwing off some of my clothing, then wet and heavy, I mounted, and reached my friend Lannius, still hanging on to the horse; got the horse free, then swam back to the saddle-bags, Lannius hanging on to the side of the horse. So we got all safe over, nothwithstanding the drenching and the great danger we were exposed to; reached the camp-meeting, and had a good time, while Brother Lannius had the pleasure of disposing of the money as was intended.

From this meeting I started on quite a journey to reach my Conference appointment, which was North Grand River, I think over 200 miles distant—then the border frontier circuit in the Conference.

I had already acquired the reputation of being a first-class frontier man; and thus while the Conference seemed to enjoy sending me to frontier work, I rather enjoyed it, and they never heard me complain of my *hard appointments.*

On this journey I remember I came near losing my fine bay horse. The Missouri River being very low, and a long bar being formed at the opposite shore, the boat could not reach the bank, and had to land me on the bar. In leading my horse for the shore he sank down in the quicksand, and it was with great difficulty we got him to land.

I reached my circuit in good time.

CHAPTER XVI.

North Grand River Circuit—A Cold Winter—A Fur Suit—An Acrostic—A Good Revival Work—The Journey to Conference Attended with Difficulty—My Fur Suit Gets Me in Trouble with Some Long-faced Preachers—John F. Wright Defends Me—Appointed to the Indian Work.

THIS North Grand River work embraced a large section of new country just settling up; the country itself being rich and finely variegated with large prairies and beautiful timbered lands. Wild game, too, was plenty, bear, deer, wild turkeys, and all the varieties of the smaller game. The wolves, too, were plenty. Wild honey was also plenty and very fine. I often killed my own fat game, when I had a chance and got hold of a good rifle. And I found many a bee-tree that year, just riding through the timber. For instance, in the winter time, if the sun came out warm, the bees would swarm

out. Then on the surface of the snow some would be left lying, so that if it turned cold even you would see these bees on the snow and know there was the tree, where the honey could be got at leisure.

Often I had no roads from one settlement to another, having to notice and strike the different points of timber, etc. And in all the bounds of my work there was not yet a single church house, and I might say, in truth, there was scarcely an organized society on the entire work as I found it, and only a few scattering members in places. But the most of the people were very kind, and often expressed themselves glad when the young preacher called on them in their new frontier homes. And I never had any trouble in getting a private house in any new settlement to meet in and preach to the people, and they usually came out well on the preaching days. In many new places I formed new societies, and during the year had many new converts. The winter proved to be long and very cold, with severe snow-storms. But before the winter fully closed in I had my appointments fairly arranged, and so met them faithfully through the entire winter, except one round. In this case, there came a drifting snow, then bitter cold weather, so that the prairies could not be crossed, and several persons were badly frost-bitten in attempting to travel.

My meeting at the beginning of this storm was at a Brother Peery's, near the North Grand River, a most excellent family, old folks, girls, and boys. Here, as I could not risk starting to the next appointment, I conceived the idea of getting me a great fur overcoat of the skins of the raccoon. They were then wonderfully plenty, and the boys assisted me in catching plenty of them for the coat. So I had the skins nicely dressed

and the long hairs all plucked out, leaving only the beautiful fur, which I had colored indigo blue. Then nicely fitted on a strong, fine lining, with a wide standing collar to extend up in connection with my fine fur cap. Leggings and mittens, too, of the same I had made. And to stand under all, I had a pair of fine buffalo-skin over-shoes. And so with this noble storm-dress, then new to everybody, I could brook the severest cold that came. And so, too, could even cover up and lie out in a snow-drift if it should become necessary. One night

My Fur Suit.

I recollect I did lie out all night, with no other cover but this my fur covering. And just here I may say that John Thompson Peery, one of this family of boys, became a Methodist traveling preacher, both talented and useful. I think I had him licensed before I left the circuit; anyway I know it was my full conviction of mind that he was called of God to preach the gospel. And I find in my journal an acrostic which I wrote on his name that year, and so will here append it as then written:—

ACROSTIC.

[WRITTEN FOR A YOUNG MAN TO WHOM, IN MY VIEW, THE LORD HAS COMMITTED A DISPENSATION OF THE GOSPEL AND REQUIRED TO PREACH.]

Jonah did the Lord command
On Nineveh in haste to call,
He bade him cry "O wicked band,
Now forty days and you must fall."

To shun the cross, poor Jonah fled
On board a ship to Tarshish bound;
'**M**idst pleasant scenes, a storm o'erspread—
Prevailing so, no hope was found.
So lots were cast the cause to know,
On Jonah, soon it clearly fell,
Norwith delay o'erboard they threw

Poor Jonah, to the waves and whale.
Eternal goodness spared the man;
Essential lessons thus are given—
Repair ye call'd, and tell the plan
You know will save the lost in Heaven.

Your sincere friend, LORENZO WAUGH.

North Grand River, Mo., February 15, 1837.

There was also another young man converted on this work, and who I know we gave license to preach, and he afterwards became a talented itinerant minister—but who finally had a lamentable fall—viz., James G. T. Dunleavy. I cannot here detain to detail his history. His fall began as he was crossing the plains, and was sadly consummated in early times in California.

Rev. Andrew Monroe was my Presiding Elder this year, and we had a pleasant year together. He was a sincere, good man, and a good preacher. During the year there were many converted and united with the church. At our camp-meeting in the fall we had a blessed revival. During the latter part of this year I purchased a little spring wagon so as to carry my books

more conveniently, as I made it a rule to sell good books from our Book Concern everywhere I could possibly do so. For I had learned from the first, in my itineracy, that in this way I could accomplish much good among the masses of the people. And I am sure this made up much for my lack of great eloquence as a preacher. Anyway I was then of the opinion, as I am to-day, that it is better to get the people to reading, and thinking, and praying, and singing, and exhorting, or in anyway doing something—something of themselves—using earnestly their own talents. I am sure that in this way more can be done, and more effectually, than is possible to be done by the most eloquent preaching without thus practically enlisting the people in the work for themselves.

These facts I am sure I have seen demonstrated in the most effectual revivals it has ever been my happiness to witness, or partake in. Where the Holy Spirit enlightens and the subjects obey, there is no need that the time be taken up in only preaching eloquent sermons.

The time for starting to Conference came; and here I had many dear friends to leave—a time which was always trying to me. So, on the 25th of August, 1837, with two gentlemen and their wives and a young lady, we left for St. Louis. At the crossing of Grand River the ferry-boat was sunk, but we ferried all over piecemeal, with a canoe, driving our horses through the river, and so got all safely over. The place of our lodging was new—a cabin with only a ground floor; and during the night it rained, so that next morning the water covered the floor, and we had a disagreeable time for breakfasting and getting off. But the people were kind and all did the best we could.

The next day we came to a creek which was bridged, but the high water was over the bridge; some parties had fallen a large tree over the stream so as to "coon" over on the log. So we concluded we would pull our carriages through the water with ropes above the bridge, and drive the horses through loose. We got the carriages over safely, except mine. In taking it, one of the ropes parted, and it was taken under the bridge; so all we could do was to fasten the rope and let it be till the water fell. Then in driving my friend's horses through, one became entangled in the harness and would have drowned had I not swam in and relieved him. My friends then drove on, and I went back to the nearest house, where I was kindly entertained for two days. Then, by the kind assistance of the settlers, I got my carriage out, and was again on the way. But another detention was just ahead of me. On reaching the Chariton River we found the boat kept on the other side, and could not raise the ferryman. So, after waiting some hours, and night drawing near, I told the gentleman who had fallen in with me to remain in care of our teams, and I would swim over and bring the boat, which I did, and we then ferried ourselves over. Just as we were over and ready to drive on, the ferryman came, but in place of paying our ferry fee, we gave him a little friendly advice and so drove on, being away in the night reaching our lodging-place..

You will see, children, by what I have just related of my ventures in the water, that in those days I was a good swimmer—as, indeed, I can truthfully assure you I was. And, as I cannot again touch this point after finishing this chapter, I will here relate one more little incident where my swimming ability came in good play.

Years after this time I came with my wife and child to the South Grand River in Missouri, and found it high over the bottom-lands to the bluffs, and the ferryman and boat on the other side, and no chance to get the ferryman to come over for us. So, after stopping there over night, I went up to the bluff near by and stripped off and took the water, crossing the main stream with perfect ease. But when I got over into the back-water among the bushes, and especially the tall briars which came in contact with my tender skin, then I had rather a scratching time. But I landed safely on the ferry-boat, and then hallooed for the cunning old ferryman. There was a company of surveyors there, who had been trying to have the ferryman take them over, but he plead, "too high water," while they believed that the fact that he was making more from boarding them than he could by taking them over was his main hindrance. So these men came shouting and hurrahing for me, and all hands bade him to man his boat and push for the other shore; and so, furnishing me with temporary clothing, we all were soon on the other side. And soon we were again on our way, rescued from the scourge of mosquitos which we had been enduring, and with a sick baby. And so, children, I am free here to say that it is well for all the children who can, to learn to swim well while they are young, in view of possible things which may come on along in the after journey of life. True, while all is sunshine and dry land, we do not need the skill to swim. But should we be thrown suddenly in the great waters—as any of us are liable to be—then it is surely the best to be able to keep ourselves afloat, and to "swim for the shore."

Well, after all my delays, I got on to St. Louis in time

for the opening session of Conference, and on the whole we had a pleasant meeting. Though there is one thing which, in justice to a true "sketch of my life," I should here relate. You know, children, I have told you of my great fur suit, which I got up so as to be able to travel in the cold and yet not freeze to death.

And now let me say there are nearly always in a large assemblage of ministers of the gospel, say one or two, who have "long faces," and who sacredly think that everything should be just exactly like the impression which comes back from the shade on which their long faces have rested; that everything must be just exactly as they see it, and that in order to unity and success every preacher's face must be just exactly as long as their own.

Well, at this Conference a couple of these good long-faced brethren objected to my enormous unheard-of fur suit, just from what they had heard of it. But they felt sure that the preacher who could wear such a suit must necessarily lose his ministerial dignity, and lower his holy calling.

Rev. J. F. Wright, one of our Cincinnati book agents, being present, asked the privilege to address the Conference, and said :—

"I have been listening with much interest to the reports of your elders, and of the preachers of the different circuits, and allow me to review a little. Here is Brother T.; he was frost-bitten badly, and not able to get around for three months; and Brother R., he, too, was frozen somewhat, and was much retarded in meeting his appointments; and there was Brother J., the winter was so hard he was hindered nearly on till spring.

Well, now, how is it about our boy which Ohio sent to

your call for help, traveling the whole winter in the most northern frontier circuit in the Conference, only missing a part of one round, and improving that time in getting him a beautiful *fur suit*, so as to travel in the coldest weather, and even lie out in the snow-drifts, if need be; more people converted and joining the church than on three adjoining circuits; more books sold, as the Elder reports, than on the whole district beside, and as I am now prepared to tell, these books all paid for to the last cent. This young brother *lacking ministerial dignity*—because he had been wearing that wonderful *fur suit*, which even those objecting have not seen. I hope he may appear in it on this floor, so that we may all see it, and take a pattern from it."

"Finally," said J. F. Wright, "Bishop, if this Conference is dissatisfied with our Virginia boy, all you need do is to send him back to us in Ohio; we have room and a good place for him there to work."

Well, as the old folks used to say, "It is a bad wind that blows no good for anybody." At this Conference a young man had to be forthcoming who was specially qualified to become the assistant missionary for Shawnee Mission. Not only the church, but the General Government required the man sent there to be of known and tried integrity, and qualified not only to teach the Indians, but by example in virtue and in general purity of life to be able to influence them for good. After scanning this matter carefully in the Conference, the Bishop announced L. Waugh the one to be sent to occupy that responsible position.

Before the Conference adjourned, I fitted myself out in my *fur dress* and took my seat, after walking through the Conference-room, so that all could see and judge of

its desirable qualities. And I might add here that it was not long till great *fur suits* were the rage in Missouri. After a time a preacher might be seen wearing a great buffalo-skin coat, with the black hump and all the long hair—everything, in fact, but the black horns—and all was right enough when fashion deigned to give her princely sanction.

The noted Dr. A. Still—and a noble man he was—after this, in the winter time, was always to be seen with

THE LONG-FACED PREACHERS.

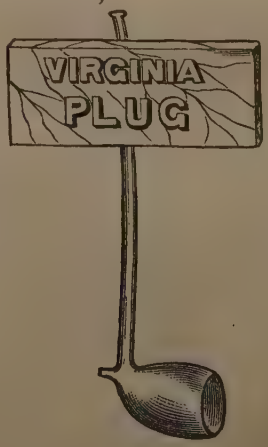
his great buffalo overcoat, which nearly covered up both him and his mule, as he went loping for his appointments through the snow-storms. Dr. A. Still was one of my truest friends, and has gone to his reward in the better land years ago. I may here add that, before leaving St. Louis, I was offered what those long-faced brethren would have considered an enormous price, by a

Jew firm, for my *fur suit*, but would not sell it. For years it did me good service among the Indians, and in Missouri; then it accompanied me over the Rocky Mountains, and proved a comforter even on the Pacific Coast.

The long-faced preachers, after correcting the impropriety of dress in the case of young Parson Waugh, have a talk of their own plans, and the great work before them:

BROTHER SIKES TO BROTHER MULLIGAN—"Give me a light." "Certainly, brother," reaching out the smoking Havana; and then says Brother Sikes: "This *golden clip*, I bought the other day, is the finest flavored tobacco I have chewed for the last 'coon's age."

BROTHER MULLIGAN—"Yes, I know it is very palatable, and splendid in expectoration. But, to change the subject a moment, my dear brother, I intend preaching to my people next Sabbath morning on that wonderful declaration of the Saviour—I think it is found in the 9th chapter of Luke: If any man will come after me, let him deny himself,



And take up his daily and follow

ME.

Then, in the evening I will lecture on that remarkable passage of Holy Writ—I think it is also found in the 9th chapter of Luke: Let the dead bury their dead.

BROTHER SIKES—"Yes, that reminds me of my discourse for next Sunday. In the morning I will direct my people to the impressive exhortation and inspired directions of St. Paul to the Romans, found in the 12th chapter, 1st and 2d verses. Then, in the evening I will lecture on the 2d chapter of II. Peter, the whole chapter, and I will particularly portray *Balaam's horse*, as I think I shall be able to do to the satisfaction of all my hearers."

And now as the result of the practical lesson so given to the boys, see a couple of nice young men, on the next page, seated happily on Balaam's horse, for a clandestine ride down to the camp-meeting; and hear their talk.

IKE—"You just hold on, George, and we'll soon get down to the meeting, and we're going to have a good time when the saloon friends and those other boys get there. We can get along with Parson Sikes anyway; he is a boss good old prophet, none of your hide-bound fellows. He'll take a cigar with us any day—and a nip, too, from the flask—he's a regular son of Bosor. Did you put up our flasks and cigars and those boxes of cigarettes, George?"

GEORGE—"Yes, indeed; you have the cards—Get up, Jack—We'll have Elder Sikes take a ride on Balaam's horse before the meeting's out."

At this meeting the water pipes were cut, and a lot of boys, all drunk, headed by a big saloon man, gave much trouble. And now, since the meeting, George is dead. He was taken from a Chinese opium-smoking den in a

dying condition, and died, and is gone off to the eternal world.

I knew George when he was a good and beautiful little boy, having a good Christian father and mother. But the saloon men and the bad boys led him off, and such was his end. Brother Sikes and Mulligan, of course, feel that their example had no effect in the case.

Many other sad results are known to have taken place, but I have no room here to detail them

RIDING TO CAMP-MEETING ON "BALAAM'S HORSE."

CHAPTER XVII.

My Work in the Indian Country—I Train the Boys in Manual Labor—The Girls Learn Well, and are Good Girls—My Young Indian Stands Firm with Me—Guns Ready, when Otherwise the Hungry Savages Would Have Robbed, Likely Murdered Us—This Year Our Christian Indians Had Severe Trial with Their Heathen Friends, but Christianity Conquered—Ordained Elder.

ON the eleventh day of October, 1837, I reached our mission station in the Shawnee Nation, to engage in the new work of teaching the Indian youth and instructing the older Indians in the doctrines of Christianity. At the old Shawnee Mission then we had only a small farm, and all the mission buildings were poor and inconvenient. Some of the Indians had embraced Christianity, among whom were a few of the Chiefs. All these favored the spread of the gospel among the Indians, and the training and education of the children. Several, too, who were opposed to the white man's way of worshiping the Great Spirit were in favor of having their children learned to read, write, etc., and so were favorable to our school. At the beginning of this year I had charge of the entire school, Rev. Thomas Johnson being the Superintendent of the missionary work in the Indian country and residing at the Shawnee Mission, and my home being in his family—then a single man. After a time we secured a lady teacher from the East, to whom we committed the school instruction of all the girls, while I continued in charge of all the boys. Prior to this time, one of the main troubles in the discipline of the children in school grew out of the oft-repeated suspicion and clamor on the part of individual Indians and families, that their children were not treated as well as some others, or that

they did not learn so well, etc., and so these would annoy the teachers. To remedy this, we got the Chiefs all together, and laid the matter properly before them. Showing them that some would not learn as well as others, and that some were more disposed to do wrong than others, and so had to be treated accordingly, even if they were the Chief's children. And knowing the Chief's authority was absolute with the Indians, we proposed to make the Chiefs a Board of Supervisors, to whom all complainants should go; the masses of the Indians to have nothing to do about the school, only to send their children promptly, the Chiefs to have the sole right to settle all matters with the teachers. This plan worked like a charm, and we never had any more difficulty in that direction while I remained with them.

The idea of making this school, to some extent, a manual labor institution had already been entertained, and this year we began to test its practicability and importance. I took the boys out on the farm and learned them to work stated hours, having had practical knowledge of farming from my boyhood days. Then besides the farm work, we had several shops for the training of those boys who showed that they possessed the requisite mechanical genius. We had shops for blacksmithing, shoemaking, cabinetmaking, etc. And we had boys in all these shops equal in skill to almost any like number of white boys anywhere. We had the girls also under a course of training for housekeeping, for cutting, fitting, and making garments, etc. And some of these girls showed skill, and taste, and speed in execution not often surpassed by any of our own girls anywhere. Soon these girls made all my own clothing, except my dress coat, and the fit was always excellent

and the work well done. Several of these girls were most sincere and devout Christians, and all were pure and virtuous. One of them afterwards married a Brother Shaler, a Methodist minister.

One of those boys in the blacksmith shop soon became an adept in the trade, and was afterwards employed by the Government at $600 a year, and with

DEFENDING THE SUPPLIES.

the chance of making something still outside of his contract work, and I am prepared to bear testimony that this boy was honest and faithful. It is due to this young Indian man, too, that I bear testimony to his true bravery, as I once had a chance to see it tested, and where, if it had failed, his own life and mine would most likely have paid the forfeit. He was my Government guard in taking an ox-team wagon load of supplies up to the Kaw Mission, through a long stretch of Indian country, and only the two of us, and with only our rifles

to guard us. Meeting a hungry band of the Osage Tribe, we had evident signs that unless we would succeed in keeping them off at the proper distance we should be robbed and most likely murdered. So we took our position with our rifles cocked and ready, and bade them keep their distance and to pass on. For quite a time we kept our position, while they made many gesticulations and efforts to frighten us. But my young Indian brave proved firm and true, and finally they, after consultation, moved on and left us, and so we reached our destination in safety, with all our supplies.

In the school we taught in the English language, only using an interpreter in the case of new scholars coming in who could not yet understand any English. In preaching and instructing the older Indians I had to use an interpreter. Our regular interpreter was our faithful Lewis Rodgers. He not only was competent to convey our English to the Indians in their own tongue, but was a genuine Christian man, always conscientious and true in his work, worshiping God in spirit and in truth. We had also another interpreter whom we could always depend on when we needed special help, as we often did on special occasions, our noble Brother William Parks.

In the fall of this year our Christian Indians had to meet a hard trial, and to undergo a severe test of the truth and value of their Christian faith. And so, children, I will here give you the particulars of the case.

The anti-Christian Indians were headed and ruled by a stern old Chief by the name of "Blackhoof," other braves and leading Indians operating with him. This party called a council, to which they invited none of the Christian Indians. At this council they discussed the faith of their fathers as compared with the new white

man's faith, and they finally determined that the former was really the true faith and the correct doctrine of the Great Spirit, even up to the beautiful truth of a great "hunting ground" on the opposite side of the beautiful old moon; that the white people, anyway, had been guilty of many bad things, among which bad acts none were more unpardonably bad than their first coming over into the Indians' beautiful country, and not only killing off and driving away their game, so abundantly provided for them by the Great Spirit, but even tearing up the very face of the beautiful mother earth, thus destroying much of the beautiful grass provided for their ponies; and also tearing up the sweet roots which the Great Spirit had planted for them with his own hand, not even requiring them to do a lick of work in growing them up for their ready use.

Blackhoof maintained with much eloquence, that even the schooling of their children was a trouble brought on them by the savage encroachment of the white faces in opposition to the original wise arrangement of the Great Spirit, which allowed their children to grow up free, like the young deer and elk of the forest; and that the only reason why they should tolerate these schools in their nation was that the children might be able to learn the cunning of the white faces, and thus be able to compete successfully with them; that on this account, and no other, they should still encourage these schools. "But," said Blackhoof, "These possessed, deluded Indians must be rebuked."

So, to do this effectually, they determined (and they had the clear majority to do it) that, at the coming annuity pay-day, not a dollar should be paid out to any one or to any family enrolled on the Christian list. The

Christian party then applied to Major Cummings, our noble Indian Agent. But he informed them that he had no power or authority to interfere with their own domestic arrangements, and so must pay the annuities on the presentation made to him by the majority of the nation.

The Christian party then held a council, and after discussing the whole matter, they resolved to go on as they had been, trying to worship the Great Spirit in spirit and in truth, and to use all possible kindness toward their heathen friends, and also to pray for them that they might be brought to a better understanding of what was just and right in the sight of God.

Brother Rodgers told the Christian friends that they were far happier, even without a dollar of the annuity money; that they had happy hearts, and good clothes, and good shoes, and many of them good homes, and so were far better off for being Christians; and they all agreed to this view, and were happy.

Blackhoof, in the meantime, though he had extra means to buy tobacco and a new pipe and tomahawk, was troubled, and said to his people, "There is something strange in this. If these Christian Indians have really found something that is better than money, we ought to find it out, and share in it, too."

And soon he came down to the Christians' meeting, with only his breech-clout on, and his great pipe, and sat down on the floor to hear something of this new doctrine and new happiness. And though he could not yet fully understand all about it, he went back to his friends with the conviction that these Christian Indians were really strangely happy in their hearts, and that they had a great sacrifice somewhere which seemed to be far better than all the *white dogs* in the whole

nation; and that withal they were kind, after all their hard treatment, and that he believed it was the best to pay them over all their rightful annuity which he and his party had retained. All of which was agreed to, so that in due time every dollar was faithfully paid over, and new and more than ever strong friendly relations again secured.

When our camp-meeting came on I saw many of these hitherto opposing Indians wonderfully converted to God, and heard them afterward tell of the holy joy they found in coming to Jesus the Saviour of poor sinners, and of the holy love in their hearts, which they had never known before. I witnessed scenes of the direct outpouring, and enlightening and saving power of the Holy Spirit at this meeting, which I am sure no infidel could have calmly witnessed and then went away satisfied with his own infidel faith and rejection of Jesus, the friend and Saviour of sinners.

On the whole, I enjoyed myself well spiritually this year in my new field of labor, and not only got rid of

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS.

THAT I, Joshua Soule, one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America, under the protection of ALMIGHTY GOD, and with a single eye to his glory, by the imposition of my hands aud prayer (being assisted by the Elders present) have this day set apart Lorenzo Waugh for the office of an Elder in the said Methodist Episcopal Church, a man who, in the judgment of the Missouri Annual Conference, is well qualified or that work; and he is hereby recommended, to all whom it may concern, as a proper person to administer the sacraments and ordinances, and to feed the flock of Christ, so long as his spirit and practice are such as become the Gospel of Christ, and he continueth to hold fast the form of sound words, according to the established doctrines of the Gospel.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this thirteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight. J. SOULE. [L. S.]

Done at Boonville, Mo.

my old prejudice against the poor Indians, but found my heart moved in sympathy for their help and salvation.

I saw but comparatively few white people through the entire year, as nearly all my time was closely taken up in my school and missionary work among the Indians.

The session of the Missouri Conference was held this year at Boonville, Missouri, as the copy of my parchment on preceding page will show.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Conference at Boonville, Mo.—A Frightful Scene at the Dedication of a Church—My Appointment Again to the Indian Work—Got Our Manual-Labor School in Successful Operation—The Indians' Faith and Works—A Wild Ride to the Hunting Grounds Beyond the Moon—A Grandmother Lies Down and Dies, so as to Help the Family.

DEAR children, there was an occurrence at this Boonville Conference which I must tell you of, and say to you all that, if at any time you should see or hear anything that suddenly alarms you, take a moment always to see just the cause and situation, if you can, before you run pell-mell; as those folks at Boonville did.

There was a large, new M. E. Church to be dedicated, and Bishop Soule had just taken his text to preach to the great congregation which was crowded into the church, when there was a very little noise, as though the gallery had settled a mite, when a nervous young lady screamed out and left her seat in great excitement. Then, in an instant, the mass of the great concourse of people were in an attempted rush, and soon the aisles and doorways were a mass of prostrate, struggling

people—such a scene as I had never witnessed before. And before all could finally be relieved, many were nearly smothered to death. Women had their clothes nearly torn off, and many were seriously trampled, and bruised, and bleeding; and nothing at all had gone wrong with the house, as there it still stood firm and unshaken, but simply freed from the mass of the people.

Well, my appointment was back again to the Indian Nation. We had already got our manual-labor school arrangement on the way. The report of our success in teaching and training the Indian youth to work had been received with favor at Washington, and some extra aid was promised us from there. And in a treaty we had with the Indians, they favored the move and ceded us a beautiful tract of their land to be so used, and if ever failing to be thus employed, to revert again back to them. So we had a large and beautiful tract of land broken up with ox-teams, and two good brick buildings erected, giving us ample room for our school and missionary work; and so things went on finely. Rev. Thomas Johnson went East, accompanied by our Indian orator, Boshman, and soon obtained of the good people all the additional funds we needed.

The Indians, too, were delighted with the success of this movement, and our school was soon full to overflowing. We had youths from most of the surrounding tribes. We had one beautiful Indian girl from away back in the Rocky Mountains. Her name, *Wah-pon-ka-que*, is still fresh in my memory. We had also a boy of the Flathead Tribe, with a really flattened head, as that tribe do it. But I cannot here take space to give in detail a history of this work; yet I can say my judgment is, that it was a success beyond anything ever attempted in

the way of educating and Christianizing these western Indians.

But what became of all these improvements, or even where any of these Indians now are, I have not the slightest knowledge. But I have not a doubt that some of these Indians, with some of my own co-workers then in that arduous effort, are gone to the home of the pure and faithful, where I shall hope to join them again in that spiritual land where sin can never enter, and distinction of races and tribes will never annoy.

Besides my work at the Shawnee Mission, I also assisted for a time at the Kaw Mission, and while in the Indian country I visited the Delawares and the Kickapoos. And now children, as I can only give you a brief sketch of Indian notions and habits, I will confine myself to those of the Kaw Tribe, with which I stopped at one time for a few months to assist their then faithful missionary, Rev William Johnson, long since gone, I doubt not, to reap a blessed reward; for Brother Wm. Johnson was a true and faithful man, and his amiable wife, like Mary of old, was ever ready to do as would most please and honor the blessed Master, forsaking all to follow him.

At the time I arrived in the Kaw Nation, sickness was prevailing among these Indians at a terrible rate, and many were dying off. At the outset, my rest at the Mission house was much broken up by their terrible lamentations, which would commence quite a time before daylight, and so would be kept up much of the day. In the time of these sad lamentations they would on no account take any food. If food at the time was offered them, they would simply say in their language, "My face is black." And here I will explain to you their way of

blacking the face, and the reason why they do it. They take the black surface of the earth and wet it, till it is thin like paste, then rub it on the face all over. In the time of great grief, they then take strong ashes, wet up in the same way, and spread these from ear to ear over the top of the head. Then in this condition, fasting, they go off to the edge of the river, or sit down at the base of a big tree, or near a large rock, and there they weep and express their helplessness and deep affliction, for which they feel they have no means of help in themselves, but hoping the Great Spirit will look on them, and pity them, and help them—feeling sure that the Great Spirit made the earth on their faces, the rivers, the trees, and the great rocks, and that he has noticed and kept these for many years, that in his notice and care of these he may cast a kind look, and so pity and help the poor Indian in the time of his helplessness and great distress. These Indians have great confindence in the wonderful love of the Great Spirit, and in his willingness to help the poor Indians, if they can only get in the right place, so he may see them. They believe, too, as some other tribes, that there is great favor gained with the Great Spirit by sacrificing the *white dog* to him.

In the burying-place of the Kaws, I saw a number of ponies' tails cut off and fastened on poles and stuck up by certain graves, and my interpreter gave me this explanation: When a Chief or brave dies, having a pony, the surviving friends kill the pony, cut the tail off, and hoist it over the grave, the idea being that the Indian's spirit will catch the spirit of the dead pony and so be able to ride off easily and respectably over into the great hunting grounds just on the other side of the moon.

These Kaw Indians believe that nothing pleases the Great Spirit better than to see the Indians act bravely and fearlessly, when they have suffered wrong, or are in great danger; and so, too, on the other hand, that the Indian who under like circumstances acts cowardly, is despised by the Great Spirit, and so should be by all the Indians. They believe in showing their bravery, even if it is against the Great Spirit himself. And here I will give you an instance which will show you the truth of this.

While I was with them a favorite little boy of the head Chief took sick and died. So a little time after, this Chief called his braves together and told them to get ready, as he was going out to the Pawnee Nation to be avenged for the death of this boy, by taking the life, if possible, of some of those Pawnee enemies whom the Great Spirit was indifferently permitting to live. So at once a great war party was on hand, with bows and arrows, and shields, and all painted red. The time was set, too, to be back, for the Indians work more by a well-planned arrangement than the white people give them credit for. So, off they went, but after all their great preparation and effort, they did not succeed in getting a single Pawnee scalp, as most likely the Pawnees were off seeking vengeance on some of their enemies in some other direction.

The day before the Kaw braves were to return, an old Indian sat all the day on the top of one of their huts, waiting for a sight of the far-off signal smoke, and, in the afternoon, was seen running round the village, crying out, "*The braves, the braves!*"

So, then, all was stir and bustle in getting the great reception feast ready for the coming warriors, when, sure

enough, they were on hand at the set hour. Then all was congratulation and feasting for hours. All was then right, too; they had shown their bravery, though the enemy had escaped, but by no fault of theirs.

I, too, myself had a little attempted share in this Kaw Indian pious bravery. Two of the Kaw bucks fell out, and had a fight, one stabbing the other through the fleshy part of the arm. So this wounded one ran immediately to where I had my horse tied on the grass, mounted the horse, and put out for parts unknown to me. But my paid braves came at once and gave me all the facts, and assured me that they could, and would take the trail, and secure and bring back both my horse and the Indian. (Then in the Kaw Nation we all had to keep our paid braves.) So after a proper outfit, off they went, and, on the third day, sure enough, here they came, and delivered me up my horse, with many expressions of pleasure, keeping the Indian closely under guard till after the feast was over. Then in a very grave and formal way they delivered the Indian desperado up to us, assuring us that we should punish him severely; that they thought that under all the circumstances it might be the best for us to kill him.

The first thing, however, that was done, after he had voraciously swallowed down a heavy dinner, was the careful bathing off, applying salve, and binding up his inflamed arm by the tender hands of Sister Johnson. Then came the time for me to deliver the looked-for heavy sentence, as I was the injured one. So, I told him, through my interpreter, that our Christian rule was that wherever it was possible we should *forgive*, and especially, if the one to be forgiven would be sorry for the wrong doing, and would try and practice the same

rule of forgiveness towards those who had done wrong to him, even praying to the Great Spirit to also pity and forgive them, as he might have the chance to do for the Indian who had so cruelly stabbed him, aiming the blow doubtless at his life. So in presence of all I formally *forgave him*, and gave him my hand, assuring him I should only try to do him and all his people good, and expressing the hope that he would try and be a good Indian, and be my friend. He expressed joy in the kind treatment we had all shown him, and in his joy the tears ran down his face; while those savage braves taunted him, and called him a "*squaw*," saying that "he was too mean to be killed."

In a few days after, this Indian came back and wanted to know more of the white man's God and religion, and said he loved our Christian rules, and that he was going after this to learn to be a Christian, and he did, as the first step practically, go and build him a good white man's cabin—a log house.

There is one other sad notion or custom these Kaw Indians practice, and I know you children will be glad, when I tell you of it, that the Christian people have no such savage notion or habit. All our good Christian children love to see their good old grandfather and grandmother come around, and they love to cheer and comfort them; and these good children are always sorry when they have to see the grandpa or grandma die, and be thus taken away from them, and laid away in the cold grave.

Let me here tell you what I saw when in the Kaw Nation: This head Chief, which I have already mentioned, had his mother living with him, and she, of course, was his children's grandmother. So one day

she said to him, "I am now old [I think only about sixty], and you have much care of your family and of the tribe, and I fear I am now rather in the way. Make me up my little tent, and allow me to lie down and die." So this Chief—her son—fixed her up a little elk-skin tent, and put in the tent one little Indian mortar full of water, and then took his mother—the children's grandmother—into that tent, and she laid down and never took anything more, only an occasional sip from that mortar of water, and then she quietly died. I saw her myself only a few days before she was dead.

This son of hers, and the grandchildren, too, I suppose, thought this all right. But it is almost too bad for you children to think of; and I know that with me you will rejoice and praise God, our Heavenly Father, that the Christian people have a more humane and blessed faith and doctrine, in which we find it our great joy to try and make our good grandpa and grandma happy, until the Heavenly Father, in his own kind care and love, takes them off to the heavenly home, where all the good are young again.

Near the close of my stay in the Indian country, I suffered with a severe attack of bilious fever, and once thought I should be buried there among the Indians; but somewhat recovering, I asked to be allowed to resume my old itinerant work, in which I felt sure, with the blessing of God, my health would improve; though I can say, as far as my interest for the Indians was concerned, I could have given my life then and there in that work.

I clip the following from the *California Christian Advocate* of April 4, 1872:—

DR. BENSON: Seeing a notice lately, desiring

incidents in connection with the life of the late Rev. Jason Lee, I am reminded of one which made a lasting impression on my mind, as showing the power of grace in sustaining the good under severe trial and deep affliction when trusting in God.

At the time Jason Lee, on important business connected with his mission, with three or four Flathead Indian boys, came unprotected all the way across the Rocky Mountains, I was a missionary, in connection with Rev. Thomas Johnson, in the Shawnee Nation. Weary and almost worn down with the long and extraordinary journey, and its attendant anxieties, care, and watching amidst savage men and wild beasts, Jason Lee had stopped with us at our mission for a few days' rest and recuperation; and we were enjoying the society of that blessed good man most happily, for truly all who met and associated with him there felt the blessedness of the true gospel "fellowship" which those who have "forsaken all" to follow the Saviour can fully appreciate and enjoy when they meet together on their pilgrim journey, or as they work side by side in the vineyard of the Lord.

Besides our sweet religious communings with this holy, devoted man, he pleasantly interested us with incidents occuring on that perilous journey. One I remember—that of having to kill a buffalo when they were suffering with thirst, so as to obtain the water in its stomach for drink.

But away in the dead of night, when Jason Lee and all of us were being refreshed by "balmy sleep, nature's sweet restorer," we were suddenly aroused by a strange "halloo!" at our mission gate, and the question soon followed from the mission house, "Who are you, and

what do you wish?" and the answer came, "I am a lone mountaineer from beyond the Rocky Mountains; I am the bearer of some intelligence to Rev. Jason Lee. Where can I find him?"

The lights were struck, and Jason Lee stood calmly before the mountaineer. The brave, heroic man—and my memory does not now furnish me with his name—who had brooked and accomplished alone and undaunted the fatigue and extreme danger of that most extraordinary journey, was now seen to be agitated and almost overcome with deep and stirring emotions within. All was silent for a time, but the message had to be delivered, and was in substance—

"Dear Jason Lee: You are again alone in the world. Your dear and beloved wife is dead."

Jason Lee repaired calmly to his room, where for the remainder of the night and the next day, alone and without taking any refreshment, he sought for strength and help to meet and bear this the sorest trial of all he had met. Jesus himself, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," and the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, as he assured us, came to his relief.

The sanctified sorrow which sat upon his manly face, though shining through the coursing tears, showed most clearly that Jason Lee, in this trying juncture, had a blessed fulfillment and realization of that glorious promise of the risen Saviour: "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

He remained with us still a little time, exhibiting a meek, calm, determined resignation to the will of God, and saying in unfaltering faith as Paul, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." Giving us the assurance that his purpose was as ever

clear and fixed to spend and be spent in efforts to elevate and save the far-off Indian tribes, he left us and went forward on his errand of mercy.

LORENZO WAUGH.

Petaluma, March 23, 1872.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Year 1840 on Platte Circuit—A Rich New Country—Stirring Times at My Camp-meeting—Overrun at First with Whisky, but Gained a Great Victory—Some Memorable Incidents—A Boy Bitten by a Snake, and One with Thigh Broken—A Sinner Kills Himself—Foul Slander Terribly Rebuked.

DEAR children: After leaving the Indian country and going again into the regular itinerant work, I do not find my old journal for a few years, so the exact dates of the Conferences, etc., will be omitted for the few succeeding years. But the facts I shall give you are true, as they are indelibly impressed on my memory.

In the year 1840, I was on the Platte Circuit, and traveled it without any assistant, Brother W. W. Redman being my Presiding Elder. This Platte Circuit then embraced a large tract of fine, rich, new country in Missouri, lying on the opposite side of the Missouri River from old Fort Leavenworth, extending from some distance below the Little Platte River on the southeast to some distance above the Nodaway River on the northwest. The Indian title had just been extinguished from this beautiful tract of country, and the rush of people into it to secure homes was tremendous, and more or less they came from nearly all the States of the Union. And the new settlers comprised about every class of people, from the faithful Christian to the vilest gambler.

And our Christian work had to be then mainly organized, and, of course, the Methodists were expected to do a full share, as they had done in every new country. But in entering on this arduous task I had the advantage of an experience which I did not have in former years. Still I was comparatively young, and yet a single man. I could write quite a history of the stirring times in this new purchase, but must cónfine myself to a statement of only a few of the leading events in connection with our work, leaving the conflicts arising between the new settlers and those which, at least apparently, showed themselves among the different religious denominations—Roman Catholics and Protestants. Some of these latter conflicts, I am sure, were not calculated to exhibit the holy beauties of Christian charity in the most favorable light. The city of Weston then had only four or five houses, and St. Joseph was mainly made up with the plain old residence of the kind Mr. Roubidoux, and just above him on the rising ground was the old Indian burying-place, scaffolded up on timbers, say ten or twelve feet above the earth, an unsightly arrangement which I will not here attempt to describe.

I will mainly occupy your time in this chapter in giving you an account of our camp-meeting in the fall of this year—a meeting, the most extraordinary in several respects, of any meeting I ever attended in my life. The ground was on the claim of Brother Edwards, whose son became somewhat famous as the early companion of Rev. Jason Lee, in the then far-off Indian Mission beyond the Rocky Mountains. The first incident I will mention in connection with this meeting was a little boy who was bitten on the hand by a rattlesnake. The parents left the children at their new home and came to

the ground with some of their things and to fix up their tent, and while they were away this little boy saw a young rabbit run into a hollow log, and ran his hand into the log intending to catch the rabbit; but the hand was met and terribly bitten by a great rattlesnake which was lying in the log. The boy's little sister had heard some one say that tobacco was good for a snake-bite, and ran in all haste and got what is called a hand of tobacco, which is the dried leaves in full size, pulled from the stock and tied together at the stem ends. She moistened some of these big leaves and rapped up the entire hand and arm of her little brother. And now, what seemed most astonishing was, the little boy got right along, came to the camp-meeting, and only suffered slightly till he was entirely well again. The next incident was one of Brother Edwards' young boys getting thrown from a horse and getting his thigh broken; and this very boy I have met here in California, a traveling Methodist preacher.

My Elder, Brother Redman, could not be with me at this meeting, so I had the charge of it, and had of course to do the best I could in everything about it.

During the first week we were terribly annoyed and disturbed by the early members of "The League of Freedom," the liquor sellers, who determined that it was their right and privilege to bring and sell and drink their fiery intoxicating compounds on our religious encampment, and against a plain and direct statute of the State—in this way breaking the law and enjoying their *spirituous freedom*. They soon had the low drinking class drunk on our hands, and so a state of things both revolting and dangerous, and something had at once to be done or else we had to give up the further attempt so carry on our meeting.

The statute of the State was so far good, inflicting a heavy fine on any who might be found guilty of bringing or selling intoxicating drinks within a certain distance of a religious meeting. And also providing that an acting Justice of the Peace might pour out any liquors found within said limits, if the claimants could not be found and punished. And we had on the ground an excellent Justice of the Peace, Jacob Adamson—and, by the way, I have had a kind relative of him near me in California, whose kind family of steady habits I have loved to honor, not only for their firm temperance principles, but because of their near relationship to Jacob Adamson, who so manfully stood up with and for me in the time of the conflict I there was compelled to have with those liquor desperadoes. I consulted with Squire Adamson, and he assured me that if the liquor could be found he would see that the law should be enforced. So changing my coat and hat, and with a few young men that I knew I could trust following at the proper distance, near the dusk of the evening, I put out on a whisky foraging tour round the suburbs, and by a big bunch of elder bush I saw a big black man, whose attitude and movements attracted my notice. So I walked up to him hastily and said to him, "Let me have a glass of whisky, here is your money, and be in a hurry."

He answered quickly, "Yes, sah," and drew the glass full, and was just in the act of reaching it to me, when all of a sudden he drew back, exclaiming, "Yes, sah; now I sees who ye are!" and threw the glass, whisky and all, with full force at my head. (He of course, was selling for some white-faced law-breaker.)

But luckily I dodged the glass, but caught the most of the whisky in my face and on my clothes. So my

boys, at once on hand, watched him and the big whisky keg till I brought out the Justice.

The darky, however, seeing Adamson coming, made a break, and running "same as six men," cleared and escaped. But the Justice had the keg of whisky taken to his tent.

And so I took my *posse* of brave young men, and being then in a more favorable fix for an easy, unsuspected admittance into the company of the whisky men (smelling as loud then as the best of them), before midnight Squire Adamson had five large whisky kegs in his tent, and the names of several of the illicit liquor sellers.

In the morning he had those kegs all rolled out in front of the stand, and his officer proclaimed: "Here are five kegs of liquor, found on this camp-ground in violation of an existing statute of the State of Missouri; and the owners are hereby requested to come at once and claim their property."

But no man appearing to claim any of them, the Squire had them rolled back from the tents and poured their contents all out on the face of the sober earth, and there was not felt a solitary quiver of earthquake indignation, while the sun was shining most beautifully, and the good people all well pleased.

I, too, had laid off my whisky-befouled garments, and was again ready for my work.

About this time, my old and tried friend, Rev. J. C. Berryman, came over from the Kickapoo Mission to afford me assistance, and was a great help just at that time in our meeting.

Several of the men, too, who had been drinking came to me and made their apology, and promised me their

vigilance and help in keeping order from that on while our meeting should last.

In the meantime a most wonderful display of God's power, by his word and the Holy Spirit, was manifested. Many were seen prostrate under the terrible weight of their sins, and most penitently imploring release and deliverance from the "body of this death." And many were converted, and openly gave God the glory, while their faces shone with holy rapture, flowing out from their happy souls; and among those converted and made happy were several of those young men who, in the outset, had joined in the effort to disturb our meeting. This glorious work continued and increased, so that for days we found it unnecessary to attempt to preach at the usual hours on such occasions. There seemed to be a holy atmosphere enclosing and overshadowing the place. Many persons in coming onto the ground were seen to fall prostrate and begin in great earnestness to seek for deliverance from sin, and for peace with God. And very many were thus made happy, and spoke, and rejoiced as they were moved and enlightened by the Holy Spirit.

And just here I must give you an instance which there showed how the Holy Spirit can and does sometimes arrest and then save the repenting, believing sinner. Two wild young men came onto the ground, and learning how the whisky disturbance had been stopped, they avowed that they would show these folks that whisky could and should be brought onto that ground, and drank there, too. So they put off to the little town of New Market and bought two jugs of whisky, and made for the ground. But when getting within the sound of the voice of prayer and song, they mutually

halted as though something special had caught their attention.

And you are ready to ask, "What did they then do?" They both simultaneously broke those whisky jugs against a tree, and fell prostrate on the earth, and cried aloud for mercy and salvation from the galling guilt of their sins.

I was one that went to assist them to the altar, and found them pleading for mercy and deliverance as though they feared the devil would get them before they should find relief. And both these young men were converted, and I took them into the church there at the camp-meeting.

Another very remarkable occurrence which took place at this meeting I will here relate to you: A very wicked man who lived a few miles from the ground, in his cabin alone, came to the meeting, and seemed to be really possessed of the devil, and determined to effect a disturbance in some way that might break into the holy work going on. One of our exhorters, who knew him, rose in the stand and called to him by name, and said to him:—

"My dear sir, I have had you on my mind all this day and have been praying for you, and at this moment I have a most pressing desire for your conversion and salvation." And said he, "I have the awful fear that if you do not yield yourself this day to the pleadings of the Holy Sprit, which I am sure you feel, you will be given up to hardness of heart and reprobacy of mind, and will die in your sins and be eternally lost. Come, O come, while there is yet hope and mercy."

This poor, sinful man left the ground hastily; but the next morning was found at his cabin dead—suicided off,

as the jury decided, into the eternal world, no one being near to witness his awful leap into the dark, the incorrigible sinner's doom.

As the result of the holy revival power at this meeting there were five liquor establishments broken up and abandoned as such, and two of them turned into prayer and Methodist class-rooms.

But I have yet one of the most unsightly, uncalled for things to tell you of, which also took place at this meeting—a thing on which, it might seem, the usefulness of my own entire future life hung suspended for a little time.

While the revival work was going on with such blessed results, all of a sudden there seemed to be a damper, a chill, felt through all the great congregation; and soon a good local preacher, a Brother Markham, took me aside and told me what was up. Said he, "Mr. C. of —— Church and Mr. G. of —— Church have both been telling that last evening, just at dark, they saw you and a woman going suspiciously into the house where the straw is kept; and now, said he, something has to be done, and before anything else can be done;" and said he, "I know the people, many of them, are anxious to hear from you on this report of these men."

I told him to go and blow the horn and get them together. That I would answer any inquiries any wished to make of me honestly and the best I could; but that I wished him to have these men, C. and G., both state to the people just what they saw, and allow me then to question them in the presence of the people. And this met his view exactly. So in a short time all were assembled, saint and sinner, and every ear open to hear the gospel on this most exciting subject. Brother

Markham rose and stated in brief the story, as he had heard Mr. C. and G. tell it, and said, the people would listen to a statement from me and would then listen to the statement of Mr. C. and G. in my presence.

I rose and simply told the people that I knew nothing of such a case; that if such a thing had happened I had the very best of right to know that I was not the man. That I always liked the ladies just as well as I thought any young man ought to do, but if any one told that there was a woman with whose virtue I had tampered, and thus compromised my own, that, in such a statement they would tell what God himself knew was untrue and slanderous. Then I told them they could produce no woman who would contradict the statement just made.

Brother Markham called then on Mr. C., who tardily rose as though he was angry with such a proceeding, and said he saw a man with a woman go into that place of straw just at dusk; but who the woman was he did not know, nor did he care. That the man he felt sure was Mr. Waugh.

Mr. G. was then called up, as I wished to hear both their statements before I asked any questions. He said he saw a man and a woman go into that place of the straw and he thought it was Mr. Waugh, and he and Mr. G. went away and did not see them come out.

I asked him to state as near as he could the exact time they saw them go in.

He said it was just as some of the people commenced to sing in the altar. When up jumped a gentleman in the crowd, known by many of the people, and hastily spoke out to his wife, calling her by name, and said :—

"That was you and me who went in there just as they began to sing to get the straw for the children's bed."

She jumped to her feet. "Yes," said she, "it was us. I have been hearing this thing whispered about all day, and I did not believe a word of it when I heard that it was Mr. C. who was telling it round, for I knew he was mad at the Methodists, and was talking about them and running them down wherever he had a chance."

In a few minutes there was a stirring scene around me in the altar, where I then was—a perfect rush to shake my hand and to tender congratulations; old folks and children, young men and young ladies.

Mother Burns, of one of the wealthiest and most influential families then in the "Purchase," came up and spoke joyously to me; then turning to the people, "For one," said she, "I felt well satisfied that there was not a word of truth in that attempted slander against this young man." "And now," said she, "glory to God, we have gained another glorious victory."

Mr. G. himself then came up and humbly confessed his imprudence in uniting in the circulation of what he then saw was untrue in reference to me, and asked forgiveness. Mr. C. quietly left the ground, looking, I guess, something as the former Judas felt at the time he hung himself.

At the wind-up of this extraordinary meeting, they sung with spirit and faith, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and we had a glorious shout in the camp and many joyous, heartfelt congratulations among the mass of the people.

Two things are here brought to view, which good people and holy angels have at times painfully to behold; things among the most sad and unsightly of all that are yet to be seen since the dark day on which the loving Christ was crucified.

The first of these is the sight of some of the names and professed members of the great Christian family arraying themselves in death-like, almost Satanic, hostility against others of the same family and profession, simply because these go by a different name, and use some different formalities and ceremonies in their Christian worship and devotion to God—these differences all being only external—and so non-essential and in no way effecting the holy principle of love in the heart to God and of holy charity for all the family of man, the things which are alone essential with God the loving father of all.

The second is the lamentable fact that there are members of the common family of man with eyes so *green* and tongues so foul and barbed and poisonous—all caused by the selfish, jealous, venomous, wicked spirits lurking down deep in the sinful human heart—that they are gratified to see other members, though pure and true, writhe and suffer and die under the blasting curse of their foul slanders.

Who has not seen the pure and virtuous lady, with all her smiles and beauty, at once grow pale and smile no more until the cold arms of mother earth expanded to take her into her pure and silent bosom. Then again she sweetly smiles in meeting the pure, kindred, angel escorts, coming to bear her company over into the pure and heavenly clime, where the blight of slanderous tongues can never reach,

> And where the pure and faithful
> Can never be assailed.

Even here in California I had a similar malicious assault from just such characters, which in the end resulted seriously to their own shame and discomfiture.

CHAPTER XX.

On the Osceola Work—A Good Year—In the Fall Got Married—Next Year on the Gasconade Work, But Resided in Jefferson City—At the Conference of 1843 Was Afforded Rather a Nominal Appointment, so as to Visit My Aged Mother in Virginia—Attended the Meeting of Baltimore Conference at Washington City—Returned to Missouri in 1844—Next Year on Franklin Circuit—The Steamer "Big Hatchy" Blew Up Near Us, Killing and Wounding a Number of People—My View of Slavery—Sad Incidents.

FROM the Platte Purchase I went the next year to the Osceola Circuit—a new work lying south of the Osage River, and considered then a hard field of labor. And I will here tell you how I got myself on to this work. The year before a young and somewhat starchy preacher had been sent there, and had left it with the report that no preacher could get a support on the work. At the Conference they were rather overhauling the young preacher for leaving the work, and as I had some knowledge of the country and people, I was asked to make a statement; and so I told the Bishop and Conference that, while the M. E. Church was small in membership, and much of the country new, yet my judgment was, that if the young brother had gone on and worked faithfully, he might have done much good, and that the people would have given him a living. Bishop Waugh was presiding, and so when the appointments were read out, L. Waugh was down for this dreadful hard circuit; and the preachers rather winked at each other. And the Bishop could not, of course, be charged then with partiality to one whom he owned as his kin in the flesh. But I made no complaint, and went on to my work.

And now I have only to say, I had a good year. In the bounds of the work we built a good church, incurring

no debt; and the people paid me all my salary, and besides a very interesting surplus in money, which, in those days, went into the Conference funds to help out those preachers who had fallen short.

We had a good revival, and many joined the church. I sold, too, several hundred dollars' worth of our good books.

And then, near the close of the year, I married a wife, Miss Clarissa Jane Edsall, who has proved to be a quiet, industrious, faithful woman, a good housekeeper, and a kind, affectionate mother to our children. So that at the coming Conference the other young preachers had not so much to grin over in reference to my bad appointment.

On this circuit I formed many interesting and lasting friendships, and quite a number of these same friends I have had the pleasure of meeting in California, and renewing their Christian association on the Pacific Coast.

The session of Conference was held this year at Palmyra, Missouri, and my appointment for the ensuing year was to the Gasconade work. This Gasconade work embraced a large section of country contiguous to Jefferson City, and we resided in Jefferson City, where during the year our first child was born, John J. Waugh.

The session of the Conference was held in Jefferson City, 1842, and the venerable Bishop Roberts presided, which I think was his last Conference. Bishop Roberts was a noble man, and a holy, faithful minister of the gospel, dearly beloved by all the good who knew him.

The session of Missouri Conference for the year 1843, was held in Lexington, Missouri, and Bishop James O. Andrew presided. At this Conference I was granted

rather a nominal appointment, so as to allow me to go and visit my aged mother in Virginia, which I did, with my wife and John, the baby boy, spending the winter of 1843 with the friends of my early youth.

In the spring of 1844 I rode horseback to the city of Washington, so as to attend the Baltimore Conference, and to enjoy a pleasant interview with the noble band of ministers there—having been born and reared up in the bounds of the Baltimore Conference.

Father James Watts, the first Methodist preacher I ever heard preach, was then still living, and I had a most pleasant interview with the venerable old patriarch; and with a steady hand he wrote the following in my autograph book:—

"I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord. Genesis 49:18. JAMES WATTS.

"*Fairfax Court House, Va., Mch. 6, A. D. 1844.*"

He baptized and instructed me when a little boy Peace be to his blessed memory.

Here, too, I met Rev. Gerard Morgan, who was also one of the M. E. preachers I used to hear when a boy I saw the pleasing sight of Father Morgan and two of his boys—all traveling preachers—in the pulpit together the boys both more learned and eloquent than the father, but certainly not any more powerful in holy spiritual things.

During this visit East, I called on John Quincy Adams, then only a little past the prime of his life. He wrote, too, in my book. I had also a pleasant visit with Daniel Webster at his own house; a kind gentleman, plain as a farmer, but profound in learning and thought, his autograph bearing date, "*Marshfield, Mass., March 12, 1844.*"

I arrived in Washington City just after the bursting of the big gun, called the "Peace Maker," when two of President Tyler's Cabinet were killed, viz., Mr. Gardner and Mr. Upshur, and all the city was draped in mourning. Col. Thos. H. Benton, Senator from Missouri, was blown up into the rigging by that terrible explosion, but not killed. He admitted me to an audience with him, being from his own State, when other visitors were not admitted. Colonel Benton was one of America's noblest sons. I may have the chance to speak of him again, as he was a true friend to me in my severest conflicts in Missouri.

Here on this visit I met a number of our early distinguished ministers—J. P. Durbin, Henry Slicer, Alfred Griffith, Samuel Smith, Thos. B. Sargent, James Reid, Adam Miller, Charles Pittman, Stephen S. Roszel, Robert Emory, whose father, Bishop Emory, I had also known; James Sewell, J. Maclay, John Bear, Joshua Wells, Robert S. Vinton, Geo. Lane, and many others.

I saw at this Conference in Washington, the evident outbreak of the great slavery agitation in the M. E. Church, of which I shall have something to say in this sketch soon.

On my return to Missouri, we met the great flood of 1844 at the mouth of the Ohio, finding the Mississippi flowing disastrously over all the low-lands, and the same state of things continuing as we came on up the Missouri River.

In the fall of 1844, I was appointed on the Franklin Circuit, residing during the year on the latter portion of it near the Missouri River, below the town of Hermon. At this place our second son, Wm. B. T. Waugh, was born. While living there I witnessed a sad disaster in

the blowing up of a large steamer called the *Big Hatchy.*

Just at daylight, a little above our house, she blew up, scalding and killing some thirty odd people. I heard the explosion and then the screams of the people, and went at once to afford any relief in my power. The boiler blew up through the top of the boat and fell off many yards in the river. The boat being not far from the shore was soon cabled to a tree, and when I got on board I had to step over dead bodies to reach the living who were bruised and scalded; and I witnessed there how cool and courageous a woman can be. I observed the woman I refer to lifting up those who were scattered around on the torn-up deck in their terrible agony, and seeing the scalded skin hanging down from her own wrists and hands over her fingers, I said to her: "My dear madam, you are yourself terribly scalded."

"Yes, a little," said she, "but not like these poor sufferers." And so she went ahead trying to help the suffering and dying.

A man near me cried out, "Oh, is there no one here to pray for me, I am dying and I am a poor backslider!" I turned to him with a word of prayer and encouragement. He then gave me his name and number in St. Louis, where I promised I would call on his wife and daughter, then in coughing up the scalded skin from his lungs, he soon was dead. I afterwards called as I promised, and conveyed all the sad particulars to his afflicted family in St. Louis.

The scene of this disaster was a sad one, and many of the incidents there are still fresh in my memory, but I cannot detain in giving them further.

During this year the slavery agitation was being fanned up into a flame all over Missouri, as in all the

other States more or less. Politicians were busy, and some of our leading ministers of the gospel were about equal with the politicians in fanning up the spreading flames. In the meantime a proposition was to be brought before the Methodist people in Missouri, asking them if it would not be their wish to go into an organization in the Southern States, to be denominated the "M. E. Church South," so as to cut loose from what they claimed to be the unjust interference of the northern people with the institution of slavery, as existing in the slave-holding States; and the preachers were requested to take the voice of the membership.

In the proper place I will give an outline of what was done and the results, but as I have promised to tell the children my view, in short, of the system of human slavery itself, I will do so here.

And now, in touching this old matter of human slavery, I wish to do it only in the fear of God and in the light of truth. And to begin, I may say in truth that my practical opportunities were somewhat favorable for knowing some leading and prominent things about human slavery. As Paul would confidently assert his knowledge of the Jewish faith and people because he was born a Jew and reared up a Jew, so I can say of my knowledge of this old slavery system. I was born and brought up in Virginia, and the very first person that ever handled my little baby body in this world was a black woman, my mother's hired servant, "Aunt Sarah." Aunt Sarah, too, was admitted to be in those early frontier times in Virginia, one of the most skillful and faithful nurses that could be secured to take care of afflicted mothers, and to attend to the native wants of little children. Aunt Sarah, too, loved and

feared "de Lord," and in meeting she would pray and sing, and shout, and say, "O dis blessed Jesus, he does give me glorious peace in my poo' heart; and I'ze gwine to love and serve him as long as I live. O de blessed Jesus, he is my loving master." And now I feel pretty sure, if ever I am so happy as to get to Heaven, I shall find Aunt Sarah, as I have no doubt but that her happy spirit has long ago met the redeemed spirits of Moses and Elijah, and others of the happy colored people of the old time—"Safe over de Jordan of death."

In very early life I was taught by my good father and mother, and the good old Methodist preachers and class-leaders, to look for the right ways, and so to follow on fearlessly, shunning all wrong and wicked ways, and to be always firm for the right, no matter who might oppose. In this way I was fully satisfied, in seeing the workings of slavery, that it was a bad system.

I will here tell you some of the things I saw in connection with slavery. I used to go into a large congregation of the colored people, where they worshiped, and old "Uncle Cæsar" preached to them, and none of them could read the Scriptures or the songs they sung, and not because they did not wish to read, but because it was a violation of a law in Virginia for any one to teach them to read or write.

I knew in my heart that this was a great wrong to these slaves, and, as a boy, I did teach several young negroes to spell and read, and did not feel that God was displeased with me for it, though it was in violation of this heathenish law.

The idea, too, that the colored people were only *property*—only *chattels*, in a moneyed sense, I saw, when quite young, was very injurious to many of the white

young people, resulting in very debasing and wicked habits. This system of selling off the surplus negroes, as it was practiced by many in Virginia, had a hardening, demoralizing tendency on all, more or less, who engaged in it, and was contrary to every principle of the gospel of Christ.

Once I remember to have seen a case in this line in which old "Aunt Sarah" herself was deeply interested—a young girl sold off for the South, being near of kin. When she was sold and delivered into the hands of the heartless slave-driver, there was a gush of tears and sad lamentations in the family and among her friends. And I still well remember the old grandmother's words, prophetic words; as the big tears ran silently down her face beneath her gray hairs, she said with great earnestness, and seemingly with wonderful faith: "White man's day a comin'. God Almighty is not blind and deaf to our tears and cries. God Almighty will deliver us from our bondage."

This young colored woman was delivered up, and driven off with a drove of others—men and women—for the market far down South, and most likely heard of no more on earth by her slave friends left behind.

I have seen slave-drivers in Virginia with quite a lot of negroes chained together, the one behind the other, driving them on foot to some shipping-point to take them thus down into the southern country for life slaves on the plantations, while the dread of this life-long toil and bondage was more distressing to those poor slaves than death itself could possibly be. And here I will tell you an instance, which I saw myself, that will show you the truth of the statement just made.

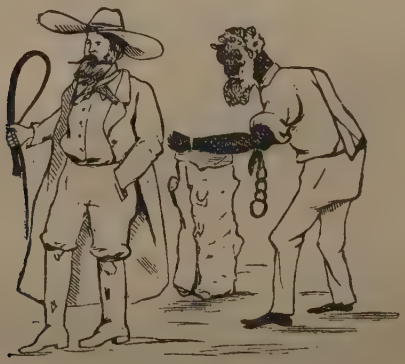
The first year of my itinerant ministry in Virginia, one

beautiful afternoon, when near the town of Guyandott, I overtook a slave-driver with six colored men chained together as I have described. The chained men were singing one of their mournful, doleful songs, keeping the exact time, and so singing in most solemn harmony. On the next morning the slave-driver took those six chained negro men early on to the boat, which lay in readiness to take them off south, and told the Captain to see that they were not allowed to come ashore. So the slave-driver then came back to the hotel, arranged his business and returned to the boat, and not seeing the chained men he asked the Captain where they were. The Captain told him they were round on the outside guard, singing, a moment ago. But on looking, not a chained man was to be found. The mystery, however, was soon solved, as all six men, still chained together, were fished up out of the Ohio, having mutually and quietly gone down into the water and over the Jordan, with the hope, no doubt, that in immediate death they would anyway escape the dreaded life of slavery on the pestilential southern plantations.

The slave-driver himself went off under a heavy pressure of disappointed avarice, and with his under lip hanging dreadfully low, simply and only because he had thus lost so much in dollars and cents.

At the time I was back in Virginia in 1844, I saw another case in this line, which I will also give you. In my journey down through central Virginia, I stopped for the night with an old planter, and a colored man who had but recently lost his left hand, as it was off near the wrist which was still bound up, took care of my horse. I asked him what had happened that he had lost his hand, and he rather evasively replied, "Nothing much, sah," and did not tell me.

The next morning I had to stop for the repair of my horse's shoes at a smith's shop near, and there the smith told me how this colored man lost his hand there at his shop. This colored man and his master, some years ago had, it seemed, entered into an agreement to this effect: The master had told him that if he would honestly and faithfully go ahead himself, and do all his duties as his servant, he should never be sold off the place and from his family, and the servant had gladly agreed to it, and,



DETERMINED NOT TO GO SOUTH.

even as by the planter's own statement, had kept his promise. But the master becoming involved, and being offered by the slave-dealer an extra price for the slave (as he was a good mechanic), yielded and sold this black man; and so Jack was delivered up to the slave-driver. But Jack told the slave-driver that he was not going off south, that he had kept his promise to his old master, and would not go. But the heartless slave-dealer only laughed, and told him he had seen just such negroes often,

and that he had a way of attending to all such. So the next morning he took his newly-bought negro down to this shop, and had a good, substantial set of iron cuffs riveted onto his arms, and then bade him stand aside; which Jack at once did, going out to a chop-block near by, on which he found a sharp hatchet, and with this he deliberately chopped of his left hand, and so let the shackle drop off.

Then he did not go South, as it would only add expense to the avaricious driver. So he was left with his old master and his family, as it would not pay the driver either to take him off or to kill him there.

Before closing this chapter, children, I wish to say that with all the evils of human slavery, we had in Virginia many of the best people I have ever known—honest, faithful, humane, and good—and some of these connected with the institution of slavery, the thing being there with its increasing evils, and (as proved to be) not easily to get rid of. Henry Clay of Kentucky, and John Randolph of Virginia, both saw its accumulating dangers, and native evil nature in the United States, and Henry Clay introduced in Congress a measure which, if the blind slave power had not thwarted, would most likely have saved the Nation from the final terrible flow of blood, and the loss of millions of treasure, besides the lamentable, if not ineffaceable, disgrace—the act of a great multitude in a professedly free nation arraying themselves, and with blood and treasure determining to spread and perpetuate human slavery! But the glorious truth is plain in this sad case, as it has often been in our sinful world's history. God can make the wrath of man to praise him, as David says: "Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee; the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain."

CHAPTER XXI.

The Majority of the Conference Go South—My Position and Fight for Conscience Sake—Dangerous Times, but Finally Victorious.

DEAR children, in this chapter I shall be called upon to detail a new experience in my life. Up to this year I had felt it my duty and great privilege to act as a son in the gospel, and to submit to what I had always admitted to be the wise counsels of the elder brethren. But this year, I was compelled, under a sense of my own conscientious responsibility to God, and to our nation, and to the common family of man, to take a course, in reference to the movement with ministers of the gospel bearing on the matter of human slavery, in opposition to what proved to be a majority of the ministers of the Conference of the M. E. Church in Missouri. The session of the Conference this year, 1845, was held in Columbia, Missouri, Bishop Soule presiding, and it was plain to be seen at the beginning of this Conference that the absorbing question was the intended transfer of the M. E. Church into a new organization with the term "South" appended as its special designation. Bishop Soule headed the movement, though telling us that he was still a Bishop in the old M. E. Church. Other leading ministers in Missouri were in sympathy with the movement and aided the Bishop, and so after a resort to various tactics—some of which would not have been exceeded if they had been managed by Jefferson Davis or John C. Calhoun—they got a majority vote for the new M. E. Church South. Then they required those of us who in all good conscience were opposed to this movement to define our position, which definition in their charitable judgment simply meant "go into the new M. E. Church South or leave the State."

Rev. James M. Jamison was our leading Elder, who stood up square against this ecclesiastical southern movement, and there was a strong decided minority band of us, but yet without the power, just at that juncture, of saving the old ship—the M. E. Church in Missouri—from being torn in two. The matter with us, the minority, was one, as I can bear testimony, strictly of conscience, and therefore could not be innocently varied. The saddest day was then upon this minority I had ever seen at a Methodist Conference. Well, in due time we were called up, alphabetically, to define our positions; that is to say, if we would go into the M. E. Church South or leave the State; and so each one, of course, had just to do as his conscience and the Holy Spirit afforded the light and help, and the greater number decided to leave the State and work elsewhere. My letter being W., I was the last to define, which I did, and most strictly in the fear of God and under a pressing sense of my final judgment responsibility. My character had been examined and passed, and Bishop Soule, on his own statement in open Conference, was the Bishop of the M. E. Church, though then acting contrary to plain ecclesiastical law in fixing up the affairs and making the appointments of a new district and seperate ecclesiastical body. And more than all that, I had the best of right to know that the majority of the membership in Missouri had never consented to go into said new M. E. Church South. So when called up I calmly informed the Bishop that I could not, in conscience, go into the M. E. Church South with my understanding of its leading object, and what I felt sure would be its final effect, and that I should not leave the State, and that I claimed my appointment from him for the ensuing year, as an

accredited minister of the M. E. Church, and so took my seat. So when the appointments were read out my name stood in connection with "Mill Creek Circuit," and to this work I immediately went and was gladly hailed by the officiary of the circuit, and I believe all the members, they having been fully posted on the position I had taken, and we went on pleasantly and encouragingly in our work.

When the first quarterly meeting came, the Elder of the new M. E. Church South came on, and when the old recording steward had written out the minutes and handed them to the Elder to sign, he read them and said the heading should be changed to read "Minutes of the M. E. Church South."

Brother Henderson, the steward, told him the minutes were right, that they had never gone into the said M. E. Church South; that their preacher still belonged to the M. E. Church, being legally and properly appointed by Joshua Soule, then a Bishop of the M. E. Church, and that they did not intend to be transferred or have any connection with their new church south which they had been making; that the minutes were right; that he could sign them or not, just as he preferred. So he signed the minutes, and did the same at the second quarterly meeting also.

But, after this second quarterly meeting, Brother Wallace, the Southern Presiding Elder, announced that I must be put off from the circuit and my place supplied with a preacher who did belong to the M. E. Church South. But the official board said their preacher should not be taken from the circuit unless a preacher should be sent in his place who was known to belong to the old M. E. Church. So then the M. E. Church South folks

went to a lawyer; a man of the world, a friend of mine, and asked him if, under the circumstances, they would not be legally justified in forcibly driving me off.

The lawyer replied that he could not answer until he had heard my statement. To this of course they could not object, and so I was given the chance to give my version, which, when Judge Bumpass heard, he told them they had better be quiet and go on and worship till the end of the Conference year as Christian people. For, said he, Mr. Waugh is evidently appointed properly according to the rules of his church. Bishop Soule was at the time a member and Bishop of the M. E. Church, and so properly appointed Mr. Waugh to the Circuit. The truth is, continued he, Mr. Waugh is about the only one of your preachers who is properly appointed for the year; evidently none of those preachers of the M. E. Church South whom Bishop Soule appointed then are properly appointed, as Bishop Soule had no authority to appoint them, and certainly no one outside of the M. E. Church had any authority to authorize him to do it.

And now ensues a state of things which I know some good people will be ready to say, "Please do not tell, infidelity will laugh and be strengthened." To which I answer: The *truth* asks for no concealment or smuggling. Christianity makes no denial that there was a Judas under the very smiles of the then living Jesus, and at the same time a shirking Peter, who afterwards, under these same piteous, melting smiles of him who is the light of the world is seen with penitential tears and humble confession, as he hears the tender voice utter, "Feed my lambs."

Christianity does not conceal the fact that *sin*, which drove the cruel nails, and then lifted up the loving

Saviour on the cross, was largely ingrediated with a venom lurking within the then existing church. Christianity does not conceal, has nothing to conceal of herself; and our dear fellow infidel folks, who try to sip comfort from these sad occurrences of sin, are just about as pitiably silly as those great philosophers were who, some time ago, went round laughing and telling that, "Professor Darwin was now going surely to upset the whole great structure of Christianity, as he had found out that all men and women came, not from the hand and breath of Jehovah, but from the *monkey*; when, on close and deliberate examination, not a man or woman was ever yet found who had any sign of a tail, or even any place for the monkey's tail.

I claim I have as much sympathy and kind feeling for our infidel people in their distressed and most unenviable condition as any one—floating out, as the mass of them really are, into the desolate, boundless sea of nothingness, with no assurance of a heaven or a hell, a God or a devil, and even without any effective responsibility anywhere; their only sure thing being the strange bubbling up of sin, strangely impregnated with terribly sulphurous gases. To which strange phenomena the infidel conscience, in its strange reveries, involuntarily exclaims, at times: "May it not be so, after all, that there is *hell-fire* down below somewhere, for really, experimentally, *sin and death are realities?*"

A state of things, I say, here ensued in the attempt to sustain and extend human slavery in the United States which now startles the belief of those who were not compelled to see and feel it; of course we can forgive while we can never forget. He was an *abolitionist* who would not openly adopt and publicly advocate all

the measures proposed for the justification, maintenance, and extention of slavery in church and State; and to be an abolitionist was to be anything mean and execrable, down to the character of the devil himself, indeed, far below the devil in point of protection and privilege; for while the devil, under angelic politeness, was spared from "railing accusations," it was the height of pro-slavery politeness to rail against every one even vaguely accused of abolitionism as guilty of every mean thing, down to the most baselese non-truths which evil human and Satanic ingenuity could possibly invent and use. Some leading professed ministers of the gospel were seen, Bible in hand, and saying with confident emphasis, "*Slavery is divine, instituted of God*, as here it reads so and so, and now this party who are operating against this institution must conclude that the word of the Lord can be overthrown, which never can be done." Then some of those dear ministers were to be seen in conclave with some of the lowest and most unprincipled politicians of the State, looking on, if not affording practical assistance, in the attempt to drive off from the State peaceable, conscientious, brother ministers of the gospel, or if need be, to hang one up by the neck.

There was Anthony Bewly, a dear and intimate friend of mine, a Southern-born man, one who had never changed a particle in his views or his practice on the matter of human slavery since he had commenced, years before, to preach as a Methodist minister. But they falsely accused him, and over the line in Arkansas hung him up.

And there was also my dear friend, Benjamin Holland, of Platte, Missouri, a noble, Southern-born, humble, firm, Christian man. They killed him, too, stabbing him to

the heart, while his gray hairs were shining in God's unsullied light. He died, forgiving his persecutors, happy as if on a "flowery bed of ease."

This same desperate class of men plotted to mob me, and had I not had a true Virginia friend on hand, and on the alert, they would have mobbed me, and probably have taken my life also. This friend was one of the largest slaveholders in the place, a member of no church, and in their conclave he was a silent and unsuspected spectator, and hearing all their plots, he took me privately aside, and, in true Virginia frankness, gave me all their plans, and all the names of their leading men, and the assurance of his purpose to assist me to the extent of his ability. And here I can say that, with this friend's most timely help, and by the aid of God's strengthening spirit, I gained a great victory. I told them their plots, and the names of their leading men, and their chaplain, once my kind brother preacher, ready, of course, now to put the rope tenderly around my neck in the extreme emergency. They were alarmed, confused, and demoralized, and but a solitary man appeared in sight at the spot where I was to be mobbed (a special point on the road to my appointment), and he stood dumb as I, calling him by name, bade him the time of day, keeping my eye closely on him, and passing hastily on my noble itinerant horse. He afterwards told my friend that they would have attacked Waugh, only that he saw that he (Waugh) was well armed, and they "knew that he was a terrible fellow to shoot," when, in reality, I did not have a single fire-arm of any kind with me.

Another probably equally dangerous affair awaited me up in the northern part of the State, where I was extensively known, having organized many of the Methodist

people up through the Platte Purchase, years before, into their societies and classes. Some old friends and some of the editors up there had requested me to come and explain the position I occupied, and to publicly give my views on the question, and I had readily consented to do so, and those editors had very kindly announced the time, place, etc., and asked the people to come peaceably, and hear me make my own statement. So on the morning of this appointment, on my way there, I met an old friend coming post haste to meet me, who, in considerable excitement, said, "You must not go this day on to that ground. There is a band already there to mob you, and most likely they will take your life."

Well, I told him the leading citizens had asked me to come, and several papers had assured the people that I would come, and had asked them to come and hear me for themselves, and so most certainly my sense of honor would not allow my friends to be disappointed, and I should go. "Then," said he, "I have simply and kindly done my duty, and I am not going near that ground again, and I tell you, you will be mobbed this day if you go there."

Putting my trust with calm confidence in God, and with the firm conviction that it was the best way for me to maintain my honor, I went on.

Reaching the ground, I found a large concourse of people in a beautiful grove where a stand had been erected, and I walked undisturbed up into the stand, and immediately invoked God's blessing on me, on the people, and on the truth. Then I unfolded my mass of papers, books, etc., and very briefly stated the object, my invitation, and my simple purpose to give them the

leading facts in the whole matter, and my reasons for the position I had conscientiously taken, asking all to hear me calmly and honestly. After giving a little sketch of Methodism in Virginia, and the usual course of the early Methodist preachers there on the matter of slavery, I then touched the new movement out of which the great excitement had grown, assured them that it was something really different in its character and object from what the masses had usually been induced to believe. That, in my candid judgment, it contemplated revolution, not only in matters ecclesiastical but in certain events revolution in matters State and National. That as evidence of evasiveness the authorities of the new M. E. Church South, in their new book of discipline just issued, had retained the old Wesleyan article on slavery. Then I read this article and asked what they thought of it, when many voices sounded out, breaking the silence, "Rank abolitionism!" Then, said I, this is what this new body still says to you in her official book of rules and doctrines. Send up, said I, your most ultra and most excited man and he will tell you that I make a fair presentation of the facts. I had a copy of every southern paper then published in advocacy of the new movement, and read and quoted from these, showing that the statements I made were true, as given in their own papers and by their leading men. I assured them that the old M. E. Church stood just as it did in the beginning, believing not only the truth in that old Wesleyan article, but also that it was the duty now, equally as it was with the early fathers of Methodism, to preach repentance for sin and reformation from wrong-doing, equally to the masters and the slaves. That this they had done and should still do, without assuming the

responsibility of changing the existing constitution of the nation, ecclesiastically.

I made my statement calmly, giving the proofs mainly from their own documents, and invited them to examine for themselves. And in closing I felt a joyful consciousness of God's approval in my effort to stand by the truth and to be on the side of the right.

But just as I was taking my seat, up jumped a tall man, pale and excited, and said in a loud, angry tone,

"It don't matter whether Mr. Waugh has told the truth in this case or not, he is known to be an abolitionist, and he shall be driven"—

When up jumped a large, strong Virginia man, with a heavy cane in his hand which he struck heavily on the bench (and possibly there was a heavy pistol in his pocket), and he spoke out with telling emphasis:—

"Shelby, you go up into that stand, and show, if you can, that Mr. Waugh has not stated the truth in this matter; and if you can't do that, sir, take your seat. I tell you, sir, there are men enough on this ground to defend Mr. Waugh, unless you do that, and we will do it, sir."

There both men stood; my Virginia friend calm and firm, and Shelby silent and pale as death, until he likely saw some of his own clan grinning at him, when he took his seat.

Then one of our good Methodist sisters, beginning to feel considerably happy at the way things were turning, struck up the good old song, "How happy are they who their Saviour obey;" and we had a very pleasant, happy closing up time, many then singing heartily together, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and quietly receiving the benediction. And soon the entire Meth-

odist society there was numbered with the old M. E. Church in Missouri, and stood up squarely for me to the last, as did also the mass of the better class of the citizens outside of the church.

CHAPTER XXII.

Still at Work in Missouri, but Had to Publish a Defense—Obtained the Voice of the Old Membership in Petitions, and Took Them to the General Conference of 1848—The Petitions Answered and Help Granted—Returning to St. Louis, Was Cordially Hailed, but Persecution from the Other Side Was Still Continued, but Failed—Arranging for Removal to California—Had a Singular Presentation, Which in the End Came True.

DEAR children: I remained at my work on the Mill Creek Circuit throughout the year, notwithstanding the efforts made to drive me from my appointed field of labor, and I am sure I had the good will of all the better class of the people. And at the close of 1846 we had no Conference of the old M. E. Church in Missouri, and so no one to re-appoint in our regular way. Still, there were a few of the former old M. E. Church preachers yet in the State, and many members of the M. E. Church who felt that they were simply left by their old pastors, and who were conscientiously opposed to the entire new pro-slavery movement in the church, and who never did go into the new organization.

Rev. Dr. A. Still, a noble Southern-born minister, stood his ground unmoved, though not having an appointment from Bishop Soule, as I did.

Rev. N. Henry stood also firm, and continued to preach among the desolate members just as he best could. Both these brethren, though good and faithful

to the end, were sadly maligned and persecuted, as all of us, under the new pro-slavery programme, had then to be.

At the coming M. E. Church *South* Conference these Southern brethren told that they expelled me, when they all knew that I never had in any way connected myself with them. I had, however, the satisfaction of hearing one of these then misguided preachers, after the lapse of more than twenty years, get up before a large assembly of people here in California, and acknowledge his error in persecuting me for what he now saw was doing the right thing, and ask my pardon, which pardon had long since been granted him in my heart, as far as I was concerned. Yet it was really refreshing to hear a man, after the lapse of nearly thirty years, say to the injured brother's face, and to all the people, that he had done wrong, was sorry, and asked pardon.

During the year 1847, I continued traveling and preaching just as I best could, and at large through the State, and in the meantime assisting the old adhering members of the M. E. Church to arrange their petitions to the coming General Conference for the reinstatement of the M. E. Church back into Missouri.

In the course of this year it became imperiously necessary for me to publish a defense of myself and my course, and of the old cause in Missouri. The first publication I wrote in Missouri, and had it stereotyped and published in Cincinnati, Ohio, and I think I ran it through six editions, scattering them broadcast among our people and other honest inquirers after the truth. Then the next spring I took these petitions of our old members in Missouri up to the General Conference, held in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; going there on my own

expense, to represent my own depressed rights as a minister in Missouri, as well as those of the afflicted membership of the old Methodist Church.

A large and able committee was at once originated, to which these petitions, and like ones from other places, were given; and the righteous result finally was the restoration of the M. E. Church to Missouri and to other parts South.

The coming Missouri Conference was, however, to hold its reorganizing session in connection with the next Illinois Conference, which it did at Belleville, Illinois.

When I returned to St. Louis from this General Conference of 1848, I was met by the adhering members of the old M. E. Church, with many expressions of joy and congratulations, though exhausted in funds and my clothing well worn. And I well remember that Brother Tabor and some others took me on a little walk in the city, and the next thing that happened was a man just my size seen smiling inside of a new suit all over, and some most welcome dollars in his depleted pocket. By this time, too, the brothers, sisters, and friends in St. Louis had gotten up "Ebenezer Chapel," and so we once more had a quiet, comfortable place to worship the God and Father of old Methodism in.

The pro-slavery influence was still bitter against me in Missouri, and determined if possible some way to prostrate my influence in the State. So when our Conference came on, in connection with the Illinois, Bishop Morris informed me that certain of the Southern brethren over in Missouri had informed him that they had charges there against me. I told the Bishop to have a committee, at once, to hear their charges, and to have them informed and notified to appear and present them,

as I should be very glad to see them face to face. The committee was appointed, and the time set, and they duly notified to appear. The time came and the committee met, but not an accuser showed his face, as I had fully believed all the time would be the case; and so my character was approved.

Still it was plain that the Bishop desired, from some cause, to conciliate them. The cause, too, I was sure I understood, and had sympathy for the Bishop. He had a boy in Missouri, a boy in whose salvation he, as a father, had deep interest, as he had a right to have, but all the minutiæ of this case I shall not here detain to give. Any way after this, in the Bishop's cabinet, it was seen that in place of sending me back to Missouri, as was the wish of our own people there, he had arranged to send me to a distant work in the Illinois Conference, which, of course, was his right to do.

But Dr. Still being in the cabinet, and seeing the shape of things, told me this plan must be changed, as it would be a bad loss to our cause in Missouri, and much aid and comfort to those who had shown a willingness to do almost anything to put us down. Said Dr. Still, "You ask your location, and go with me back to our work, and I will see that you are provided with work till the next Conference, then you can come in all right again."

And so I did, and Dr. Still did all he promised. To

CERTIFICATE OF LOCATION.

To the Rev. Lorenzo Waugh:—The Illinois Annual Conference hath permitted you to perform the office of an Elder in the Methodist Episcopal Church, in your local relation, so long as you conform to the doctrines and discipline of the said Church, and walk worthy of your vocation as a minister of the gospel.

Given under my hand, at Belleville, Illinois, this 21st day of September, 1848.

Tho. A. Morris.

the next Conference I came in an effective Elder, as I had been before, and there was not the least cessation in my itinerant work. The certificate from Bishop Morris, on preceding page, will show for itself in this case.

I am aware that some of my kind readers will be likely here to charge me with being reckless and even fanatical in attempting to stand against such fearful odds and influence. But to this I must be allowed to say, that when light is clear and duty is made unmistakably plain, then the Christian man or woman has no chance, either in safety or innocence, to shun them. This, dear children, was exactly my case at this critical time. I clearly knew for myself that human slavery was a bad system and of bad tendencies, both in church and in State. And I saw clearly enough that the leading object on the one side, in the flaming excitement, was to secure the *permenancy*, and to this end the *extension*, of this system of slavery in the United States. I saw, too, plainly enough why the wicked politicians became all at once so *piously concerned* about the great evil they professed to see in the long-standing restrictive rule in the Methodist Church denouncing the evil of slavery.

The conservative influence of the Methodists, growing out of the faith and even partial practice of this old rule on slavery, stood in the way of the above-named purpose. One politician, I know, in the South, openly proclaimed that the people of the South had been foolish in ever admitting that slavery was an evil, and that henceforth they should adopt the exact opposite view and term, and so become wise and consistent. The fact, too, that some of the older Methodist ministers in the South advocated the abrogation of this rule on slavery, charity requires me to say, grew not out of the fact that

they wished to be unentrameled if they should find it proper and pious to sell and buy men, and women, and children, but simply to conciliate the politicians and the citizens massively in the South. True enough, some few old preachers did get their old scruples of conscience sufficiently out of the way to allow them to buy and sell men, women, and children, even I think some slaves worshiping the same God, and in the same church with themselves.

I saw in 1849, '50, and '51, as clearly to my own mind, as in 1863 and '64, that these plans, pressed to their legitimate issue, would result in a terrible flow of blood and loss of treasure, and so told the people in my feeble efforts to check the bloody tide which did soon rush over our trembling nation with all its ghastly accompaniments.

In my struggles then for light and help, in my fastings and in my prayers to God, I really seemed to see the coming struggle in its blood and fury, and the final victory and continued life of our afflicted nation.

The following lines, written in 1850, and published in Jefferson City, Missouri, will give a clear touch of my views at that time. I do not claim that they were prophetic, yet they do touch some of the facts as they came to pass. :—

The preachers of the church called "South,"
A mighty stir have made of late;
In practice they, if not by mouth,
Have cried, "dissolve this Union great."
The scheme they had some time on hand,
Maturing plans which might be best,
And who, of all should give command,
And where was best to make the test.
Light, too, they had, in scorching rays,
But not from stars, nor sun, nor moon;

It burned upon them in a blaze
From one great man—JOHN C. CALHOUN.
All kinds of means, save one, they used
To carry out their cherished aim,
Their "mother church" they all abused,
And called her by a sad nickname.
They even on her threw a veil
And garb of slander, trimmed in style,
Then bade her children, to assail
And lash her well, and then exile
Her members in the South; they took
The rich and poor, and small and great,
For "South," they said, was on their book,
And all but such must leave the State.
Some widows and some orphans too,
And preachers old, and worn, and gray,
They took into their "structure new,"
And cut them off from yearly pay.
But, thank the stars, and all that's bright,
They've failed to gain their object dear;
The Union's safe! Their mother's right,
And Anti's seen far in the rear.

I will here also append the title page of a pamphlet which I wrote and published in Jefferson City, Missouri, in the early part of 1851, in which, too, the foregoing lines were published:—

DEFENCE

OF

REV. LORENZO WAUGH.

NUMBER TWO:

An Appeal for Old Methodism and the Union.

"HEAR YE MY DEFENCE."—Acts 22nd, 1st.

[All papers friendly to the Union are respectfully requested to copy.]

JEFFERSON CITY,
1851.

Now, while it is no purpose of mine in this sketch to wound any one, even though he may have acted the part of persecutor in those perilous times, yet I wish it distinctly understood that it was then, and is still my calm judgment, that the course pursued by ministers of the gospel, and some leading church members, on the subject of human slavery, did hasten and terribly aggravate the pro-slavery volcano, which bursted out with such stench, and blood, and death, and destruction, as did characterize it through those years of fierce rebellion.

Nearly all those men who led off in this matter, and those who acted as my own persecutors, are now dead, and long since I have forgiven them all in my heart, and hope all were pardoned and saved who have been called to their final account. And I rejoice, sincerely, in all the good which God in his own mercy and power has brought of this trouble and evil, and under his own glorious skill and means in making the wrath of man to praise him.

The very term South, at the outset, was a darling thing with a sonorous sound. But now it is a burden and blotch, a shame, and a tell-tale of folly and indiscretion. May my dear Southern brethren soon succeed in its everlasting expurgation as a church appendage, and all the Methodists the world over be one in heart, in love—all the people of God. Oh, may they be one in heart and holy Christian effort—Roman Catholic and Protestant—all showing the true faith and holy practice in Christ's most explicit word. "By their fruits ye shall know them." "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles." "Love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous."

My last two years in Missouri I spent on Fremont Circuit, where, under all the preceding circumstances

(only a little part of which I have given you in this sketch), I have no doubt we old M. E. Church folks had some of the feelings and experiences Paul had, as detailed in the twenty-eighth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. There was, though, some difference in some of the particulars. For instance, our most "barbarous people," among whom we had fallen, in place of making fires to cheer and warm us, had their fires specially made to scorch us, and because they claimed that we were abolitionists, and that meant with them something more terribly execrable and obnoxious than if we had actually belonged to that class of human beings known to have the propensity and power to butcher and eat up, while yet half alive, any stray fellows of the human family. In fact, in those times, any man and every man was an abolitionist who did not say "niggah" with a peculiar twirl of the lip and sound of the voice.

Then, too, while Paul "lived in his own hired house," the one which I lived in was my own, and for which I held a title from the United States Government. On the whole, and by the grace of God, we had just then conquered, and gained at least a partial peace; and so things were going on again with some degree of encouragement. A Brother Hopkins was my Presiding Elder—a noble fellow, too, talented and immovably firm for old Methodism, the Union, and for the right generally.

In the fall of 1851 my health became seriously impaired from continued work and rather an over strain of effort, and repeated malarious attacks. And in this state I went to God for light, and the direction of the Holy Spirit, feeling fully assured that, unless I should make some change, my earthly race was near its end; and here I soon did obtain light, and a clear and abiding

sense of new duty. I felt my work in Missouri was ended, and my commission there duly canceled.

And now, though it may seem incredible to some, I had a clear and most satisfactory presentiment to my mind that God would help me in an attempt to reach the Pacific Coast, there to seek for the restoration of my health, and for a new home; and I can say in truth, that there was not a thought of the gathering of gold in the New El Dorado connected with it. But the singularity of this presentiment to my mind, as I lay on my sick bed, was the seemingly clear view of the lovely Pacific Coast, a beautiful valley and plain, a lovely grove, and outside scattering big trees—all beautiful to behold. But the most astonishing part of the whole matter, to my own mind, was that when I did go to California, and stopped my teams in the evening twilight, near the place where my lovely home has now been for about thirty years, all tired and sleeping soundly for the night, and in the morning when old Sol lit up the heavens and the earth with smiles, there to see the valley, the plain, the grove, and trees—all the exact, beautiful scenery seen in my presentation months before, far over on the other side of the Rocky Mountains.

It has not been my habit of life to be easily and hastily mislead, and I do not believe that in the usual sense of the term, I am at all fanatical. But even now, I have the settled conviction of mind, that the spirit, while yet in association with the body in this world, when going out in earnest, fervent desire and prayer, *seeking after God*, his light, direction and help, that the earnest, sincere soul in this way may, and often really does, get views and communications, which do not, nor could not, reach the spiritual perception and under-

standing through the ordinary channels of the bodily senses.

I remember that on one other occasion, when I was very young in religious experience, I had evidence perfectly clear, that the mind can really, sometimes, see when the bodily eyes are closed. But what made this finding of my beautiful home in California more remarkable, was the fact that when I started to cross the plains, I had planned to go to San Jose, there intending to meet with Father Isaac Owen, and have no recollection of ever having heard of *Petaluma*.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Arranging for the Plains—On the Plains—Heavy Sickness in the Rear—Indians Plenty—A Buffalo Chase—Team Ran over a Bluff, but the Scolding Woman Still Alive—Fortunate Acquaintance with an M. D.—Hard and Yet Good Luck on a Hunt—A Man Alive Eaten up by the Wolves.

DEAR children, I have already informed you that in the fall of 1851 my health had failed, and that I was sick, and worn out. I was then in charge of the Fremont Circuit, living in my own house in the town, which is now known as Stockton, Missouri. My Elder, Brother Hopkins, came to see me, and with words of comfort and cheer. But I told him my work was done in Missouri, and if I should be raised up again, I was going to start across the plains, and that I wished him, in due time, to look out for a minister to supply my place. He left me with the thought, as he afterwards told me, that my conclusion as expressed to him there was only caused by my burning fever.

But on his return, some weeks after, he found my

arrangements in part already made for my determined trip across the Rocky Mountains; and so then he complied with my former request, agreeing to look out for a preacher to supply my place.

My fever abated, but my health continued poor. Still I used the strength I had in getting ready for my determined journey. I sold off the little property I had, even the main portion of my beloved library of good books, and bought, and fitted out, two good ox-teams, and laid in the needed provisions, guns, ammunition, tent, etc., and wrote to the Conference, through my Elder, for my location. And so was all ready to be off with the first trains to start, having secured drivers for my teams.

Besides my work-oxen, I had six good cows to supply us with our milk and butter by the way. My wife, John, William, and Henry Clay, our three boys, made up our own family—Henry C. being then three years old, and our special pet. And here I must give Henry the first notice of the trip, as he became a favorite little fellow with many on the long journey.

On the evening of our first encampment, when the large hollow-square of tents was all pitched, and all was bustle and hurry for supper, and readiness for repose for the first night in camp, Henry Clay stepped out with evident joy and excitement, with his new boots and breeches, cap and overcoat, with his hands in his pockets, and, after surveying the whole new and strange scene for a few minutes, he spiritedly holloed out, "*Halloo, papa, is this California?*"

I shall make no attempt here to write out this trip across the plains in detail, but only to give occasional incidents occurring on the way.

The emigration this year, 1852, was very large, and

the forward portion were measurably free from any special scourge of sickness, while those more in the rear had a terrible time with cholera, and many were hastily buried amidst the howling gangs of prowling wolves, which waited their chance to unearth the newly buried man, woman, or child, and so devour the lifeless body, and leave the bare bones scattered over the surface of the ground. Even those of us well in the lead were frequently compelled to view the sad sight of the graves of those newly buried, violated by these bands of wolves, while the bare bones lay scattered around on the ground, the only sentinel telling the sad tale.

This year, too, the plains seemed in many places alive with moving Indian bands, but in the main peaceable. Still the back trains suffered in places with what they called "Indian depredations." But in truth these depredations came usually from depredations first begun on the Indians by some of the foolish wicked white-faces. For instance—as was the case near my own train—a fool-hardy white man sees an Indian, off a distance, showing some signs of alarm, and he, the white man, tries, at once, the range of his boasted rifle, killing—possibly only wounding—the poor savage; and so the next train coming on, of civil, unoffending men, women, and children, is attacked by the injured Indian's friends, and some are killed, their stock driven off, and general alarm and distress the consequent result. My knowledge of Indian character and habits greatly assisted me in keeping on good terms with the Indians around my own train, and most likely in preventing trouble with others traveling near me on the plains.

On the Platte, we had a nice little buffalo chase, of which I must here tell the children.

I had secured on starting a well-trained Indian hunting pony, and on riding along, one beautiful morning, in sight of the Platte River, I saw four large buffalo coming across the river, and took my man Cazy, my hunter, and concealed ourselves near the river till the buffalo came over. There I got a shot at the big leader, but as he was on the move, I struck him too far back, and so they went, without stopping or turning, right for the long train of wagons, and by this time scores of excited people were out for the chase. The buffaloes came near running over my hunter, Cazy, and would, probably, if he had not hastily rolled down into a deep cut. I reloaded, mounted my anxious pony, and came on in full chase after my wounded buffalo, which had separated from the other three; and such an excitement as just then ensued would almost have made a boy's hair stand on end. More than fifty men, with all kinds of guns—shot-guns, carbines, and rifles—were after the other three buffaloes, and such shooting and hallooing—even the women hallooing, "Go it boys!" And finally all the three big fellows lay dead, and immediately surrounded by men, women, and children.

As I was in hot haste after mine, determined at all hazards to secure him, in rushed a big Irishman, with a short, old gun, and on a fast mule, running right up to my buffalo, intending, of course, to shoot him dead if he could, and paying no attention to me on my little pony, when, all at once, the mule got a fair sight of the buffalo, and, whirling in furious fright, threw the Irishman clear off the saddle, his foot sticking still firmly in the strong stirrup, the scared mule making desperate leaps back in the direction of the train, but making sure blows about every jump with his heels, usually planting the blows

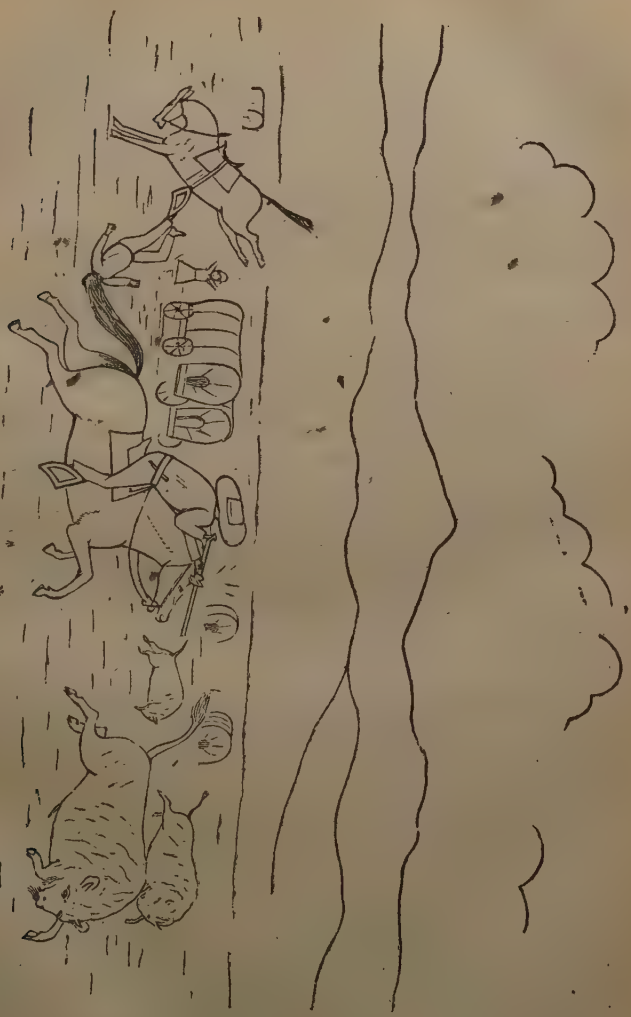
square on the Irishman's caudal extremity, until it luckily kicked him off, the boot only sticking in the stirrup, and the saddle hanging to the mule's rump. The Irishman, with his gun still in his hand, was seen, with admirable Irish pluck, making again for the buffalo on foot—you know, children, an Irishman is pretty hard to kill sometimes anyway, and that scared mule found it out, to its sorrow, after this.

But with my pony I soon passed him, overtook the enraged buffalo, and shot him dead, my faithful pony watching out sharply after the shot to see that the furious buffalo did not get the chance to reek its vengeance by goring us, as they always have the will to do when pursued after being wounded.

All four buffaloes were then fully appropriated, piece by piece, till only the bare carcasses were left; and the train had lots of fine delicious fresh meat, and soon were moving on again with something new to talk about.

Indeed, children, in times very long ago, a mess of good, fresh, wild meat was thought to have rather a special effect. Just read the twenty-seventh chapter of Genesis, and you will see this fact clearly, back there when Father Isaac and Mother Rebecca were still living, and their two boys still at home with them. And this reminds me of another interesting circumstance in our family on this long journey over the plains.

Away back, before we had this spirited buffalo chase, I had killed a fine antelope, and a nice gentleman traveling near me had rather attracted my attention by his intelligent appearance and pleasant ways, though we were still strangers to each other; so I gave him a quarter of my antelope, which he said he would gladly accept, but



AFTER THE BUFFALOES, ON THE PLAINS.

that I must come and take the evening meal with him and family, at his tent, as he wished to get more acquainted with me. And in doing this I found he was a regular practicing M. D., and with a fine supply of medicines, instruments, etc., with him.

So after partaking of the delicious antelope feast, said the doctor, "Now, I want to make a proposition to you. If you will continue to divide your fresh meat you kill on this journey, with me, I will be the doctor for both families, yours equally with my own, and furnish all the medicines."

To this kind offer I most gladly agreed, as, by my well-proved skill in shooting, and the fact that I had with me on purpose, a well-tried hunter, I felt sure I might come well up to all that the doctor might expect of me, as the sequal finally proved.

But the interesting part in this whole matter is the fact that I have ever since felt that the doctor, with God's blessing, saved the life of my wife. She was taken sick, I think, first from unfortunately drinking some alkali water, and lay for several weeks seemingly at the point of death; the doctor giving her skillful care day and night till again restored to health. I am well assured she could not have survived had we not had thus the doctor's skill and care, as we were compelled to travel on every day, except the Sabbath, my wife's sick chamber being our family wagon, hauled as steadily as might be by our faithful oxen, driven by my careful driver.

She had been, as well as myself, in poor health before starting on the plains; but after this she gradually improved, and is yet, up to this day, in good health, and thinks there is no country, this side of the promised

Canaan that can be compared in health and loveliness to California.

But while still on the Platte, I had a little hard experience on a hunt. One morning early, with my man Cazy, we rode off south, intending, as we had done before, to hunt and see the country, and, in the evening, fall in with our teams some twenty miles ahead. But this day we made a complete failure in the matter of getting back to camp as we intended. We got off among the big, black-tailed deer, and by the middle of the afternoon we had loaded our ponies with fine venison, and then made for the prospective train and camp, traveling in what we thought was the right direction.

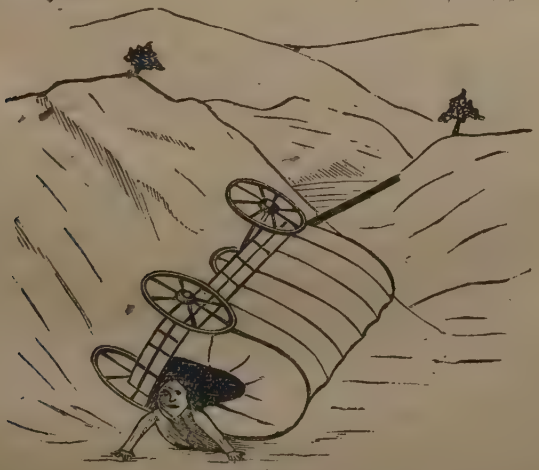
But night came on, happily for us a clear, starry one, and there was no appearance of the Platte. So we knew from the distance we had already come we were some way wrong in our course. A familiar star which I had been previously noticing from our tent convinced me that we had to change our direction more to the northward; and to this Cazy assented and bade me take the lead and go ahead as I thought best. The country where we then were was a vast assemblage of broken sand-hills, some places with deep, dark gulches, but no timber, and with buffalo trails leading various ways and the wolves howling in every direction. And so we traveled on the whole night, guiding ourselves still by a leading star, and all suffering with thirst, as we had had no water during the day or night.

Just at the dawn of day we sighted the Platte timber, then the trains and people, and hastening on we soon reached our own train and camp, just as they were finishing their breakfast, feeling that we had a good time in getting in at all. For if the night had been cloudy,

so that we could not have followed our guiding star, there is no telling whether we should ever have been heard of again or not—as it was, we felt our escape was almost miraculous, considering the numerous bands of prowling wolves we had to pass among with our fresh meat, as you children, will fully agree, when I tell you in this sketch further on of a wolf tragedy, which did actually take place on this journey across the plains.

We had in our train one family which got along rather disagreeably; a man, his wife, and two young men driving the team. The woman herself was an incessant scold, nothing ever pleased her. If she had wood to cook with, it was always poor, and if she had to cook with "buffalo chips," which we all had to do for hundreds of miles, these chips would cause her a scold as regular as the meal had to be cooked. And when we got up to what is known as Scott's Bluffs, then about noon, their oxen got scared and ran off with the wagon, and she was in it, and in their desperation we saw them go, wagon and all, over one of these bluffs, I should think about twelve feet square down. Of course we all thought the next thing we should have to do would be to bury our good scolding woman. But, in fact I thought I saw something about some of the faces of those who were to be the mourners indicating that down in the region of the heart, the place where real mourning is supposed to have its base and center, there was something just of the opposite nature. But there was no time just then for cold speculation, and all of us ran around and got down to the pile of wreck and in haste removed the broken furniture and dishes, etc., etc., the last thing on top of the woman being the churn, but bottom end up, and the milk partly churned and the

butter saturating all the clothing and person of the woman. But when we got her out we saw there were still some signs of life, as she could raise her hands to her face, which she did, clawing the milk and butter from her eyes so that she could open them, and then her mouth immediately flew open, and her first articulation, distinct, loud, and clear, was, "Now you see what you have done; spilt this whole churn of milk, and just see, ain't I in a pretty pickle. You're a pretty set of drivers, now, ain't you."



OVER THE BLUFF

The truth was, for a wonder, the woman was not hurt, only in her feelings, to which she gave unmistakable expression, well establishing her pluck and former reputation as an irrepressible scold.

They then gathered up the oxen, uprighted the wagon, adjusting it and the other things as far as possible, and soon we all were rolling on again for Sweetwater and Independence Rock, just about as though nothing at all had happened the company.

In the main, we got along pleasantly in our train, seeing often, though, exhibitions on the long journey that would seem to be proof, clear and conclusive, of the truth of the old Bible doctrine, that sin has entered into our world and that death follows as the inevitable consequence.

Ahead of us, one man wickedly shot another, and the company then shot the murderer, proving the truth of another item of this old code true, as expressed thus in the ninth chapter of the book of Genesis: "Who so sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed; for in the image of God made he man."

Some rather strange aspects of things, too, were sometimes seen, for instance, the man of a pious reputation back at home, in some instances, on the plains was the desperado, while the man whose standing at home was that of rather a "wild fellow," here was the careful, steady, trusty man.

In my own train there was just this exhibition. I had taken a young Kentuckian, Milton Turner, as one of my drivers, and some of my friends blamed me, saying he would sometimes gamble and that he would betray and give me trouble. But Milton proved to be, in the fullest sense, my faithful hand and a good friend after we got through. While on the other side, my friend, Brother Cazy, was a church member and thought to be unwaveringly pious, and I took him with me, in part, to be a good example to my little boys. But one day I heard him swear, a regular old-fashioned vulgar oath, when I said to him, "Brother Cazy, how is this; what does all this passion and swearing mean with you."

"Well," said he, calming down in a moment and trying to get a new chew of tobacco in through his swollen,

alkalied lips, "I don't approve this way of doing any more than you do; but there has something got the matter with me, and I candidly believe it is caused from this infernal alkali water and dust that we have been exposed to here on these plains."

Of course I said no more to him, though my own lips had been but very slightly affected by the alkali, and I know I had not sworn an oath anywhere.

But children, I must not forget to tell you of that terrible wolf tragedy I have promised you.

There was traveling in the train just joining ours behind, a very interesting young man, a German, who was on his way to California, and with him his sister. She, too, was a nice young lady, and was beloved by all who became acquainted with her. We had camped in a little valley surrounded with broken hills, and where there was plenty of good water, a favorite camping place, so the grass was well grazed off near by, and the stock had to go some distance back on the hills for good feed. The next morning all hands, just after breakfast, were on the stir as usual for the start. My own hunter, Mr. Cazy, was already on the pony, gun in hand, to drive up our stock, when, all of a sudden, out over the hills southeast, we heard more than a usual yelling of wolves, and immediately in the intervals of these yells, we heard the screams of a human voice, unmistakably in fearful distress. And I instantly bade Cazy to push in all haste in the direction of the voices, and in quick time more than twenty men were going in full speed.

Directly we could notice the human voice getting weaker, and then still more faint, until it ceased, and then soon all the wolf-yelling was silent. Our men had a more difficult task in finding the place than they

expected, as it was much farther over the hills than they had thought it was. But finally, on looking intently, they discovered the place, and saw the band of prowling wolves hastily escaping off over the hills—and there lay the bare bones of this dear young German man, not a shred of his flesh being left. These wolves had literally eaten him up alive ; and his sister was left, as far as her kind brother was concerned, alone on the plains. But I am happy to add, that the last time I saw her, she was well assisted by good, kind friends, and was getting on nicely, making her way to California.

I had myself, and one of my boys with me, what I felt was a narrow escape from being devoured by a band of these wolves in another place, but I will not detain you to give the particulars here.

We made no stop in our journey until we reached "Hangtown," now Placerville. Here I found some intimate old friends, and stopped three days, seeing the first gold-mining operation we had ever witnessed.

On reaching Sacramento, a kind bachelor friend would take no denial, but had us stop our wagon beside his house, and go inside and camp, which we did, stopping some three or four days, just turning our stock loose in what is now Sacramento City, but then only a scattered lot of little shanties and cloth-made houses—about all of which were afterwards swept off by fire.

Leaving Sacramento, we crossed over the river, and drove on down to Suisun Valley. Here I met my old friend from Platte, Missouri, Rev. James Dorland, and at his pressing request, stopped my teams and camped for a month near him, so as to enable me to look around through the country, and to make selection of a place for a home. Feed for stock was plenty all over the

country, and the people were all kind, and glad to see a man come with his family to seek a home and to stay.

While at Suisun a Methodist camp-meeting came on, I think likely the first one held in the State; and it proved to be a season of great spiritual refreshing. At this meeting I met with Uncle Billy Mathews, known then extensively north of the Bay; and under his advice, and leaving my family still in our pleasant camp quarters, went with him to his favorite Petaluma Valley, and, liking it well and finding a place with a little redwood shanty up, and for sale, I bought; and then returned and took my family and effects, at once, *via* the old "Petaluma House," onto my newly purchased claim.

My arrival, and first night and day at this new home, I have already spoken of in a former chapter.

So here we are in California; and to God be all the praise and glory for happy direction, and bounteous care, and continued protection. Amen.

My certificate of location, which I informed you I asked of the Missouri Conference, I received some little time after reaching California, and it is here appended:

CERTIFICATE OF LOCATION.

To the Rev. Lorenzo Waugh:—The Missouri Annual Conference hath permitted you to perform the office of an Elder in the Methodist Episcopal Church, in your local relation, so long as you conform to the doctrines and discipline of the said Church, and walk worthy of your vocation as a minister of the gospel.

Given under my hand, at Newark, Missouri, this 7th day of October, 1853.

T. A. Morris.

Dear children, here is also a little sketch of a journey across the plains re-published and taken from the *Petaluma Courier*:—

JOURNEY ACROSS THE PLAINS.

The subjoined narrative, we are sure, will be read with interest by many of this date. We get it from the *California Christian Advocate* of August 10, 1853. It was written by Father L. Waugh, from the facts given him from the lips of Thomas Elliott, one of the company, and of its entire truthfulness he assures us he has not a doubt. Father Waugh was acquainted with most of the route described, and was once a missionary among the Indians west of Missouri :—

To all who love to read the truth,
Especially to friendly youth,
I'll sketch a trip across the plains
And tell its pleasures and its pains.
'Twas on a clear and cheerful day,
In "Forty-nine"—the twenty-second May,
With brothers two, and father dear,
We left our home and kindred near.
Our number whole was nine times ten,
The most of whom were youthful men.
With teams, and tents, and arms, and food,
We struck our march in cheerful mood.
The words most heard were "Gee, whoa, haw!"
As on we moved, west of the Kaw;
At Blue we caught a lovely dish
Of perch, and trout, and other fish.
The antelope we then soon had,
Whose flesh is sweeter then the shad;
And buffaloes came in on Platte—
A splendid dish when thoroughly fat.
Some elk we had, and grouse, and hare,
And squirrels and dogs we did not spare.
Through all the land the Pawnees claim
We passed in peace, and ate their game.
The valley of the Platte is grand;
Its bluffs are thousands, shaped of sand;
Its ponds are mixed with alkali
As you get up upon it high;
Its "Chimney-rock" and "Court-house" pile

Are objects seen for many a mile ;
It has its posts of trade and laws,
Where white men live with Indian squaws.
We left the Platte our way to take
Across a hill, called "Rattlesnake,"
And in the dust and melting heat
We reached the stream called "Water Sweet,"
We passed some springs which poison stock,
Then by the "Independence Rock ;"
The bluffs upon this stream are great,
One pass is called the "Devil's Gate."
From here we found both wood and grass,
Until we reached the "Great South Pass;"
Here northward lies eternal snow
On mountain heights, with grass below.
"The Springs Pacific" here are found,
In dreadful marshy, boggy ground ;
But trains turn out to rest a day,
As now they've passed near half the way.
Our train from here made progress slow,
By Bridger's Fort it had to go ;
So by the time we reached Fort Hall
'Twas in the second month of fall.
Some of our train from here went back,
And some progressed, resolved to pack ;
With twice thirteen we started on,
With each a mule, for Oregon.
We took our way with cheerful heart,
But four days on we got apart ;
We left our camp before 'twas day,
And four of us thus lost our way.
We lonely traveled on till night,
But of our comrades got no sight ;
We laid us down till break of day,
Then started on our lonely way.
We still had hopes our friends to see,
And join again their company ;
But this day's facts the truth made plain
That we this pleasure should not gain.
So we resolved, though now 'twas late,
To press toward the "Golden Gate."
The evening next, by pale moonlight,

A city seemed to catch our sight;
We saw the street and towering blocks—
But lo! it was the "Steeple Rocks;"
We passed it by in lonesome case,
And heard but owls in all the place.
Ah! deep we felt the impress run,
That we were far from every one;
And raised our thoughts, with feelings rare,
To Him whose work these wonders are.
From here we pressed without delay,
And Humboldt reached on the tenth day.
Here hostile Indians prowl for gain,
And emigrants are sometimes slain.
But these we pass in safety by,
Though oft we saw their fires nigh.
The Carson route we aimed to take,
But Lawson's took in a mistake;
We now began to be distressed,
Our food was gone, we needed rest;
'Twas desert, too, around us here,
No game was found, no water near,
Some four days on we ate some mule,
And quenched our thirst with water cool,
And felt revived, and hoped anew
That yet some day we should get through.
Soon, now, the rain began to pour,
And every stream was heard to roar;
But on we kept as best we might,
From break of day till fall of night.
Some eight days on, we stopped at night
'Midst pines of most surprising height;
And laid us down to take our rest,
But after awhile, waked up oppressed;
The cause we soon were made to know,
For all were buried up in snow,
And still it fell till night was o'er,
And on, and on, for three days more.
We now were in a world of snow,
Yet on we all resolved to go,
And when one week of toil was passed,
Again the snow was falling fast;
And here, near by a stream we crossed,

We found a man alone—and lost.
He wept to see so strange a sight,
And told us that his name was White.
He further said, that here, close by,
Were four men more, giv'n up to die;
We spent with these a stormy night,
And started on next day with White.
The others wept, though in despair—
For when we left, they still stayed there;
And, doubtless, there they found their grave,
Though they were Germans, bold and brave.
We now were lame with frosted feet,
And carrion beef was all our meat.
With snow-shoes wide we had to go,
And thus we made our progress slow;
But none were heard to make complaint,
Though oft one grew both weak and faint;
We then would stop, and soothe, and cheer,
And urge that all should persevere.
Erect, one day, we found a tent,
Abandoned by some emigrant;
And here we stopped, and nine days stayed,
And fixed our shoes, or new ones made.
We stretched across ox-bows rawhide,
And these upon our feet we tied;
And thus we walked upon the snow,
But up steep hills we crawled so slow.
We now were in a crisis drear,
Our tombs of snow we feared were near,
But two along in turns made prayer,
And asked the Lord to help and spare.
At last we topped a mountain high,
And looked ahead with wistful eye—
When, lo! there was a glorious scene,
A valley long, all clad in green.
The sun once more to us shone bright,
And with us then was hope and light;
The melting snow poured down a branch,
And just ahead was "Lawson's Ranch."
We hastened down in hopes to find
Once more a household, glad and kind,
And all in hopes to get a meal;

But folks we found with hearts of steel;
They coldly set some scraps, a few,
Then charged us dollars—*twenty-two!*
We left them with their rout and gain,
And ever think of all with pain.
The miners soon we found to be
A noble set, both kind and free;
Their aid to us like manna fell,
And still we live to wish them well.

CHAPTER XXIV

Old Eden Discovered—Wild Oats, Wild Clover, Wild Indians Eating It—Nature Cultivating the Earth—Young Men Examples to the Boys in Industry and Sobriety—Also an Opposite Class, Which I Dare Not Name in My Book—My Daughter and Son Born in California—The Boy's Death.

DEAR children, as I feel sure you would not forgive me if I should end this little sketch just where I ended our long trip across the plains, and not tell you of some of the early times and scenes in California, I will write up some of the occurrences of those days, for your entertainment.

After resting sweetly for the night and enjoying a blessed sleep, and then a good breakfast—for we still had quite a little lot of our long journey's provisions, flour, bacon, etc.—then a word of prayer and thanksgiving, I walked out to take a good, calm look at the new country, and the surroundings of our new home. And never before was a landscape sight more beautiful since the day the old Garden of Eden was closed up, and forever hid from certain human knowledge. But with that sight that lovely blessed morning, the old word "Eden" kept pushing out everything else, so that I was almost

forced to say, "Well, well, after all is it not so, that here is Eden, old Eden, sure enough, only racked and broken up a little by the hurrying of old Time and an occasional frolic of the earthquakes before they became civilized. The whole country looked as one great field of the clear wild oats, the rich seed of which then lay thick, fallen out on the ground. And the clover, still fresh and green, some kinds in full bloom, masses of it, and the lazy, naked Digger Indians lying stretched out among this clover, eating it as though it was bread and meat, cheese and butter, until they were tight full.

And just here I must tell you, children, what I saw about this wild oats the first little shower that came, and you must not be disputing what I tell you, for it is so. The grain of this oats, when it falls off to the ground, carries with it a singular, long, little petal or beard, rolled up in the time of ripening; and then the earth is all cracked about on the surface by the sun, and there being no summer rains; and just here in this, I saw the wonderful process of nature's wonderful and efficient device of cultivating and sowing the ground, without plow, or seed-sower, or even hand-work, and so raising in rich abundance this beautiful oats. At the time when the first shower comes and moistens the seed lying on the cracked-up ground, this petal or beard at once begins to unroll itself and you see the whole assemblage of the grains begin to roll over and over, and down and down into those sun-prepared cracks they tumble and tumble. And so here, directly after the big showers come, the whole face of the earth is one complete well-sown, well-come-up, and finally beautifully-grown field of oats, the richest kind of feed in the time of its green growth, and when ripe, and cut, and cured, is just as sweet and rich

as any hay ever offered to the hungry beasts; being oats and hay together, if cut and cured just right.

The people often tell us that the boys can beat almost anything sowing their "wild oats." But I tell you, boys, these wild oats of ours in California can beat in real beauty and value all the wild oats the whole fraternity of wild boys ever sowed. And so, to every boy engaged in sowing wild oats, allow me in all kindness just to say, be ashamed and quit, and never attempt to sow another handful of your wild oats. Then when you get to be as I am, over seventy-three years old, you can be just as happy as I am, and use your pen just as well, I hope.

Our neighbors just then were few and rather far between. Col. W. B. Hagan settled the same year just north of me, the Digger rancheria being between us. A Mr. Copeland was living a short distance northwest of him, and Charles Patten six miles further on, and Robert Crane and brother had just settled between. In the neighborhood of what is now Petaluma, L. Wiatt was living, Mr. Kent and a few others, and near there was Major Singly and Judge Payran; and just south of me was Judge P. Thompson, living in a "factory" house, while some four miles up the edge of the plain Mr. Thomas Hopper settled, I think the same fall, and near the same time his brother, John Hopper. Out west was Mr. C. Merritt and Mr. Canfield.

Among our early young men I might mention John Merritt, Willian Hill, A. F. Redemeyer, Robert Crane and Joel Crane, L. F. Carpenter, and his older brother, Franklin Carpenter. These two latter being full cousins of my wife, afforded her much comfort when she found them out. Then there was James G. Fair near me on

the south. The Mock family soon came in, Charles, William, John, and Wesley. And Wesley was the first man married in our part of the State, I performing the ceremony and James G. Fair signing the certificate of marriage with me.

And just here I think it will be interesting to the boys to give them a little sketch of some of our young men and early settlers in this part of California, just to show what perseverance, industry, honesty, care, and sobriety can do even for boys just in a few years.

I will begin with THOMAS HOPPER, as I think he stood first in point of settlement. "Tom Hopper" they used to call him. He was a poor boy when he started off West from Missouri, having no means worth speaking of, only a sound body and energetic mind, and by the way, a mind of his own. When I first met him he had accumulated some stock, mostly cattle, and a little money, this was in 1852. And now boys "Tom Hopper has got together, and I believe fairly and honestly, more money than I should like to see any twelve boys of you try to carry off on your backs, for I am not certain but that it would crush you every one, even if it were not all in solid silver bricks. I hope Tom may be just as successful in his arrangements for the invaluable riches of the grace of God just over in the better land—riches which will forever endure. Thomas Hopper has been my kind, good neighbor from the first in California, and in his business he has always made his mark well, for, boys, his exposure to moving, frontier life cut him off from all the advantages of school education, so that he has in all his increasing business had to make "his mark," and I never have heard any one accuse Thomas Hopper of making "his mark" in the wrong place;

and so to this day his business and money are still increasing.

And there is A. F. REDEMEYER, they used to call him "the Dutch Boy." He was hale and hearty, and ready for any job of honest work that might offer, and he did not care a cent about the hardness of the work if it would only pay, and he did not care what they called him if they only called him in good time to his meals, and always paid him just what they would agree to. If any of them could truthfully get the advantage in a bargain or barter, "Ready" was always ready to let any of them try their skill in beating him in a fair, good bargain. A. F. Redemeyer is now living at Ukiah, California, and has more money that I should like to have piled on me if compelled to carry it all at one load.

Some people, on casual or business acquaintance, think Mr. Redemeyer rather reserved and unsocial, but I well know that all a good man has to do to be made fully sensible that this is not the case with "Ready," is to get right down where his noble German manliness and really generous nature have their base and solid deposit.

WILLIAM HILL was in early times called "Bill Hill the wood-chopper." Mr. Hill was then about as stout as a young giant, and could put as much work through his hands as the next man, no matter who. He could handle his axe with tremendous power and skill, and when his wood was chopped he could handle the logs and split and cord up for the market in the most expeditious and approved style of the profession. He could cook his own slap-jacks, bacon, and potatoes equal to the next man; for then we had none of these since much used and fussed over instruments called Chinamen. Mr. Hill was steady in his habits, and I think no

man ever saw him loitering around the grog-shops, and so of course he was never seen intoxicated, and I know, boys, I never saw him with one of those hateful boy-ruining cigarettes in his mouth. So he went on steadily at his work, minding his own business and letting other people do the same, and now William Hill is the possessor of lands and houses, and fine stock, and has a lovely wife and lovely children, and is the President of the Sonoma County Bank; and has as much actual hard cash as ought to make six men as happy as money can make them. He is still looking in good health and with a happy face.

I. G. WICKERSHAM was then a young man of but limited means, but sober, steady, and industrious, a leading member in the Order of the Sons of Temperance. Being honest, and careful, and persevering, he stands now as one of the leading moneyed men of this coast, with an excellent wife, and nice children.

J. S. VAN DOREN, in 1856, when I first saw him, was a kind and sprightly boy, always seen at church and at the temperance meetings. And such is John to-day, steady and faithful in business, only associating with the good, has a happy family, and plenty of money. And the same may be said of Deacon Gilbert's boys, J. S. Van Doren's early associates.

JOHN MOFFET, now living in Healdsburg, has a beautiful home, a most amiable wife, and plenty of means; was here in early times, sober, industrious, and persevering. All acquainted with John Moffet find him a genuine man, and a true friend.

ROBERT and JOEL CRANE were both steady, industrious boys; both now in good circumstances, and honored and respected by all who know them.

WM. B. HASKELL I must not forget. I have known him since he was a boy, always temperate, studious, honorable, and kind to the needy. All such boys are an honor to their parents, and a blessing to their country.

JOHN MERRITT was a pioneer boy, his father being among the first settlers on the Pacific Coast. John saw the early rough times, but maintained a steady life, and is now the owner of a lovely home, has an excellent wife, and nice children.

JUDGE A. P. OVERTON was my first hired man in California; was steady and industrious; is now rich and independent.

GEORGE ROSS was a lone young man. He was always affable and polite, and always had many warm friends. He is in fine health, and is now our leading photographic artist in Petaluma.

GEORGE MCNEAR I used to see, when a little boy, at church and at the temperance meetings with his father and mother, and with his grandfather and grandmother Williams. George is now managing a large business, with plenty of money, and many good friends.

MAJOR JAMES SINGLEY was an early settler, is still in active business, with a smiling face, and has raised a nice family of children.

JUDGE JOHN CAVANAGH is a pioneer, an affable, popular, American citizen, though born in Ireland; a good sample for every Irishman coming into America. He has an amiable family.

L. F. CARPENTER was a pioneer, passing through the varied vicissitudes of the early miner's and settler's life. He is still in active business, with ample means, and has a good wife, and three interesting children.

H. L. WESTON, SAM CASSIDAY, N. W. SCUDDER, and

J. H. McNAB, are old settlers with "Argus eyes," looking intently in every direction for all that is right; and with fingers nimble in handling the type—steady at work to accomplish the right things which their four hundred eyes bring to view.

And there is ARTHUR and WILLIAM SHATTUCK, and the boys of our old Land Commissioner, and his brother, JUDGE PHILIP R. THOMPSON—all at work faithfully and honestly; all seeking to aid in keeping the streams of news, and official business, and current literature pure and free from dishonesty and pollution.

Our printer boys and journalists and office-holders are important factors in civilization, and always honor themselves and their country when faithfully following the noble example set them by Ben Franklin.

JOHN FRITCH and WILLIAM ZARTMAN are staunch, faithful, temperate men, with good families. They came in early times, and are good mechanics, being industrious honest, and persevering. They have now plenty of money, many friends, and are still in good health.

GEORGE PIERCE I met in '52, then a young man, a practicing attorney, and politician; and with all his consequent exposures, Mr. Pierce has maintained his integrity as an honest man. He is now blessed with an excellent family, and plenty of means, and looks happy.

B. F. TUTTLE is a fair sample of what a just and true man can become in a few years, honored and esteemed by all who know him, happy in all his relations, with ample means.

W. D. BLISS came to Petaluma in early times, a young man, an attorney-at-law. He at once engaged in the work of his calling, pursuing it with vigilance and strict fidelity, having then but small means. W. D. Bliss is

now the owner of houses and lands, and plenty of money; has a good wife, and can get all the business entrusted to his care he may wish to attend to, and his friends are those who can be trusted.

HENRY HOLTEN was among our early boatmen, a man who could be trusted, because he was industrious, honest, and sober. Henry is still the faithful, trusty boatman, and has an interesting family.

CAPT. A. HENRY is one of the old fixtures of Sonoma County. In early times he was given to terrible intemperance; but, on a time—April 1, 1853—he took the matter under advisement for himself. He saw there was danger and ruin near ahead. He had honor and firmness yet left, and he said "I will touch this intoxicating drink no more."

Captain Henry has been faithful in his convictions and resolutions. He stands to-day the faithful, sober man, who can be trusted in office, or out of office, confidently trusted by any man, woman, or child. All honor to him, and to every one who will forsake the wrong, and love and practice the right.

Our three druggists in Petaluma were all early Californians—FRANK T. MAYNARD came in '49, T. MCQUIRE in '50, and S. D. TOWN, I think, about the same time. All are sober, enterprising, business men, still in active life, and doing a fine business in their line.

J. B. BAILEY was here in early times, a steady, industrious young man. In 1855, I married him to Miss Rachel E. Masten, the first couple, I think, ever married in Petaluma. James and Rachel are still living here cosily, lacking, as far as I know, no nice thing—except some little babies. Bailey has made his mark far more interestingly than many men of more exalted preten-

tions. Many a fine building bears the impress of his skill and taste. He was our first painter in the now beautiful city of Petaluma.

C. A. HOUGH was a pioneer; settled in Sonoma County in early times. He is still enjoying life, with an excellent family—not even lacking the little babies.

JAMES G. FAIR, then a stout, industrious, plain young man—an Irishman, or at least of Irish descent. He could crack his own ox-whip, handle his axe and maul, his thousand redwood pickets or rails, equal to any of the boys. He could cook his own meals, wash his dishes, and make his own bed, in first-class bachelor style. He was a little spunky, and high of temper, as most men of special energy are; and, like most of us those days, he was often a little hard up for a little ready cash. Mr. Fair was our first township Constable, and in this showed energy and business ability. Then he was Deputy Assessor, where, I think, he got by energy and fidelity, his first little raise of money. So "Jimmy" Fair, as we then called him, went ahead by the littles. Soon he went up into the mines, there developing energy and skill in management, which neither he nor any of his friends knew was there before. So thus on went young James G. Fair, till, in a few short years, he comes up to the surface, and is known to possess in his own name—and as far as I have ever learned, fairly and honestly gained money—solid gold and silver in real value running up into the millions. Then the next we hear of our "Jimmy" Fair, he hails us from the Senate of the United States.

There are others equally deserving which I should like to name, but my limits admonish me that I must desist at this point.

Now, dear boys, while I name these as samples for you, I could give a list of the opposite class of boys, which would present a sad contrast. This latter class had equally good parents, and favorable opportunities, but they chose the ways of vice; they smoked and drank, and made associates of the vile; and some of them have already ended their days in the blackest infamy, so that I dare not mention their names in my book. Take these two classes of boys, which have come under my notice just here in the last twenty-five years, and the wise man's declaration is seen to be literally true: "The memory of the just is blessed; but the name of the wicked shall rot."—Prov. 10:7.

In the fall of 1852, after we got settled on our new place, our only daughter, Elizabeth D., was born—since married to Capt. George A. Allen, they now having four living children, their oldest having died when a year old. Their children are all healthy, smart, and active, and in school, except the baby.

Our three boys are all married, and living off in different parts of California.

We had one son born in California, Franklin Carpenter, a child of lovely promise, but taken off to the better home when only ten years of age. See the notice of his death below:—

OBITUARY.

FRANKLIN C. WAUGH, youngest son of Rev. L. Waugh, was born near Petaluma, January 30, 1865. When but four years old he became thoroughly opposed to the vices of drinking, chewing, smoking, and swearing; and was a faithful member of the "California Youth's Association," and left his diploma therein unsullied.

Many of the temperance friends will remember "Little Frank" as he stood up with his shrill, happy, childlike voice in advocacy of his principles, while traveling with his father. Obedient to the command, "Honor thy father and thy mother," he needed no rod of correction, and seemed

pleased with everything in the direction of reverence and devotion to God. We commend and honor men of marked ability, although too often they are slaves to vice; most certainly greater honor should be given to a noble-hearted boy, who stands firm in every virtuous principle, and sets his face firmly against vicious and filthy habits. His whole bearing was serious and gentlemanly, and he was careful of the feelings of all with whom he mingled. He died as he lived, peacefully and bravely, and is now, doubtless, with Him who said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Then let our sorrows cease to flow,
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts in every woe,
Still say—Thy will be done.

W. S. BRYANT.

CHAPTER XXV.

Valley Lands About All Vacant—Plenty of Game, Fowl and Fish—Whales Often in Sight—Coyotes—Bucking Horses—Spanish Stock—Extract from the First Magazine—My Home—Gen. M. G. Vallejo—My Benefactor.

DEAR children: When we reached the Pacific Coast in the fall of 1852, after our four months' journey across the plains, the greater body of those beautiful valley lands still lay as nature had formed them, and not a hedge or fence to obstruct the traveler in any direction he might wish to go. Up to this time, the people coming both by land and sea, as a general thing, would pass indifferently over those lovely valleys and go for the gold mines, and with the idea generally that soon they would "strike it rich," "make their pile," and then "go back to the States." And at that time, too, the wild game was abundant; antelope, deer, and bear, and along the low lands on the Sacramento and Russian Rivers and coast-hills elk were plenty, and of the howling coyotes there were more than any white man could number. Of

fowls, in the proper season, there was any quantity. The beautiful, delicious California quail were about as plenty as at the old time named in the book of Numbers, eleventh chapter, when with a wind "from the Lord" the quails were blown over from the coast to Moses and the children of Israel. All kinds of good-eating water-fowl were numerous. Then, too, the streams, and bays, and ocean were full of fish, and so, also, alive with seal, otter, sea-lions, and often a great school of spouting whales in sight.

I have seen in those times the beautiful, red-meated salmon crowding up the comparatively small streams from the ocean so thick that you could stand on a ripple and pitch them out, and so load a horse in but a short time. The fish would weigh from ten to twenty pounds, and besides being most delicious eating when fresh, could be readily salted and barreled up for eating after the run was past, for these fish only leave the sea and enter the fresh water at a certain season or time in the year.

Then the fish called the salmon-trout, a fine fish, some of them two feet long, could be caught in those fresh water streams. And the speckled trout were abundant, these California trout being black speckled instead of having the red speckles as those back in the East have.

The only stock then plenty was the Spanish cattle and horses. These cattle, too, were inclined to be wild, and often dangerously vicious. Many of these Spanish horses, too, when backed would "buck," that is, jump quick, and high, and fast, and keep on bucking until something would burst or they burst themselves; their heels, often in this time of bucking, being much higher than their heads should be in ordinary movements.

And I tell you boys, it took a boy that was a boy to stick one of these clever bucking "broncos," as the Spaniards called them.

I know I got myself some remarkably interesting buck-offs from some of them; interesting, because I did not get my neck entirely broken.

About the only redeeming quality about these Spanish plugs is that they could be kept in a full lope all day, and next morning be as spry as ever, and ready to buck the rider off at once if they thought it best.

American stock of all kinds, in these early times, was very scarce and high in price; for instance, we sold one of our ordinary cows for $100 in gold. Hogs were few and high in price, and the same was true of all domestic fowls. Sheep had once been here, as could be seen by the scattered horns and old bones, but they were all gone. And the honey bees, I think, had never yet reached the Pacific Coast, and when they did come, shipped around

the Horn, a single hive would bring at least $100 in gold. Indeed it looked sad and strange to me to see no honey bees when seeing the great variety and most astonishing amount of lovely blossoms, everywhere delighting the eye and the nose.

Shortly, children, I must give you a chapter on our wild game, and some of the times we had in hunting. For the present I will clip a scrap from the old *Hutchings Magazine*, the first magazine, I think, ever published in California, which presents a hint at those early times we are here speaking of. I would remark here, however, that the coyote, so very abundant in early times in this part of California, has now nearly disappeared.

The Digger Indians regarded these coyotes with a kind of sacred reverence, and so they were always special friends, and when I began to shoot them down for their sly, thievish tricks, these Diggers took their part and were mad with me. In those early times, if a horse was staked even near by your house, Mr. Coyote would often cut the lariat and let the horse run off. And I know they were mean enough to have even ridden the horse off and then killed and eaten him, if they had known just how to do it; and they did know just how to do many a mean trick, and many of them I caught at it, and made them pay all the fine suit they had as forfeit, for coyote skins make beautiful robes.

CUNNING TRICKS OF THE CALIFORNIA COYOTE.'

FATHER LORENZO WAUGH.

Speaking about frontier life, new settlements, and characteristics of wild animals, I will pen you a brief sketch of my coyote experience. After coming across the plains in the year 1852, I settled five miles north of

the spot now occupied by the town of Petaluma. The place up to that time had been "passed by on the other side" by all the immigrants, as the main or most usually traveled road to Bodega was through Santa Rosa, or by the "Old Adobe" and Petaluma. Everything was new and there was not a house in a line between me and town. It being autumn, we wintered in a kind of redwood camp; but the next spring built a redwood house, and prepared for comfort, as well as we could. I purchased a brood sow for $40, and my wife bought a sucking pig for $10, cash. I also bought a number of hens at a high figure; the amount at this moment I do not recollect, but I recollect well that the roosters cost me at the rate of $60 per dozen.

"We had hardly more than got comfortably situated, when my wife left on a visit to an old friend in "'Frisco," as the metropolis was then called, and charged me to be particularly careful of her hens; and so, indeed, I was. But somehow or other, when she got back and had a chance to make a survey of the roost, she earnestly affirmed that "More than a dozen are gone!" and among the missing was her favorite Shanghae rooster.

"Well, I told her I had not heard a squall, and could not account for the loss. For the life of me I could not tell one chicken from another, while my wife, on the contrary, knew every possible difference, color, name, age, and feather; and during the night, she scarcely slept a wink on account of her grief, and listening for the attack of the foe to her chickens, and to her peace of mind.

"Just as day began to dawn, she softly awakened me, told me to take my gun, go out and see what I could discover about the hen-house. So, yager in hand, I slipped out, and sure enough, there was one of your coy-

otes—sleek, fat, silent, sly, and seemingly as innocent as a lamb. He stood at the corner of the hen-house, with his eyes upon the elevated door, ready to take the first chicken that should light upon the ground. I blowed daylight through him, as your hunters would say; when out came my wife, just as she sprang from the bed, hurrahing for my success. The yellow rascal had succeeded in killing the chickens, one by one, without allowing them an opportunity to raise a noise about it.

"The above circumstance induced me to watch out in future for coyotes, not only in relation to my wife's chickens, but to my sow and her pigs. One very wet day, I heard the old sow making a fussing noise just below the house, and going down toward her, there stood Mr. Coyote at a new trick, which I was curious enough to notice, as long as it was safe for our costly pigs. The cunning rascal would, with great apparent earnestness, advance towards the sow, as though he intended to catch her, which she would resent by bounding at him with open mouth; and for some twenty yards, on a run, she would seem just ready to grab and tear him to pieces, when, all at once, he would bound back at full speed, leaving the infuriated mother in the midst of her folly, and his chase for a pig would be very spirited till she came up again. A shot, however, from "old yager," convinced him that lead was good for paying off the score, and he settled his final account in quick time.

"I might mention, too, that one day, during the absence of my wife, spoken of above, a young man rode up to my house, in great haste, and exclaiming, "Get your gun, and come down to the big tree below," hurriedly rode off. I left my cup of coffee, and, following the man, found a black bear, panting, on the first big branch of

the big tree, but a short distance from my house. It was the work of but a few minutes to make him acquainted with my "old yager;" and he proved to be most delightfully fat, as fine a piece of meat as ever was dressed by a hunter. The young man was not acquainted with bear, and did not exactly know what the creature was. He found him crossing the Petaluma plain, going towards the Sonoma Mountains, and ran him with his horse till the bear felt it prudent to climb.

"My experience in many a backwood's adventure had made me pretty thoroughly conversant with the animal, and I picked him out at the first shot."

Well, the important thing to every one in seeking a new home, is not only to get a pleasant place, nicely located, and with pleasant surroundings, but to try and see that the title itself is good. The old saying has truth in it, "A home is a good thing if it is ever so homely, if only it is your own home." The two young men I bought of, said they thought the place to be Government land, and others, that it was on General Vallejo's Petaluma Grant. The General was then living over in the Sonoma Valley. So I rode over, and found him at home, described to him the place where I was located, and told him my purpose was to secure a home to stay on, and so if the place was on his grant to try and make the arrangement to secure the title; that I was an old, worn-out Methodist preacher, and with a young family, which I wished to raise and provide for. And just here Gen. M. G. Vallejo won my esteem, which events and times since have only brightened and greatly strengthened.

Said the General, giving me his hand again, "We

welcome you to California, with your family; you are the kind of men we want, families come to stay, to make their homes, and to cultivate our beautiful lands. God made this beautiful country for people to live in." "I know," said he, "the place where you have stopped, and I do not know whether it is on my grant or not, when the land is surveyed, then we shall know. I appreciate your efforts in trying to instruct and benefit mankind, and especially your efforts among the Indian tribes, as you have informed me. Now you go right on where you are, if that place suits you; make your improvements, make them good, and feel yourself at home." Striking his breast with his hand, and then with the index finger touching his great forehead, he said, "I tell you to-day, if that place proves to be mine when surveyed, you shall have a home, and it will not matter about your money, whether it is much or little."

I believed the General, I believed every word he told me; and you, children, will say I was right, when I tell you, directly, just how this whole matter came out.

Soon after this, I received a letter from General Vallejo, written in Spanish, simply recounting and confirming what he had said to me in our interview. I am sorry I have lost this letter, for I should give it to you in this sketch if I had it.

We remained on that place about nine years; and until we had bearing fruit trees, and vines, and the greater portion of 160 acres fenced with good material, gotten out and hauled some fifteen or twenty miles from the redwood forests. All this time unsettled land titles were causing much trouble and anxiety over most of the State.

In the meantime, a sprightly man, but a short time

from Salt Lake, headed what was termed a *Settlers' League*, the professed object of which was to guard against imposition from land claimants, and to guard the rights of honest settlers.

Finally General Vallejo's Petaluma Grant was surveyed and the lines declared settled. The General himself, about this time being called off for a time by the death of a brother, leaving his land business in charge of his lawyer, this lawyer, of course having the legal power of attorney to sell land. And so, before I knew anything about it, my place was sold, the man buying it not even letting me know of his wish to buy it. This purchaser immediately brought suit to eject me; and also for the sum of $3,000 damage to the land—which damage could only be construed to be, and embrace all the valuable improvements I had put on the land, then including a nice little vineyard and orchard, bearing fruit. General Vallejo's lawyer, who had sold my place, was acting as attorney for his purchaser in the suit against me.

When the astonishing word came to me, that my place was sold over my head, and I sued for heavy damages, instead of a shock, I felt at once a sweet calm come over my spirit, and the force and working of the blessed truth as I think I had never so realized before: "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." So I just went on in perfect peace and hope, and when summoned to court I attended, securing an able lawyer, a man himself a lover of justice, and firm and sincere in his love and devotion to God, Hon. D. O. Shattuck. In the meantime, General Vallejo returned and was again in his business office in San Francisco, and sent for me to come at once down to see him. And so I went, and found the General seemingly in his usual

pleasant mood, and with a most expressive smile and a few rather jocular remarks, he introduced our land matter saying:—

"Well Mr. O. has bought your place over your head, I am told, and without notice either to me or you. But," said the General, "this is about the way things are going now—all for self. My lawyer knew very well I did not wish your place sold in any such way; and as for Mr. O., nothing better might be expected of him, as he was long in league with Joe Smith and Brigham Young, and they were in league with the devil. Mr. O., too, was the head of the Settlers' League, sworn, of course, to guard and protect all the rights of you settlers, which in his case meant take care of self and let the devil take the balance."

"Now," said General Vallejo, "you may think I am just like the rest, ready to sacrifice my word and honor for a little money or land—*all for self.* But I will convince you this is not the case; M. G. Vallejo is not that kind of a man, and does not intend to be."

"I remember all I told you," said the General, "and all I wrote you. And now I want you to say just what will make you safe and whole in this matter."

"Well," said I, "as I told you the first time we met, all I wish is a home here, where I can live and take care of my family; a home which is within the reach of my means, which I can get and have a good title."

"Land," said the General, "is plenty. God made it for us, and I have plenty of it yet. You just say where you wish a home. There is a tract of 320 acres near you, a fine place, too, nicely watered. A place I had intended for one of my boys. If that place will suit you, and make you safe, you go to your attorney, and

have him make you out a deed for that land, and bring it to me."

I went, had the lawyer fill out the deed properly, and returned with it to General Vallejo. He read it over, then added "all right; you come with me," and entering with him a Notary's office, he acknowledged it his act, and subscribed his signature, and paid all fees. Then turning to me he said: "Here, this secures you a home, which these pledged friends of yours cannot disturb."

I of course thanked the General with all my heart. And now, for more than twenty years since, I have found General Vallejo just the same, candid, open-hearted, just and honest man I found him on my first reaching California, thirty years ago. On the homestead he gave me, I still have a most lovely little home, and which I expect to enjoy, with God's blessing, until, as I humbly trust, I shall be called to enter that building of God—"an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And may General Vallejo and I be near enough in the new country and the eternal habitation, to often hold a communion season together. Amen.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Home Matters Settled—Began My Temperance Work Among the Children—Constitution and Odes—The Work Commended—Blessed Helps Now at Work—The Good Woman—Dr. R. H. McDonald.

DEAR children: In this chapter I have the pleasure to inform you that while I got our new home by the memorable kindness of Gen. M. G. Vallejo, I did not lose all that I had done on the place that was bought over my head by Mr. O. On returning with my deed

for the new place, which Mr. O. did not know I had as yet, I offered to sell him my claim on the old place at a reasonable price. This he refused. I then offered to leave it to three good men—he choosing one, I another, and these two a third. This, too, he then refused, saying he could soon law me off, and make me pay the damages. Well, I told him I had rights in the place, both in law and equity, having settled it, and made my improvments in good faith, and so it might cost him even many years to drive me off without some just compensation. So he went on with his ejectment-damage suit against me in court, but with poor success, so much so that his lawyer advised him to take my proposition, at once, and just leave it to good men.

This Mr. O. then agreed to do; and a good board of arbitrators were selected, and we both signed a bond to abide their decision. This board decided, (1) that Mr. O. should withdraw his suit in court against me, and pay all the costs himself; (2) that I should take everything off the place that I had put on it that I chose to take off, even the trees and vines; (3) that at a certain future date—giving good time for me to get off my improvements—I should give to Mr. O. my simple quit-claim deed of the land, on his paying me, at said date, a stated sum in United States gold coin.

So the thing was settled, and the work of moving off my improvements onto the new place was done in the time allowed. The whole thing turned out just about as my first calm impression had indicated to my spirit; and I had for my new home just twice the amount of land, and an undisputed title, and nearer to market, and every way more sightly and convenient, and, of course, I was more than ever confirmed in the truth of the good old doctrine that "Honesty is the best policy."

There was nothing now left to be done in the matter, only for Mr. O. to make his acknowledgment, and for me to forgive. This forgiveness I have long since arranged in my heart. My part done, Mr. O.'s acknowledgment has not yet come to hand. But we have since lived friends, as far as the circumstances could possibly allow. I am sure I can hope that Mr. O. may succeed in securing a good and pleasant home when called over into the other new country, as at this writing he and I are still journeying on in sight of each other, the old Jordan now in sight of us both.

After getting a little along with my hard work and my improvements, and my health being now good again, I felt the impression return that I should try and yet do something publicly for the moral improvement of the people. Some of my good brethren of the ministry asked me to engage again in the regular, itinerant work in California ; and on this I thought, and asked for light ; and my conclusion was that under all the circumstances this would not be really the best. My age and family, and the old fact of being a little below the present needful grade in education—though really no fault of mine—altogether I felt this was not now my duty.

But soon I did see the thing I should do, and my way perfectly clear and plain ; namely, to go out and talk, and work, and be a proper example among the children and youth. Among these I had all my life felt at home, and well knew this point to be, of all others, the available one in doing good, immediately and prospectively, for the masses of the people. I saw, too, the dreadful moral dwarfage, sin, and shame prevailing almost everywhere, induced by vicious habits begun among the children by the practice and example of

those who should know better, and act otherwise, the poisonous, filthy use of tobacco, drunkenness, and profanity, with all their legitimate train of sin and misery.

My light at this point was clear, and my duty plain, and I arranged to commence my work at Petaluma, my own home town. Then, as the way opened, I kept on traveling and working, until I traveled over much of the State, getting encouragement from many of the people, but occasionally jeers and opposition from those from whom this should have been least expected—even from those (improperly) called "followers of Christ," professed ministers of the pure gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God; some of these then assuming to be "ministers in holy things," being so utterly filthy in body, from years of incessant concretions from the filthy tobacco weed, that had they chanced to die and be exposed in the open plains, where the ravenous coyotes then roamed, even these voracious wolves would have passed them by with contempt, as being utterly unfit in poison and filth for even the stomachs of these hungry animals.

Well, I prepared for this work, and had really good success in it, considering all our disadvantages. Many hundreds of the children and youth, boys and girls, went heartily into it with me. Many of these, too, have faithfully lived our principles. And quite a number are gone, at the Heavenly Father's call, to increase the number of the "great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands," constituting the glorious kingdom, of which the blessed Saviour himself spoke, when he said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."

I had a little book published containing our little constitution, by-laws, pledge, and rules. Then I got up a nice lithograph diploma, and a beautiful seal. I also penned and published a number of little odes and speeches for the children, a few of which I will insert in this sketch; and also a few of the encouraging little things said by some good friends in the time of our early struggle in this good work. Here follows the constitution and the pledge, clipped from the first edition of our little book, also a few odes and little speeches :—

CONSTITUTION

OF THE

CALIFORNIA YOUTH'S ASSOCIATION.

ORGANIZED NOVEMBER, 1859.

Article 1.—This Association shall be known as the California Youth's Association.

Article 2.—The object of this Association is, to permanently secure to all the people in the future, the blessings of temperance and cleanliness, by embodying the children under a sacred and voluntary pledge of honor, to abstain from the use of all intoxicating drinks, as a beverage, and from the use of tobacco.

Article 3.—The members of this Association recognize, as important items of duty, the following :—

1st. The fear of the Lord, as "the beginning of wisdom."

2d. Obedience to parents—as accompanied by a most encouraging promise.

3d. Cleanliness, as indicated by all the operations and exhibitions of nature.

4th. Industry, as tending in itself to sobriety and health, contentment and wealth.

5th. The use of chaste and correct language—as opposed to all vulgarity and profanity.

6th. The accomplishment of all the good within their power, under the promptings of love—as having the fullest assurance that "Charity never faileth."

Article 4.—There shall be at least one Traveling Lecturer of this Association, who shall be endorsed by the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance, and who shall make minute reports, through that body, of all the facts of interest in relation to this Association; and who shall exercise a general oversight of all the branches, call meetings, appoint annual festivals, and in every possible way advance the interests of the Association.

Article 5.—The only initiating formula shall be, attaching the name to the Constitution, and the payment of twenty-five cents; and fifty cents additional may be paid annually, if needed, to sustain the Traveling Lecturer.

Article 6.—There shall be kept in each branch a department of record, male and female, in which to preserve the names of friends who may make voluntary contributions to aid the children in supporting the Traveling Lecturer; and for all sums thus contributed the children will tender a vote of thanks; and the amount will always be placed opposite the name of the donor.

Article 7.—There shall be elected in each branch annually, two Secretaries, and two Treasurers—two girls and two boys. The duties of the Secretaries shall be, to take charge of the books, correspond with the Lecturer, etc.; the boys having charge of the male department, and the girls of the female department. The duties of the Treasurers shall be, to receive and disburse the funds under the Constitution, always taking receipts; and at every meeting the condition of each department shall be announced. Each officer may choose his own assistant, without respect to age.

Article 8.—All the business of the Association shall be conducted on the simple score of honor, and under the usual parliamentary regulations of deliberative bodies.

Article 9.—There will be kept a department of record, male and female, in which every member may have placed the names of adult persons whom they may get to practically indorse the principles of this Association. And it shall be the duty of the Traveling Lecturer, at the annual festivals, to see that a reward be publicly bestowed on every member who, for the past year, has been faithful in the observance and spread of all the principles of the Association.

PLEDGE.

I do hereby voluntarily pledge my honor that I will abstain from the use of all intoxicating drinks, as a beverage, and also from the use of tobacco.

ODES.

OUR PRINCIPLES. [L. M.]

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.—SOLOMON."

We'll fear the Lord, the holy One,
Who made the earth, the stars, the sun,
His name is holy. "God is love,"
He rules below, he reigns above.

The mountains high his praise proclaim,
The ocean's voice is, *fear his name*;
The rain-drops, as they countless fall,
Say, "Children, see, God loves you all."

The earth in beauteous, waving green,
Says, "Children, see, here God is seen."
And ripening fruits, and fields of grain
Say, "God is love," in language plain.

The blossoms as they greet the breeze,
Say, "Children, see, God loves to please,"
And dew-drops, smiling in the light,
To children say, "Be pure, do right."

And gurgling streams of water clear,
O, what say they? Be still and hear:
"We're old as life; we're Adam's ale,
Without us, life itself would fail."

The Lord is good; his name we'll fear,
And love him more each fleeting year;
And when from earth we're called away,
With him we'll live in endless day.

L. WAUGH.

OUR BOW IN THE CLOUD.

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS. [C. M.]

"Honor thy father and thy mother." (Matt. 15th chapter, 4th verse.)

Our parents dear we will obey,
And heed th' advice they give;
We'll strive to please them every day,
And gladly with them live.

Our parents, yes, we will obey,
There's none to us so dear;
They've cared for us both night and day—
There's none to us so near.

When infants in their arms we lay,
And fed upon the breast,
They prayed for us—all parents pray
Their children may be blessed.

Our parents, yes! They love indeed,
They'd risk for us their life;
Could we then cause their hearts to bleed?
By ways unkind—and strife.

Our parents, no, we'll not distress,
Nor cause them pain or fear.
We hope to live their age to bless—
In death, their hearts to cheer.

Our parents, yes, we hope to see,
And live with them in love,
Beyond death's rough and turbid sea
In brighter worlds above.

L. WAUGH.

INDUSTRY. [L. M.]

Industry is of God designed,
(A rule as old as life and time)
And for the body and the mind,
Is needful all, in every clime.

All nature, in its healthful state,
Is found in motion on this rule;
The little streams—the ocean great,
The sporting winds—the waving pool.

The worms of earth—the birds of air,
The tribes of fish—the insect race,
The beasts unnumbered, everywhere,
Industry is their living grace.

And shall not we this law obey,
And active in our spirit's might,
Go out in science every way,
And truth explore—and *love and light.*

O, yes! our being must improve!
Creation is a vast expanse;
It has its seas of perfect love,
'Tis varied all, and not by chance!

Its maker is the God above,
He is the source of life and light;
He is himself the fount of love,
His works, how great! and all are right!

L. WAUGH.

FRANK'S SPEECH.

Dear ladies all and gentlemen,
The temperance cause I advocate;
I'm four years old. you'll hear me then,
While now my views I briefly state.

And *first*, I'll say tobacco's use
Is anti-temperance every way;
It is of nature sad abuse,
It's filthy, oh! too bad to say!

And *secondly*, the whisky trade
Is worse than war in every land;
Our brightest hopes beneath it fade,
And love and peace all blighted stand.

And *thirdly*, friends, I'll state to you
How temperance may triumphant be;
And how we may those foes subdue,
And all be happy, brave and free.

Tobacco let the worms subdue,
And children, all, drink water clear;
Oh then shall earth rejoice anew.
And angels shout a holy cheer!

L. WAUGH.

WILLIE'S SPEECH.

Once with my father, long ago,
In old Virginia State,
When in the field to plow and hoe,
We found a monster great.

It was a snake—an awful snake!
A rattlesnake!—O, la!
Its head was flat, its tail did shake,
And such teeth you never saw!

My father caught him with some sticks,
Then with tobacco juice
He fill'd his mouth, to see what tricks
His snakeship would produce.

And would you think, they let him go!
And tricks, I guess he did:
He roll'd and heaved, and tried to blow,
And then was stiff and dead!

My father is a man, thinks I,
For he tobacco takes;
He smokes and chews, and yet don't die,
But still it kills the snakes. L. WAUGH.

Dear Children, I have only room now to give you the sentiments of a few of those who are your true friends. All the good are your friends.

Rev. Dr. Peck says: "Children of California, attend to Father Waugh's advice, and never use tobacco, intoxicating liquor, or profane language."

"DEAR CHILDREN: You have heard of Father Waugh. He is your friend. He has seen a great many children, and finds some in every neighborhood, fond of little snakes, taking them up, and keeping them secretly in their bosoms, without letting their parents know about it. Here the serpents grow, and when they are found out they are very fierce, so that nobody can take them away, and sometimes they get so ravenous

they eat nearly all the food, which the man needs for himself, and then he dies an awful death. It is called *Delirium Tremens.* These bright, lively little snakes are alcohol and tobacco. The first is the deadly one, but they generally go together; where one crawls the other follows, and then they coil and hiss each other. Father Waugh has something which kills them both—sure to do so with children and youth. Youth is the time when they get into their nestling place. Welcome him everywhere, children. Yours, affectionately,

E. S. LACY."

"FATHER WAUGH: I am glad to learn you are still progressing in your good work with the children. It is certainly the only sure way to check the great evils of intemperance. Your efforts in this direction meet my most hearty approbation. Having been for years a teacher of the youth, I can fully appreciate the great benefits of your labors, and sympathize with you in all the difficulties and anxieties which you necessarily meet in the discharge of your arduous duties.

If you can, please visit Nevada Territory and spread your good work among us, it would no doubt be attended with much good. We have children here, as elsewhere, exposed to the evils of intemperance.

Come over with your good work and help us.

E. A. SCOTT.

Supt. Pub. Instruction, Humboldt County, Nevada.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 6, 1863.

"FATHER WAUGH—*Dear Sir:* The formation of good habits is as much a part of the education of youth as the cultivation of the intellectual faculties. God speed you in your efforts to educate the children of

California to habits which shall make them useful members of society. There is a great and pressing need of earnest action in the field of labor which you have chosen. May your success be commensurate with your labors, and with your most sanguine hopes.

"Yours cordially, JOHN SWETT,
Supt. Pub. Instruction."

"I most cheerfully indorse the above note of Mr. Swett. D. B. CHENEY."

"SAN FRANCISCO, April 6, 1863.

"It gives me great pleasure to commend the words and labors of Father Waugh to the children of California, and to ask them to heed his advice and warning concerning drunkenness, profanity, and the use of tobacco. Nobody would buy a ticket in a lottery that offered no prizes. Let the children remember that while myriads have been ruined, no person was ever made wiser, nobler or more eminent by chewing, drinking, and irreverence. TH. STARR KING."

"DEAR CHILDREN OF CALIFORNIA: With all my heart I can recommend you to adopt and faithfully live the principles recommended in the work of Father Waugh. Yes, dear youth, never learn the habit of using intoxicating liquors, tobacco and profanity.

F. E. R. WHITNEY."

This is "FRANK WHITNEY," children, our Dashaway friend. L. W.

"CHILDREN: Liquor, tobacco, and profanity are a three-horse team that will carry you to destruction. Jump into Father Waugh's wagon, and you can have a safe and pleasant journey through life, and at the end reach a joyful home. Your friend, H. GIBBONS."

"CHILDREN: The Upas Trees of the world are rum and tobacco: touch not, taste not, handle not their fruit. Hitherto, reformers have been content to cut off some of their branches, or simply to girdle the trees; but Father Waugh lays the axe to their roots. God grant that he may tear up every root and fibre of them! If the children are saved, there will be no need of societies to reform the old. This little book is the leaven for the temperance world. I hope, children, it will have your prayers for its success, and your hearts and arms for its defense. W. J. MACLAY."

OUR SEAL.

THE BAND OF HOPE

Is since in successful operation in this good work, for the accomplishment of the same blessed object, namely, the salvation of the youth. I can say in truth, I traveled and worked in this training association all that was in my power to do, and until I was necessarily compelled to leave off to attend to my home affairs. And my heart is as ever to-day deeply enlisted in this work with the dear children and youth, though fully realizing that it will be impossible for me to attempt to do much

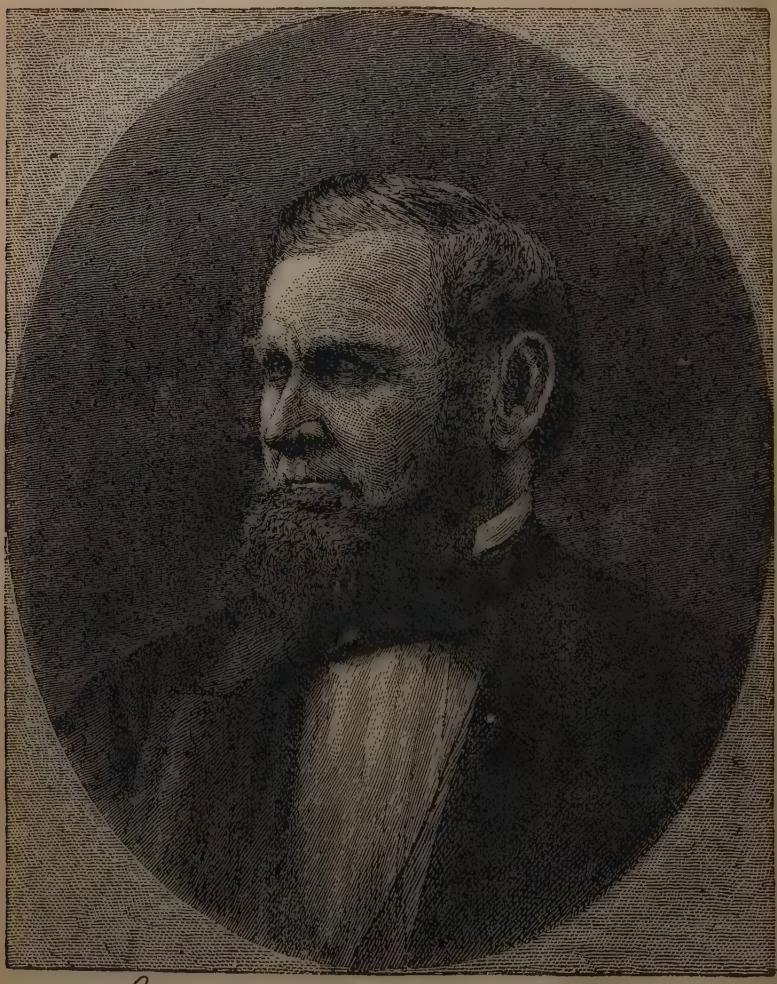
more in it. But I am greatly cheered that there is a powerful interest awakened in this direction, and that many of our best women and men are now working for the reformation of our race directly by the care, instruction, and rightful training of our children.

Our noble W. C. T. Union, and indeed, all our temperance and reformatory orders, are now more than ever awake, and effectively at work at this all-important point. And this, in time, will be followed by effective legislation, as I have not now the least doubt—legislative *prohibition* that will *prohibit* in the habitual use of all intoxicating drinks—as I am now fully convinced that nothing short of this will ever remedy the terrible evil of strong drink.

The noble stand taken at this point by Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco, I wish, for one, to say, should entitle him to the esteem of every lover of God and of our common humanity, as standing in the front rank of all our noble patriots and true philanthropists. His timely and telling expose of "the twin evils, tobacco and strong drinks," with the "prize essays" elicited from the children in our schools on these evils, are destined in the near future to have a blessed effect in righting up, and purifying, with God's blessing, our demoralized, degraded condition in human society under the miserable reign of these twin evils, and the consequent association of all the other evils with them. Those institutions of learning on the other hand, where the reign of these evils is tolerated and indulged, will, in the final issue, be a curse rather than a blessing in human society, inspiring, as indulgence in these evils everywhere does, illicit liberty, deranged, inordinate passions, and even infidel bombast and opposition to God, and to all law, human and divine. It does not matter

how well institutions of learning may be professored and chaired, if these "twin evils" are allowed their control, society will in the end be the loser. For if we have to have savages, we had as well, or better, have them in ignorance. Educated savages are the more dangerous, and of late we have been having them, until law itself has almost seemed a farce. The pulpits, university, college, and common school chairs, occupied with men who are under the control of these "twin evils," should be vacated at once, under the force of moral indignation —for all such public men stand as public-pest waymarks, pointing the unwary youth into the wrong road—the broad way, leading down through worthlessness and shame to ruin, as the end. The small-pox pest-smitten Chinaman, lying at the crossings of our great public thoroughfares, should no sooner be removed than those above-named morally, physically diseased men, pointing, as they do, with singular force and emphasis to the youth, to take this road to shame and ruin. Oh, I am grieved beyond power to express it, to see a professed gospel-preacher or school-teacher foul with tobacco, and drinking strong drinks—the one or the other, or both together. Surely no Christian church should encourage a tobacco-using, tippling preacher, and no school board should ever employ such and put them in charge of our dear children and youth.

Dear children, as I feel sure you have no truer, kinder friend on this Pacific Coast than Dr. R. H. McDonald, I take great pleasure in giving you here a sketch of his face. He is president of the Pacific Bank, and resides in San Francisco.



Truly Yours
P. H. McDonald.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A Hunt Near Suisun—Two Fine Elk Killed—Again Another Fine Buck Elk—Bear and Bear-Hunting—The Cinnamon More Desperate than the Grizzly—Tom Trosper in a Desperate Bear-Fight—Dr. Jenner Shoots and kills a Wounded Cinnamon.

DEAR children, I promised you a little sketch of some of our game, and hunting excursions in California, and I must now attend to this, as I would not have you disappointed, and as all children are fond of hearing true accounts of camping, hunting, fishing, etc. The first hunting I did in California was during the month I stopped in camp in the Suisun Valley. At that time (1852) the elk were still plenty, so with a couple of friends, our small wagon, and hunting ponies, we drove some eight or ten miles through the plain, and over some rolling hills, and camped at a nice spring of water in sight of the Sacramento River. The wild oats being breast high, and there being nothing in this range but the wild game, the elk, then, most of the day kept themselves on the lowlands, and in the high rushes near the river, but coming out in the afternoon to feed on the oats and clover. So, after resting in camp awhile, we all struck out for the afternoon hunt. I rode on my pony alone up to the hill, there to look out for my game; and looking off down towards the river, I saw a large buck elk, with a tremendous head of horns, coming slowly out on his well-beaten trail. So I rode back over a little hill and tied my pony to the high oats, there being no trees or bushes near. Then, gun in hand, came back, keeping down in the oats until I could again sight my old buck, which was then coming leisurely up his trail. So, I took my position about sixty yards off from the

trail, and when the elk came opposite I gave a whistle, and he stopped, and there he stood in all his grand proportions—the largest game I had ever encountered, only the buffalo on the plains. But I was able to take my aim with direct precision, not feeling a move of the dreaded "buck-ague," with which young and excitable hunters are often taken on the sudden approach of game, and thereby losing the chance for meat. This being my first elk, I had all to learn. But just at the proper moment I fired my faithful old yager, with its ounce

ball, striking the buck directly through the heart—as I afterwards found to be the case. But in place of a desperate leap, as a deer would do, this old elk stood perfectly still, seemingly looking around to see where the report came from. Then, turning around, he started, as though he intended walking back the way he came, but in a few minutes he fell dead, and there he lay in all his beautiful proportions—a lovely piece of fresh meat—weighing, I should say, about 600 pounds. My comrades soon came around, and before dark we had him safely hauled with our team into camp—this being strictly

necessary, for had we left him out until next morning, the wolves would have made mince-meat of him. So we had a fine supper, and then a good night's rest; and the next morning one of the other hunters picked him a fine young elk out of a band feeding in sight of our camp, and we had all the meat we wished for the hunt, and so returned the same day, leaving elk still in sight, feeding on the range.

Years after this, when up in the mountains between Russian River and Clear Lake, I killed another very large, fat buck elk. This time I also had two men with me. As we were going down into a beautiful little valley, where I knew of a fine spring of water where we intended camping for the hunt, just as we got in sight of the spring we saw four large buck elk making off up the opposite hill, having been down for water. The men said the elk were too far off for our rifles to reach them. I told them that with my gun I could hit one; then ranging high and making the needed allowance by the eye's measurement, which I had long practiced, the first shot I struck one of the largest, breaking its thigh, so it being fat and heavy and going up hill, went but a few steps until it lay down in our sight. So then, leaving my pony with the boys, I went up the hill till I got around above it, having told the boys to wait and watch and I would drive it back down into the valley, and this I had no trouble in doing as he came on down, going directly to the spring, where, under a fine shading oak, I shot him down. So we had our large, fat elk exactly at the spot where we were to camp—on nice ground to dress and take care of the meat.

We found the elk exceedingly fat, and we "jerked" it all nicely—that is, we sliced it up, salting it a little—

then putting it on clean sticks, and on a scaffold with a little fire to keep off the flies, we dried it nicely in the sun. Then adding some fat deer, we had all the meat we could bring home on our pack animals; and no marrow-bones ever brought into the hunter's camp can at all equal those of the fat elk marrow, as white as snow, and as rich and delicious as any luxury could possibly be.

I have had other interesting elk-shooting since that time in California, but cannot detain to give you here further details, as I must give you a little sketch of our bear and bear-hunting in California.

There are here some four kinds of bear, namely, the old-fashioned black bear, the small dark brown chemissal bear, the cinnamon bear, and the far-famed grizzly bear—the two latter being much the same in size when fully grown—and my judgment is, with my experience among the bear, that if any odds the cinnamon bear,

taken all in all, is really the more dangerous bear to mankind of the two. And just here I will give you a few cases which I know to be true, and you will see by these the truth of the statement just made.

Just over the Sonoma Mountain from my place, I think it was in 1853, a gentleman coming around the mountain on a rainy afternoon, and seeing just above him a large cinnamon bear, he drew down his rifle intending to give it a dead shot, but his gun having become wet, would not fire. The bear by this time was coming in angry haste for him, so he made an effort to climb into a tree near which he was, and he did get up a little and hold of a limb; but the bear by this time was there, and making a reach for him, and with both his fore-paws and great nails, it tore him down from the tree on to the ground. He said afterwards that the bear would have pulled his arms off from his body if he could have held on strong enough to the tree. Then the bear chewed and mashed him until it thought him dead, then walked off a little distance and sat down, but seeing him move, returned and mashed another shoulder, and then left. This being the custom of all bears, as far as I know, to retire awhile after killing their game and returning again to enjoy their feast.

This poor man lay for a time almost as a dead man, but again revived, and dragged himself down to his cabin, which was down a little below him, and strange to us all, he lingered along and finally did get around again, but crippled for life.

After this, and no great distance from the same place, a Mr. Patten, then my neighbor, went off on a little hunt, having a friend with him, and camped in the mountains for the night. The next morning they started

out separately on the hunt. Mr. Patten had gone but a short distance till he discovered a large cinnamon bear feeding on the clover, and a smaller bear feeding with it; and there being a point of timber near, Patten made for this timber so as to get near enough for a good shot without the bears seeing him. But just as he got to a tree nearest the bear, and from which he intended to shoot; looking out he saw the big bear had got the wind of him and was coming, evidently in a rage, for him. He watched for a moment until he could get a nice bead at a fatal spot, then pulling trigger at the proper time—being cool and steady, for Mr. Patten was a brave man and could shoot—the gun would not fire. The bear being near, he threw down the gun and took up the tree—those oak trees, many of them, having limbs down in reach of the ground, as was the case with this one. But the furious old cinnamon could reach the low limbs too, and so up he came after Patten, and soon was near enough to take hold of Patten's foot, which it did in terrible venom. Patten had on shoes, and the bear's great teeth struck in just below the ankle, then with a downward jerk it took the flesh of the heel and the shoe off together, and letting all holds go it fell to the ground, where, in a fury, it tore the shoe to pieces, then looking up at Patten—still in the tree—it again started for him. Then, as Mr. Patten told me himself, he thought his time had come, as he had no way to get out of the reach of the furious old cinnamon. He said his whole life seemed to spread itself before him in astonishing detail, and even the condition of his family after he should be eaten up by the bear. And just as it got almost where it would take hold of him, he thought of his shot-pouch hanging around his neck, so in attempt-

ing hastily to pull this off he pushed off his hat which fell on the bear's nose, and it snapped it into its mouth, and letting all holds go as at first, down it went to the ground. Then, with the hat still in its mouth, it walked off some sixty yards, laid down and tore and chewed the hat up.

THE BEAR PURSUING MR. PATTEN.

Then, after a time, it walked off, as though it was looking for its companion, which by this time had gone off out of sight. Mr. Patten said he came down from the tree in terrible agony, and weak from the loss of

blood ; so weak that he should soon have fallen off from the tree anyway. His friend came, and Patten was gotten to his home, where I visited him myself, getting all these particulars from his own mouth. He had a painful, lingering time, but finally got well again.

One other case I must here give you of those cinnamon bears :—

Before I came to California I knew a boy by the name of Thomas Trosper, and who then, as a boy, was a noted marksman, an expert with a rifle. This young man I again met in California in early times, and "Tom," as we used to call him, was death on bear, and never known to show any fear, but usually got the biggest of them down if he ever went after them. A young friend of his came out from the city, full of bravery and spoiling for a bear-hunt, in which he might have the chance to exhibit his fearless bravery.

So Tom took him out. Tom lived near where the bear lived. Finally Tom saw three cinnamon bear feeding on a little clover-flat, and crawling to a favorable place, opened fire, and with his old muzzle-loading, long-trusted rifle, soon had the three all down, as though about dead, in the clover ; while the other brave hunter stood as in amazement and dread, simply looking on. So Tom, loading afresh, walked cautiously on down, keeping his eye on the bear, the brave young hunter near his heels. Just, however, as Tom was getting almost to the big bear, intending to bleed him good with his large butcher-knife, which he always carried in his belt up jumped the bear. Tom raised his gun in an instant, intending to give him the needed fatal shot ; but old cinnamon was a little too quick, and, with its great paw, sent Tom's gun whirling some twenty feet down the hill,

and, with no delay, took hold of Tom. But Tom, knowing now well that a square fight was on hand, and that death was to be the result of one if not of both of the parties, had his big knife at once in hand.

The bear in its first grab had Tom's thigh full in its mouth, holding on and biting in desperate vengeance, intending, no doubt, to get hold soon in a more fatal spot. Tom, with telling force and quick dashes, was, in the meantime, feeling with his tried old butcher knife up

TOM TROSPER'S BEAR-FIGHT.

through old cinnamon's bowels and stomach for her heart strings, and which, in but a little time, he accomplished, and old cinnamon opened her jaws and ran out her red, gory tongue, as her only remaining flag of truce, while Tom's big knife was still moving up through the center of her heart.

So cinnamon and Tom lay side by side, cinnamon dead, and Tom bleeding and terribly exhausted, but yet the smiling victor—Tom Trosper. Tom, after panting and

resting a little, got up, and looking round for his brave young hunter, saw him, sure enough; there he stood on the ground, with his arms reaching up, and his hands gripping a small tree, which he, in his fright, had thought he climbed to escape the fury of the bear, his gun being dropped, loaded, on the ground.

Tom looked at him a moment, and said: "Come off from there, you coward; just see me how I am torn up and bleeding, when you could have used your gun and broke the bear's neck if you had not been such a coward."

Tom Trosper got well, but will carry old cinnamon's well-defined marks with him to the grave.

Now, these cases of attack by the bears, not in defense of their cubs, or being wounded, were by the cinnamon bear; and, so far as I now remember, I have never heard of a grizzly bear thus attacking men. The grizzly bear, to defend her young cubs, will fight, and fight to the death. Grizzly bear, too, will fight if followed when wounded, and that without fear or favor.

All prudent bear-hunters are very careful how they follow a bear when wounded. I have followed several wounded bear myself, even without the aid of dogs, and by care and much caution, shot them again, and secured them.

Once I remember shooting a large cinnamon bear, its cub being with it; the cub, at once, climbed up into the top of a tree near by, while the old wounded bear ran with fury into a dense thicket, and down into a deep gulch, biting the brush as she ran. Dr. Jenner and I then followed her with much caution, until we could hear her breathing and fussing just over a little ledge of rocks. The doctor then climbed noiselessly upon the rocks

where he could see her, and, having a good repeating rifle, gave her some seven shots in rapid succession, and so, in quick time, she lay dead and harmless at our feet; whereas, had we been rash and in a hurry, both our lives might have been in great danger, as, usually, the last thing a wounded bear does is to bite something in desperate vengeance, and if nothing else can be reached, their own foot has to receive the deathly bite.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Bear and California Lions Death on Stock—Lions Shy, But Will Not Jump on a Hunter—Might Jump on a Woman or Children—I shot a Big Grizzly When Between Her and Her Cubs—A Family Party—A Lion in Camp—A Snake in the Brush—All Happy and Improved in Health.

DEAR children, at first thought in hearing of our shooting and killing game, as new settlers in a new country, some of you may be disposed to charge us with being cruel. But you should not make this charge hastily. As to the elk and deer, and other animals and fowl good for food, the great Creator, our Heavenly Father, no doubt, in his love and wisdom, intended these to assist man in settling up and peopling the earth, as he directed that they should do at old Babel, as there, it is said, "From thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth." The only wrong in securing this game would be in destroying or using it wastefully. This, of course, would be sin, and some new settlers in new countries have been, in this respect, egregious sinners, and so needing sincere repentance and effective reformation, or to deserve punishment by God and man.

After I have told you further of the cruelty of the bear and the California lions, you will say that we did right in killing them, and in getting them driven further back, and off from the good lands so happily arranged by the great Creator to be the pleasant homes for his children—the family of man.

Having had much experience in frontier life, and from a boy the ready use of the gun, and being among the early settlers in California, on the valley lands, it would, of course, be expected that I should do my part in killing and driving back the dangerous wild beasts from our beautiful valley lands, and the near lovely mountain ranges. This was rightfully expected of me, and I did my share probably equal to any new settler in the country. And now I must give you a few of the facts showing the character of our bear and the California lions.

Nearly all kinds of bear were dangerous to our stock; and in those early times they ranged down into all our valleys, and even on the beach of the Pacific Ocean. In the valleys they chased and often killed the stock; and along the beach, they fed on the whale and other fish then often driven ashore.

The power of a large bear on a living cow or ox was terrific and distressing. Once, when over near the coast, I saw a band of cattle seemingly in great excitement, and getting near, there I saw a full-grown cow running along with the others, and the hide torn loose on the top and sides of the shoulders, and pulled back near the loins, the upper part of the body being literally skinned off. The old grizzly bear had got hold at the place where the hide was torn loose, and tearing it thus back, then making a grab for a better hold—the cow in the meantime

in a desperate effort escaping, but so left as to die if not re-captured by the bear and killed.

Often in those early days, fine, valuable cows would be found dead and partly eaten up on the spot where they were attacked by these grizzly bear. I have seen horses, too, which had been terribly torn by the bear.

The California lions were then plenty, and ready in their sly way to do a full share in annoying, killing, and eating such stock as they took a liking to—colts, calves, pigs, and good mutton, as soon as it came around. These lions are really strong and powerful, and very active, but they are exceedingly sly. Their plan is never to have an open fight in any case, if they can avoid it, but they seem to enjoy a sly leap on almost anything which they want to kill. It is my judgment, though, after years of observation, that these California lions are afraid to attack a man—a hunter, in the woods—and that they never will do this unless it may be to protect their young ones. There are some hunters, though, who are fully of the belief that these lions would readily attack and kill a lone woman or children, if found in their range, and I rather incline to this belief, too, though I do not know of the truth of it myself; but of the fact that they are afraid to jump on a hunter, I am well satisfied. Once, when alone in the mountains, I walked through a small flat of high grass, to look off in the near canyon below, thinking, when going there, that I might continue on and go down, but on looking, gave it up and turned, coming back on the track I had gone in, when up jumped a large California lion, in, I think, less than ten feet of where I had passed going in, and ran for his life—fearing, as I have no doubt, that I had discovered him, and was coming back to kill him. I have

often seen in the mountains where these lions have killed large deer, then carried them off quite a distance, ate their fill, and covered them nicely up for future use.

There are many of these lions still in our California mountains; indeed, one was killed in the city limits of Petaluma during the last year. It had selected its hiding-place in a little grove of shrubbery planted by a gentleman, and was seen watching the children as they were passing. When Policeman Love went out to the spot for inspection, sure enough there was Mr. California Lion, instead of a big dog, as the children had thought him to be. So Mr. Love gave him the contents of his gun, and his hide is now stuffed, and on exhibition by the man of guns in the town. This will show you, children, the remarkably sly character of these lions, and at the same time their daring, adventurous nature.

I once knew one of these lions to jump on a fine dog which was running deer, and so killed the dog instead of the deer. The good hunting-dog will soon run the lion up a tree, if he once gets him started, but the lion will kill the best hunting-dog if he can get a chance to jump slyly on him—though even running after a fine deer.

But, children, I have the pleasure to tell you that in all my exposure to these ravenous wild beasts, I have never had a bite or a scratch. At the time of my first seeing the grizzly bear, I was terribly afraid of them, simply from what I had heard of them. But in getting acquainted with them, and the best way to manage them, I quite enjoyed a bear-hunt, and felt no more alarm in shooting one than in shooting a buck. Since living in California I have shot and killed a number of grizzly bears, and some of all the other kinds of bears. There was one time, I am now sure, I was contingently in much

danger of a terrible encounter with one of the most dangerous grizzly bears of the mountains.

I went with a company on a bear-hunt up on the Sulphur Creek, and made camp only a short distance from the now famous Geyser Springs. After resting in camp awhile, we struck off for the afternoon hunt, two and two in company, six of us in all. I had a young man with me from San Francisco—one who really had no experience in hunting. In passing into a fine clover-flat on the side of the mountain, I saw at once the signs of a large bear, and I knew that it would come there in the afternoon to feed, if nothing alarmed it. So I selected a secluded spot where we could watch the clover, and sat down, and in a short time we saw a large grizzly bear coming leisurely down the main bear-trail into the clover, and there being a little rise in the ground the bear walked over this, and was then out of our sight. But I knew it would halt there, as the main clover-flat was on that side, so I told my young friend that he must keep close by me, so that he might even hear me whisper to him; and that when we got in sight of the bear he must not shoot, on the peril of our lives, until I shot and gave him the word—but to have his gun ready. He said he would do so, and so we crept up in great care—and there was the bear only some thirty yards from us, picking its mouth full of the yellow clover-blooms. In those days I could shoot that distance, off-hand, and readily hit an inch-square spot, so I steadily held and waited till the bear raised its head, in doing which, it seemed to see us, and my young hunter said that in an instant all of its hair stood straight out from its body. But at the moment its head got turned so that I could see the butt of its ear, I steadily

pulled my trigger and down fell the bear—and, saying to my young friend standing by me, "now shoot—take good aim," I was pushing my ball down in haste as he shot, for then we had only the old muzzle-loaders. The bear still lying as it fell, I made ready, and walked cautiously up to within ten feet of it, and though seeing no move of the bear, I shot it again through the brain, the ball entering the skull on the side just forward of the ear. But in reality the first shot had done the work, disjointing the neck at its junction with the head, thus stilling all nervous action, so that as far as we saw, the bear

THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

never moved after it fell—but there it lay dead enough with its mouth still full of the rich clover-blooms.

Then I told my young hunter to find his bullet hole—as mine were both there plain enough to be seen. But not the sign of his bullet could be found. The truth was, he had missed it clear, never touching hair nor hide.

Now, the danger was, that we were exactly between this old grizzly bear and her cubs, which she had left up in the brush above the clover-flat; and had we not suc-

ceeded in killing her as we did, she would have demolished us at the risk of her own life.

Dear children, while I am sure you are interested in reading of our early times in California, our bear shooting, fighting, etc. (and I could give you much more of this), you will be pleased to have a little sketch of our more quiet campings-out—such as some of us have often enjoyed here in California—and, as I am now the oldest one of the company, having shared in those early times and scenes, you will be as readily pleased to hear it from me, probably, as from any one.

A well-arranged camp-out in California is really a rational and delightful thing. So I will describe the outfit and company in a few of these camp-outs and hunts. And in giving the particulars and incidents, I will use, on the whole, those of several times, having to be brief, without confining myself to a consecutive detail in any single trip.

We will start out with one of 1870. Here we are with two well-fitted-out spring wagons, a span of good horses to each. In these are two tents, plenty of blankets, change of raiment, the substantials of provisions—flour, crackers, bacon, hams, canned meats, pickles, dried fruits, sugar, coffee, tea, salt, pepper, mustard, etc.—with cooking and eating utensils just enough. No wines, cigars, or tobacco, and only one bottle of alcohol, and this to be used only in case of a scorpion's sting, or a snake-bite—neither of which, by the way, ever yet happened in a company of mine on a hunt.

In this company we have Judge T. H. Hittell, late State Senator from San Francisco; Mrs. E. Hittell, his wife; Miss Katie, now lately a successful graduate from the State University; Master Carlos Hittell, now an

artist, and young Franklin, his brother. We have, too, Mrs. Mary Killinger, from Lebanon, Pennsylvania—sister of Senator Hittell, and wife of Hon. J. W. Killinger, Member of Congress—and the son, Charles H. Killinger. Then, and by no means the least in importance, we have Lew Whitnal, our expert professional cook, versed in all that important science, so to be able to furnish every French dish, and also the "turtle soup," which latter, by the way, we had on the trip, catching our own fresh turtles in Austin Creek.

Well, all in readiness—guns, ammunition, fishing-tackle, all and everything—the first night out we camped on the beautiful timbered ridge over-looking Russian River.

Supper over in good time, all were soon sound asleep in tent, as from the little extra exertion in starting, and the day's travel, to rest and sleep were delightful. Along in the night, the voice of Mrs. Hittell was heard: "Theodore, Theodore, there is a California lion out there; get your gun."

"O," says the Senator, "never mind the lions, I am so sleepy."

"You get your gun; I tell you that lion will jump in here and take Katie."

"O," says the Senator, "Lew is lying here next the door. If the lion comes in, it will take Lew."

"No," said Mrs. Hittell, "it will not do that. Lew is old and tough, and Katie is young and tender. Get your gun, I tell you."

Then by this time all were wide awake, and the idea of Lew being safe because he was old and tough convulsed all into a roar of laughter—Lew joining in most heartily.

And so if Mr. Lion was there, he became disgusted with our disturbing roar of laughter and left, and we all were soon sleeping sweetly again, just as though there were no dangerous lions in the woods.

We moved the next day beyond the Russian River, into the great redwood grove which then stood there, almost untouched by the cruel axe-men, covering the bottom and hill-side lands along the Austin Creek. Some, soon after stopping, were seen measuring around the base of some of those redwood trees, some of the trees requiring a twine over thirty feet to reach around, while Mrs. Killinger was seen lying on her back looking up, to try to see the top of the trees. And she afterwards asserted that this was really the only way the top of the great redwood trees could be seen. On that afternoon we reached our intended camping-ground, in good time arranging our tents, and enjoying a happy night's rest.

In the morning, at break of day, Father Waugh was off for the first venison, intending to surprise the company before they were up. But in this he was disappointed, for hearing him shoot, all had hurried up, and he, on getting in sight with a fine deer, saw all out waving and hieing—giving him a hearty cheer. So Lew, in due time, invited the company to as fine a breakfast as any company ever enjoyed at the famous "Delmonico's." And now the sport and enjoyment fairly commenced. The Senator soon had his fishing-tackle full in order, and was off up the creek; and early in the afternoon came back with ninety-seven fine speckled trout. This, which much delighted and yet surprised the company, was no surprise to me, for I knew the Senator's ability among the mountain trout before this.

So when dinner came on, under Lew's extra skill, such eating was done as really surprised, indeed, rather alarmed, some of the new members of our company. But after this dinner all surprise and fears in that direction were laid aside, and every returning meal-time seemed only to have much increased the astonishing capacity of their stomachs. But Lew showed himself equal to the increasing emergencies, and the fine trout, venison, and grouse came still in ample quantities to supply all demands. All now were free and easy, all busy amidst the new scenery with which they were so delightfully surrounded.

Katie quietly trips along with us over the hills, anxious to see the game in its wild state. Then again she is seen wading in the water to see the fish. Charles Killinger is seen on an elevated place near our camp, making a stirring speech.

Mrs. Hittell is intensely interested in the wonderful variety and great beauty of shrubs and flowers. So also is Mrs. Killinger. Her botanical likings and inquiries are wonderfully aroused and interested. She asserts that here, planted and cultured in nature, she finds plants which are admired and cultivated in Europe with the greatest care.

All of a sudden, however, in her search among the bushes, Mrs. Killinger bounds back with a low scream, and Lew being nearest is at her side in a moment, and he sings out, "A snake! a rattle-snake!"

And so, among hands, they soon convince the old serpent of the truth of the declaration in the old Bible, in speaking of the seed—the descendants of Mother Eve—"It shall bruise thy head."

This big rattle-snake lay with this truth literally

impressed on its big, flat head; while Lew took off its rattles as a token of their victory.

Mr. Denny and Johnny Wilson came on from 'Frisco and joined our company, and on the return was the time we had our turtle soup. Denny, especially, being active and long-legged, waded out into the water and captured the turtles.

On the return all were in fine spirits and all enjoying improved health.

Mrs. Killinger was especially delighted with her botanical discoveries. For her I took some strips of our tree hanging-moss two or three feet long, which she took to her beautiful home in Lebanon, Pennsylvania, where I since saw it, when there on a pleasant visit to her and all the kind family.

On this visit, too, I learned how lasting those pleasant camping-out scenes are on the mind, as Mr. Killinger detailed with such freshness many of them to me, especially the laugh we had at our friend Lew, when he fell out of the wagon and rolled unhurt down the steep hill, landing in the deep water running along below, and coming out completely immersed; greeted with a hearty laugh from all.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Gathering the Wild Berries Near the Sea Coast--A Week at the Warm Springs—Another Trip Up to Eel River and Sanhedrim—Dr. McIntosh as Esculapius—Our Senator in a Buck Fight—Among the Wild Bees—On the Bay and Sea Coast--Gathering Shells.

ON another camp-out we have a portion of our same company as before—Mrs. Hittell and Miss Katie, and young Franklin—and this time Mrs. Waugh is with

us, with our spring wagon and span of gentle horses, our tent and all the needed camp-fixtures and provisions; and we are on the road leading from Ukiah to the sea-coast some fifty miles distant. This time we are out for health and to gather the wild berries so abundant this year along the coast and the streams near by. The immense timber forests we pass through are most charming—oak, fir, pine and redwood. Then the great quantity and variety of the delicious wild berries is delightful beyond anything we are able here to portray.

These berries we have in every variety of style for camp use, and besides all that the ladies wish to can up for future use. Our camp is in a most lovely place, and all around is fine shooting, plenty of birds and deer, and nice bathing in the beautiful stream, on the banks of which stands our tent, all ornamented with the lovely wild flowers in all their native beauty and fragrance.

We spend the Fourth of July here, and Franklin's fire-works in the evening are splendid, never in any place were fire-works more patriotically inspiring than these, as seen in the charming encampment.

On leaving this camp we visit the Orr Hot Springs, on the head of Big River. Here we spend a week, and all are delighted with the grand scenery, and with the loveliness and healthfulness of the bathing. A month is spent, and all are safely home enjoying improved health, and spirits greatly refreshed on the delightful trip.

Again, and with several of my old company—our Senator and wife, and Katie and Carlos, our young artists. This time we have also the celebrated Dr. Robert Macintosh, long a successful medical practitioner in San Francisco, now fairly set free in the mountains. It is refresh-

ing to see him in the full enjoyment of his Scotch hilarity in these mountains, or to see him float off in his free bath in the beautiful Eel River. A novice in seeing him in either place would readily suppose him to be the veritable old Esculapius himself. Indeed a true picture of one of our dinner scenes upon the grand old Sanhedrim Mountain would be a lovely one to look upon in its reality. A beautiful repast is spread on the broad table-ground, with every expression of bountifulness and rare taste in the cookery and adjustment. Two large bucks hang up in camp, only one of the large hams has been salted and interstriped with little cuttings of sweet bacon, then neatly wrapped in a clean, moistened flour-sack, then covered in the hot ashes and embers for four hours; and is now laid out, finely cooked, ready for our Senator's carving-knife. Bouquets of beautiful flowers with their rich perfume grace our table, adjusted nicely by the hands of Mrs. Hittell and Katie. All seated, and thanks devoutedly tendered and the Heavenly Father's blessing invoked, all are helped, and such eating, and such rational free social pleasure is not to be conceived of anywhere only in such a group of happy campers.

The doctor is especially noticeable, as in getting on his dish his last slice of delicious venison and one more mountain trout, he sings out, "O dear, now look at me!" his physical proportions being commanding ordinarily, but now really grand in extension.

The doctor is not a gunner, but no one enjoys this glorious mountain scenery, and all the interesting camp incidents, more than he.

To have you see just a little of the hunting sport, I must give you here a few of the actual incidents occurring on our camp-outs.

On one afternoon, needing another buck in camp, the Senator, Carlos and I put out to get him. We look off down the side of the mountain, and there in a beautiful grass plot stands feeding a fine old buck; brush being near the open grassy plot. So, as we need the meat, I consent to take the first shot; and at the crack of my rifle, down comes the buck, but evidently not entirely killed, as we see him gather up and hobble into the thick brush. But our Senator is off in a second, bounding for him.

ÆSCULAPIUS AT MT. SANHEDRIM.

"Oh, dear! now look at me; take a quiet observation."

After loading my gun, Carlos and I walk on down and nearing the place we hear a terrible tearing and smashing, down in the brush. Then, after a few minutes here comes the Senator, crawling out, terribly out of

breath and in a lather of perspiration, with his knife in one hand and a buck's horn in the other, and he exclaims :—

"That is a terrible buck, boys, and he is not yet killed. I had him, and cut him some, but his horn pulled off and he got away ; come on and help me hunt him up and get him."

So we went on in, and sure enough the buck lay there dying, and his head fully half severed by the Senator's

THE SENATOR AND THE BUCK.

big knife. So we returned to camp with our fine buck, the Senator looking considerably the worse for the fight, but fortunately, not seriously bruised, and being all right the next morning.

And now, while I have our Senator before you, I must describe to you the scene of his killing his first buck.

At that time, in this same mountain, we had Joel Vann with us. So Vann took the Senator to show him a buck,

and to have him kill it for himself. The Senator's gun was a first-class Winchester. So looking off down on the side of the mountain, Vann saw a large, old buck sanding, and said to the Senator:—

"There he is, take aim, and draw low; he is quite down below us, and you will overshoot if not careful."

The Senator took aim, and very deliberately, for he was exceedingly cool for a young hunter; his gun snapped; "Revolve," said Vann, "try it again;" when bang went the gun, and down came the buck, and the next moment the Senator was seen bounding over the low brush, knife in hand, and had the buck by the horn and his throat cut clear back to the neck bone. Then he holloed out to Vann, who was coming down near, "Vann, see here, is he cut enough, is he safe now?"

The Senator, who had been perfectly cool all the time, was now quite excited, and the literal expression of exuberant joy. So we soon had a fine, fat buck in camp.

While the Senator and Vann were on the buck-hunt, I found a rich bee-tree; so we had both venison and honey.

The skin of this fine buck was taken down to the Senator's home, and for years might be seen as a reminder to us all of the pleasant time we had sharing with our Senator in the feast on his first buck, high up on the Sanhedrim Mountain.

Dear children, some time since I told you of the wonderfully abundant and beautiful blooms and flowers in California, and that then, in early times, there were no honey-bees to enjoy them and gather in the honey. But now, I can tell you, that the honey-bees are plenty. After they were brought here and

sold at extra high prices, they increased rapidly. But instead of being satisfied with the nice hives provided for them by those who had purchased them, they chose, in many instances, to go off free and independent into the wooded hills and mountains, and settle in the hollow trees, and in some instances in the rocks, there to thrive and increase, and so to build up great structures of choice honey-comb—seeking just like the white people, only a little ahead of them, to claim up the new country, and so to utilize its forests of delightful blooms and oft-repeated showers of the delicious honey dews.

Those bees which have thus run off are called wild bees, but as bees, they are the same as the tame bees, and among them are found all the varieties ever shipped into the State. But I think the little black Spanish bee is really the most successful in gathering honey, and then in protecting it from moths and other enemies. I have usually found these to be the richest in choice honey-comb.

More than once I have gone out into the mountains and in a short time obtained four or five hundred pounds of choice wild honey, and brought it home for family use.

My usual way of finding these bee-trees is to go to the watering-places and then course them for the trees as they always water at a certain season.

Often on our hunts and camp-outs we have found this wild honey a delightful treat in camp, and sometimes we have had a little fun in getting it. One instance I will here give you.

We camped far out on the waters of Eel River, and on my morning hunt I saw a fine swarm of bees working

up in a large limb of a tree, so that it could be reached and chopped off without cutting down the main tree. So, when I reported, all hands were soon at the tree to get the honey. My son, Henry Clay, by the aid of an Indian ladder, was soon up to the proper place and with but a little chopping felled off the part of the tree containing the bees and honey. Our women, in the meantime, had stopped under the shade, some eighty paces off, for safety, and our Senator was watching the movement with intense interest—the whole being new to him then. So the moment the big limb struck the ground he was at it. But before he had any time for close observation, the swarming, maddened bees were touching him up spiritedly. His first idea was to frighten them off by quick dashes with his soft hunting hat. But this use of his hat left his bald head bare, which he and the bees both discovered at the same time, and our Senator broke ranks and ran with all possible speed without taking the time to calculate contingencies, to where the ladies were quietly waiting, and then there was another stampede. But finally all became quieted, and while the Senator bore signs of skilled shooting on the part of several of the bees, a fine turnout of good honey-comb, with the lively exercise we all had, and the new ideas gained, all were satisfied, and we had a splendid time over our new honey in camp, a nice addition to our venison, mountain trout and grouse.

One item more of our camping out I must give you—once over at the Pacific Ocean shore and up and down on the Tomales Bay, to fish, shoot geese, ducks, and pelicans, with occasionally a fine seal and sea-lion, if we chose to do so, and to enjoy our delicious dishes of fresh, rich clams, crabs, etc.

Some years ago, my friend L. Wiatt and I made us a canoe out of a great redwood tree, fitting it up with oars and sail, and an arrangement for carrying a large torch-light, so that we could fish by night, and sail delightfully up and down the bay by day. At night, with a good light, we often speared many fine fish, and with our hooks and lines we often got all the fish we desired through the day.

In this great canoe we often had a company of friends—six or eight, with all our camping and cooking equippage; and so could choose our camping-places in the sheltered coves of the bay. One of our favorite camping-places lay near the mouth of the bay and convenient to the great Shell Beach on the main ocean shore. Here our lady friends especially delighted to resort to gather up the beautiful shells, and to collect the charming sea-mosses to be found here in rich abundance and of choice variety.

Of the great beauty and variety of these shells and sea-plants and mosses, those who never go out on these excursions have no idea. I have seen ladies, my wife among them, become so interested and excited in the work of collecting that they would tire themselves out before they were aware, and you would see them lying prostrate on the beautiful sea-beach, gathering away still and looking for the more beautiful specimens they were yet intent on finding.

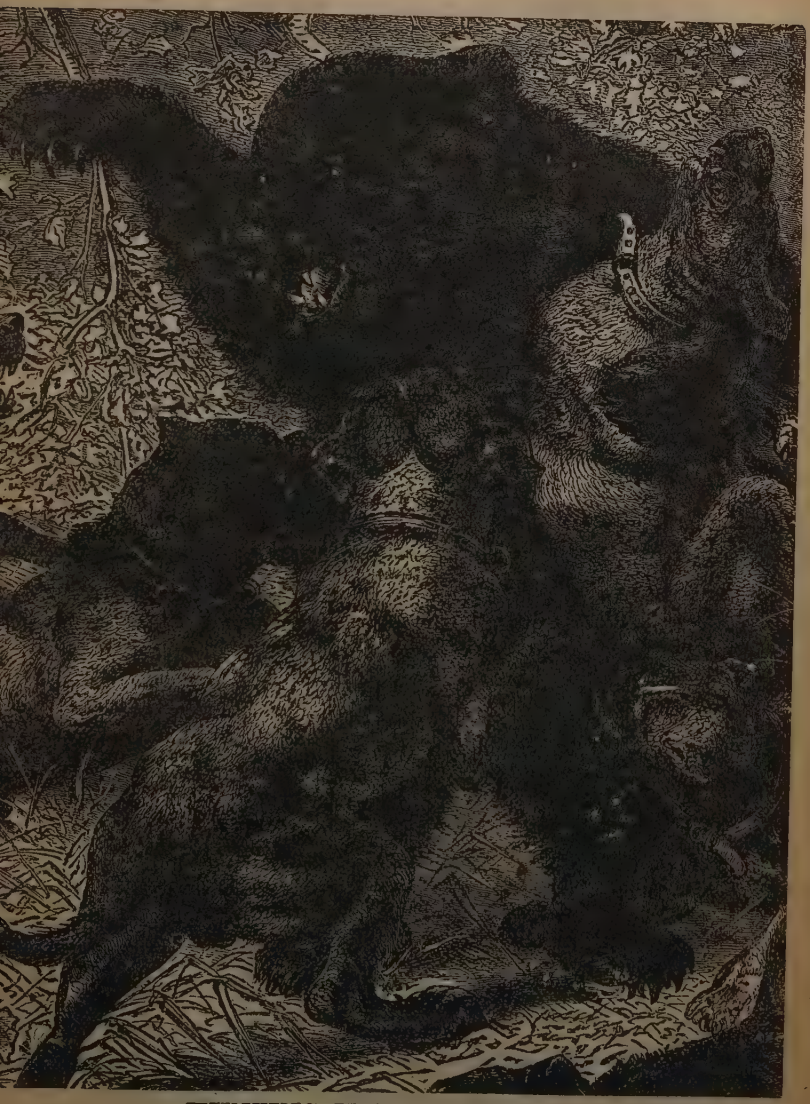
While I never could get my wife to like a camp-out in the mountains, as many ladies would, yet she was always in for a trip to Shell Beach, or indeed any other part of the sea-coast where shells and moss were plenty; and to see her fine shell-work after these trips, no one would wonder that she took pleasure in it.

Many incidents occurred on these trips which would be interesting to you children, had I the time to detail them. In fishing with our torch-light and spears, we often caught the large salmon, and frequently some specimens of the shark family; and also the great stingarees, the sea eagles, with a dangerous sting on the tail, and with their fine, flat, sectional ivory plates for mashing and eating the clams and other shell-fish. Some of our encounters with some of these were really very exciting.

Dear children, in closing this chapter, I will tell you of the last bear I killed, and how I did it. About three years ago I went up to my favorite camp on the mountain lying between Ukiah and Clear Lake, to enjoy my recreation alone in my Lion Valley camp. On my way out, Mr. William Hildreth said to me, "There is a terrible bear out there, which seems to be proof against all our hunters and their dogs, and is dealing death on our sheep. Now, if you will kill it, you shall have a nice prize."

Mr. Diddle, another man in the sheep business, said he would pack out a large steel trap for me. So when I got out to camp, I saw the signs of two bears, and several sheep which they had killed; and you may be sure I felt moved in pity for the innocent sheep, and especially for the little lambs. I set my trap in a stream of water a little distance from my camp, having the water cover it all over. Then I shot a deer, and took the head and neck and tied these to a limb over the trap, and about as high as a big bear could reach when walking into the water on its hind feet.

This plan of setting my trap proved a success, for in but a few days, on going to look, there was the old mother cinnamon fast in the trap, and as mad as you



HUNTING THE GRIZZLY.

ever saw anything. So I shot her and took her hide and gall, the meat being too poor for use; and then set my trap just as I had done before.

In a few days I again heard the voice of a bear, and, hastening down to my trap, there, sure enough, was the male bear, and in a desperate rage. But when he saw me coming, he made for a beautiful laurel tree standing near; and that you may understand the great strength of a bear, let me tell you that bear, with its hind foot in

THE ENTRAPPED GRIZZLY

the trap—a heavy chain being attached, and that looped fast to a heavy pole of wood, the whole weighing over fifty pounds—that bear went tearing up the tree, all this weight hanging to one hind foot, and then looked down disdainfully at me. But he was my meat, as I took him down by sending a rifle-ball through the center of his brain. And so the sheep had rest, and the little lambs could have their plays again free and happy.

CHAPTER XXX.

Talk to the Children—All Must Be Taught; All Must Learn—The Baby That Will Bite the Breast, Must Be Spanked, too—Advice from Isaiah. St. Paul, and Solomon—To Be Happy, All Must Love and Worship God.

DEAR children, as I must soon end this sketch which I have been writing for you, I am feeling serious about some things which are soon to take place, and some things also which may or may not happen, just as you children shall choose. One thing is very sure. You children, if you live, are soon to be the old folks; and so to have the whole management of all the human affairs of this world in your own hands.

And the great question coming up in my mind, and about which I am mainly feeling serious, is this: Will you children be happy when we, the present old folks, are gone off into the next and coming world? On this very serious and important matter I wish now to talk with you children a little; and I feel sure you will give me your candid attention, as it will likely be among the last talks I may ever have the chance to give you—and you and I have always been on good terms, good friends. And what I shall say to you is for the sole purpose of trying to help you to be good, and so to be happy when you are prosecuting the multitudinous duties and concerns of life, and when you get to be old, as I now am. There is no doubt at all, children, but that God our great creator, our Father in Heaven, designed that we should all be happy.

It is a blessed truth, too, that "God is love," and it is about the first truth we learn. We learn it before we can tell anybody about it. The little child sees this beautiful truth shining out on its mother's face the first time it

opens its eyes. And then, as the eyes and the mind practically develop, this blessed truth becomes more and more plain and clear, so that soon it is seen in other friendly faces, and in many beautiful things which begin to catch the sight and attract the mind of the loving little child. Even the cry of the little child speaks out plainly the truth that God is love, and that somehow the child knows it; something is wanted, and this cry is the little child's appeal, with the abiding, yet inexpressible conviction that love is in hearing, and may afford the needed help. So the baby cries in faith, and these little, nutural cries command attention, and love's design and office is to heed and help.

But, children, there is more truth besides the truth that God is love, and that love is always lovely. Prominent among the other truths is the truth that we are all, in the outset, without knowledge and entirely dependent; so that we all have to learn what to do and how to do, and so we must submit to instruction from sources and agencies beyond ourselves. The baby that draws the sweet and nourishing milk from the mother's tender breast, if it gets mad and bites, has to be spanked, too. The kindest mothers have this sometimes to do, however dearly they love the little, spunky baby, boy or girl. Learning the baby thus in good time to mend its ways, it soon loves the mother more, and is improved in good conduct. A good little spanking is sometimes just as good and useful as a pint of rich milk, or as the sweetest sugar-teat.

All the children have to be trained. God himself has laws, and all these laws, especially those intended for us, we are called on to learn and to obey, and without quibbling, fussing, or biting about it. The good Heav-

enly Father, on his part, has done all things well for us, as he has for all his universe. This is a great truth, and I want all you children to look at it carefully, and to see it clearly while you are young. You can study it anywhere, and in every place, by night and by day, for all nature, all creation is full of sights and voices, of words and songs, all telling us that "God is love, and does all things well," and so he calls on us to love him, and to do those things which, as our wise, loving Heavenly Father, he has arranged for us to do on our part. And here comes in our work, our duties.

But, dear children, this work of ours, these duties of ours, I dare not attempt here to write out, or particularize, for if I should attempt it, I never would be able to finish my book. This work of ours, these duties of ours, are so many and so various, that they really cannot all be minutely written with pen and ink, no more than that all the conditions and circumstances and peculiarities of the human race can be portrayed by the human artist.

But, children, I feel sure you will be pleased to have me give you a little advice and counsel, even especially and particularly now in closing up my little sketch. And so I will do this with all my heart, and in all the love I feel for you, and for the honor and glory of God, our Heavenly Father.

And now in doing this I shall first draw on some of the great and good men who have lived a long time ago, and who, at the time of speaking, had union and communion with God, and all the history of the world proves their words to be true.

Isaiah says, as you can read in the first chapter: "Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to

do well ; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow. Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord ; though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land ; but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword ; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

St. Paul, that good, learned, and great man, said : "Children, obey your parents in the Lord : for this is right. Honor thy father and mother (which is the first commandment with promise), that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest live long on the earth."

This same St. Paul said to his Roman people, and so says to all of us children now : "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

The wise Solomon says : "A soft answer turneth away wrath ; but grievous words stir up anger. The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright ; but the mouth of fools poureth out foolishness."

He also says : "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging ; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

Again he says : "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

And, dear young people, hear Solomon say : "Who hath woe ? Who hath sorrow ? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling ? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes ? They that tarry long at the wine ; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in

the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

And so you will see, dear young people, by this statement of Solomon, and others in connection with this, that those who give up to strong drinks soon become the subjects of other bad habits, lose their virtue, and become the betrayers of female purity, dangerous in society, and miserable in themselves. Solomon represents the young man thus given up to the reign of bad habits, as having made his bed in the sea, or upon the top of a mast.

And oh, how many dear mothers to-day are trembling as they see their dear boys—sometimes the dear daughter, too—high up on the dizzy mast above the dark sea, which is without bottom or shore. These dear mothers, and fathers, too, oh, what wasting anxiety they are suffering, knowing, as they do, the terribly dangerous condition of these dear, deluded children; and fearing, as they have cause to do, that the next howling storm will articulate in their ears: "*Lost, those youth are lost, forever lost!*"

But now, dear children, I want to say to you that there is no need that any of you should get off into this desperate state of wickedness, and so be lost in the old Dead Sea of sin.

Little children, to begin with, are all right with God. They have never yet actually sinned; and the evil which may have come to them from the fact that they may have had wicked parents, is not charged to them as their sin by the Heavenly Father.

This sin, if it be right to call it a sin in this case, is all fully met (as far as the little children are concerned), in the atonement of Christ Jesus, who gave himself to

save us. The Saviour, when he took up that little child of old, and said, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven;" assures us clearly of this fact. And really all the world believes this—believes that there is no sin to be charged or imputed where there is no actual transgression. It is no purpose of mine here to enter into a theological talk, but only, simply, to set this matter right with you children, namely, the fact that you are only to be approved or condemned for your own acts. And you can act good or bad as you choose, and so you must be taught, you must be enlightened, you must be trained, and then if you will do wrong purposely—as the child that bites the mother's breast—then you must be punished. This is indeed the only safe way for you and for all. This is God's way, and it is the way for all good parents, and for all in authority. And I wish to impress on your minds that there is no need or cause why you should enter into a long course of sin and wickedness. I can say to you, and even from my own joyful experience, that in seeking God while young we can be blessed and made happy in our hearts—happy, not simply because some one says so, but really happy because God blesses us and gives us the evidence that we are his children—renewed in our hearts by the power of the Holy Spirit, and so made free from sin and alive unto God, having our fruit unto holiness and the inward hope of the final end, everlasting life.

Now this is the privilege of every one of you children, Jews and Gentiles, bond and free, to go to God when young and receive a special spiritual cleansing. And so then, you can all find grace and favor of God to help you, that you may walk before him blameless all the days of your lives.

And now, children, I say to you in sincerity and love, that this course is really the only safe way for us all; and if we do thus give ourselves in youth to God, and learn to fear, and love, and trust him, we will be sure to get on through life safely, and to be able to do good in our day and generation, having all the time God's smiles beaming on our consciousness, like Abel of old, who had "the witness that he was righteous," and like Enoch, who had this testimony, "that he pleased God."

Now this state of peace and union with God I hold is the privilege of all—a state which every one may gain and enjoy, notwithstanding all the real or supposed evils which have entered into our world. I know this is true. It is true, too, that only those who seek and try to be good can be happy. And they, the good, the faithful, will never fail in getting a glorious reward. To these, and these only, after awhile it will be said by the One who made and owns the universe, Well done good and faithful children, come up higher, enter thou into the joy of thy Father.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Talk With the Children Continued—The Tobacco Plant, Its Use Learned From the Savages—The Savages Believe the Devils Love to Float in the Smoke, and So They Do—The Savages Use Tobacco to Please the Devils; and so White People in Using Tobacco Also Please the Devils—Dr. R. H. McDonald's Leaflets.

DEAR children, in continuing my talk with you a little further, I want to tell you something about that plant called tobacco, and my reason for doing this you will see by the time you read this chapter carefully through.

Tobacco you all have heard of, many of you have seen it and smelled it, and some have tasted it. But the great mass of the people seem to know but little about it, though using it almost as generally as they do meat and bread; and the more they use it the less they seem to know about it—many using it who are too poor to buy meat, or bread, or good clothing for themselves or their families.

Tobacco is a peculiar and very curious plant. But our historic knowledge of it does not, as far as I know, extend back beyond the discovery of the American continent. It was there discovered among the savages. These savages were found using tobacco by burning it and drawing the smoke from some kind of a rude burner into the mouth, then forcing it back through the mouth and through the nostrils.

History does not give us, as far as I know, the idea these savages had of it, or of its use, or how they first came to use it; But if we judge from the remnants of those same savage tribes, I suppose we may form a tollerably correct idea of the notion these early savages had of it. And this idea of these remnant savages I can give you, having visited a number of these remnant tribes and conversed with them through my interpreters.

These savage tribes have many supersitious traditions. One among the most prominent, and of almost universal prevalence, is the belief that they are exposed to the malice and cunning of innumerable devils or bad spirits; and they have the idea that the essence, or life, or active principle of these bad spirits easily and readily, and as a matter of fact, get into this tobacco smoke.

And so now, I will tell you why they use it. These savages believe that the best way to get along with the

big devil and all the little devils, or bad spirits, is to try to please them, to pet them, and to keep them in a good humor as far as possible. And so, thus believing that these devils love to float around in the tobacco smoke, and so get into the mouth, and down into the region of the heart, and up into the center and all the minutiæ of the brain, these poor savages smoke with a wonderful zest and intensity of purpose, hoping that these miserable devils—devils as they believe they are—will be so amused and diverted by their easy rambles thus in the tobacco-smoke, that for the time, at least, they will lessen their devilish assaults on the poor, helpless savages. Thus these poor savages smoke, and who could blame them, as they know no better.

And just here I will tell you something which is really wonderful. While I was in the Indian mission work I saw a number of wild savage Indians converted to God and Christianity by the power of the Holy Spirit, and in every case they would throw their pipes and tobacco all away, and without our saying a word to them about it. They had given themselves to the Christian's God and their hearts were made happy as never before; and so their heathenish tobacco-using was abandoned, and with loathing and shame for their former heathenish ignorance and misery.

The savages are not correct, by any means, in all their strange traditions, but yet in some they are. Their belief in the existence and oversight of a great and good spirit is true; and they are certainly right in the belief that the big devil and all the little devils love to see the children learning to smoke and use tobacco, and I can show this to every one of you children, and will do it, for I want you all to submit yourselves to God's counsel,

which is, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you. Draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh to you." And so then you will not be led by the devil, nor in the end have to go down with the incorrigibly bad into the eternally smoky regions, from the miserable inhabitants of which ascendeth up the smoke of their torment forever and ever.

Just here I will transcribe what God has said by the mouth of holy angels, in the fourteenth chapter of Revelation:—

"Fear God and give glory to him, for the hour of his judgment has come; and worship him that made Heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters. And there followed another angel saying, Babylon is fallen, is fallen, that great city, because she made all nations drink of the wine of the wrath of her fornication. And the third angel followed them, saying with a loud voice, If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in his forehead, or in his hand, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation, and he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels and in the presence of the Lamb, and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever; and they have no rest day nor night who worship the beast and his image and whosoever receiveth the mark of his name."

Now children, I can show you that from the nature of the devils, and from the nature of tobacco and the effects of its use, that none but the devils, or those much like them, could be pleased to see any of you children commence the use of tobacco. And if any one objects to you, that they do not believe in the Bible, from which I

make some quotations, never mind that, only just say to them, Father Waugh has said and wrote that he believed the Bible true, and from observation and experience of more than seventy years can say, and knows that no one can successfully contradict it, that those who believe the Bible and obey its teachings are the best and happiest people on this earth.

The Saviour, when here on earth, once in speaking to some obstinate people who would persist in doing wrong, said, "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do; he was a murderer from the beginning and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own, for he is a liar and the father of it."

Now the devil is a destroyer—all the devils are malicious and only delight in the accomplishment of wicked, filthy things. They are all deceivers.

Tobacco and all the devils are just alike in several things. To begin with, tobacco is a destroyer. It has destroyed more good soil than any other weed that has ever been planted on the face of the earth. And I think God never did intend for it to be cultivated at all. Enough of it for all the uses that ought to be made of it will grow wild (these uses I will not here describe).

Near me, in California, along on the margin of the Russian River, tobacco grows plentifully, wild, and nothing disturbs it. I inquired of Rev. O. B. Smith, who had been over at the old Dead Sea, if tobacco was not growing from its sediment. He said it might be, but said he, "I know they are cultivating it on the top of Mt. Lebanon."

When back a little while ago in Virginia, my own dear native State, I saw many acres of once rich, beautiful soil

now completely overgrown with useless pine-brush, with scarcely a thing besides, all the nitre, and all the nutritive, healthful properties having been years ago sucked out by the filthy tobacco weed.

In one place, among the thick growth of young pines, I saw an old cherry tree, all scabby and half dead and no fruit on it, reminding one of the poor, old, scabby, half-dead, tobacco-using drunkards, which these tobacco-using, whisky-drinking gentry often point out to us, saying, "You see men do live to be old and yet use tobacco and drink whisky when they please." Pretty scabby old specimens, are they not? petrified in filth and shame only, probably left in the world because the devils have no immediate use for them down in their smoky habitations. But this poor old tree marked the place where once there was a beautiful orchard which bloomed, and fruited, and then made all glad who looked upon it; now all its fragrance and fruits are gone, and the soil itself a ruin irremediably for generations, if not forever.

The land now cultivated in growing this filthy tobacco weed is immense; and requiring more care and fertilizing than for almost any other thing grown on the face of the earth. And yet when this tobacco is all raised and fitted up at such vast labor and expenditure of money, it is only a compound of virulent poisons, possessing not one particle of nutriment, and so fit only in its very nature for killing off the ticks and other vermin; or it may be to please the devils in seeing human beings expending their bodies, and dwarfing their souls in consuming it on their lusts.

And at the same time, all about these tobacco lands—and, as a consequence, all over the inhabited world—notwithstanding this immense labor and vast expenditure

of money, there are thousands on thousands now suffering for a pittance of bread, suffering for the necessary comforts of both body and soul. And so it is true, children, that this shameful waste of the good lands (which God intended to be used in producing food for men and beasts), and this worse than wasted millions of money, and hard labor, bad as it is, is not to be compared with the loss and ruin brought on the human family by the use of this filthy tobacco weed, as it is now used.

When this filthy tobacco is grown and fitted up for use, the great mass of it is taken charge of by the whisky-selling, drinking, drunken, wholesale and retail men and women in our country—and so in every nation on the face of the earth. It goes into the saloons and dance-cellars, and into all the bad houses, where it seems natively to belong. Drinking men and women, with scarcely an exception, use it, and must have it. Then it is the best bait these saloon, dance-cellar, bad-house people have ever found to use in *toling* in the boys and young men.

These saloon folks can really afford to give the boys enough of cigarettes to begin with; and I have no doubt but that they often do this, especially if they are the boys of the more noted and influential classes—the Deacon's, Judge's, and Parson's boys, and also the boys of the temperance lecturers. And this is all easily and readily done, especially when these titled sires call to buy their cigars, tobacco, etc., at the same places.

The boys are all smart enough to know that practice speaks more forcibly than words, and so they usually prefer to follow the practice, rather than the words of those who give them the instruction; and all the saloon folks well understand this, and they hardly ever get so drunk

but what they can take advantage of it in their whisky-tobacco business.

Years ago, when little boys never used tobacco, and the men only began to use it when they were fully grown, then the boys were generally good boys, and those men could use tobacco for years, and were not seemingly much injured by it, and only comparatively few of them would get to be drunkards.

But now, since the whisky power mainly manages the tobacco business, and the boys are thus gotten in, and are going for the whole run, see how things have changed! We have boy hoodlums, boy tramps, boy thieves, boy robbers, boy murderers; and you will find that every one of these started out in early little whiffs of tobacco-smoke.

Only a few months ago, I saw one of these boys, just nineteen years old, as he was forced off out of this world to meet the great God, the eternal Father, Judge of all men. And the last thing that boy asked for in the prison was a cigar to smoke. He smoked before he got there; he drank whisky; he killed a man, and was hung by the neck till he was dead, dead.

I do assert, and feel sure that no candid observer will try to contradict it, that the increased drunkenness, crime, pauperism, misery, and immature death, are essentially the result in the United States of America, and all over the inhabited earth, of the use of tobacco, being added to the curse of strong drinks. They are "twin evils," as Dr. R. H. McDonald has lately so appropriately styled them. And the one, as far as the truth is concerned, is just about as bad as the other, working as they do devilishly together; so they are ruining our race physically, financially, morally, and spiritually; and

unless God, in his mercy, does give us success in the blessed work of prohibition—speedy, absolute, and effective—we are gone in, ruined, just as sure as that Sodom sank never to rise again. May God soon give us effective, everlasting *prohibition.* Amen.

Now, dear children, I want you to shun this filthy tobacco. Never learn to use it; and if you ever have used it, never use it again. For I feel sure if you will shun this filthy, heathenish tobacco habit, you will never, not one of you, become a drunkard. And so you will be healthy, and pure, and sweet, and so will be an honor and blessing through all the journey of this life.

And so, too, by seeking and trusting God, you will, in the end, enter into the Heavenly home, where the loving Heavenly Father will gather all the children, and all the good people to enjoy his love and his glory with him forever and ever, beyond the reach of all sin and temptation.

And now that you may never forget the filthiness of this vile tobacco habit, I will tell you what I saw some of those savages do who used tobacco, and you can just read it to yourselves if you will. I saw some of those poor savages, when smoking till they would begin to feel the effects, take the pipes out of their mouths, and pick lice from their blankets, eat them, and chew them up, and swallow them, and then smoke again.

The truth is children, that those who will use tobacco habitually cannot be decent. You know yourselves that the breath of a persistent smoker is terribly foul, and the worst is, the smokers do not know it, and if they did it would be all the same with them; they, the most of them, would smoke if every decent person's stomach were to become so sick as to be compelled to heave up

in their presence. For it is an experimental fact known to decent people, that the effluvium from every constant smoker's breath is more foul and sickening to every decent nose and stomach than the horrible insect-mashing of those heathenish savages could possibly be to any decent eyes, bad indeed, as this foul savage habit is.

Robert Burns once said that he saw one of those savage intruders on a ladies' bonnet, and he wrote:—

"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us,
'Twould from monie a blunder free us."

And he might have made the other two lines of his verse read:—

"This sight from smoke and filth should free us,
That all may smile whene'er they see us."

THE SENATOR AND THE BEES. (See page 258.)

Now here follows some statements prepared by Dr. R. H. McDonald of San Francisco, and sent out in song-leaflets to help the children to be good. And, children, I know you will read them and try to heed them, and thank the doctor for them and for all he is doing to help you children to be good and to be happy and useful.

FROM MOTHER.

DON'T drink to-day, my boy!
Let not the sparkling glass,
That woos but to destroy,
Touch lips just fondly seal'd

With mother's kiss, my boy.
Her hope of earthly bliss
Is told in asking this —
Don't drink to-day, my boy.

NO DRUNKARDS THERE.

THERE is a beautiful land, we are told,
With rivers of silver, streets of gold;
Bright the beings whose shining feet
Wander along each quiet street;
Sweet is the music that fills the air—
No drunkards are there.

No garrets are there, where the weary wait,
Where the room is cold and the hours are late,
No pale-faced wife, with looks of fear,
Listens for steps she dreads to hear.
The hearts are freed from pain and care—
No drink is sold there.

Father! look down from thy throne, I pray;
Hasten, oh! hasten a better day;
Help us to work as a Temperance band,
To drive the demon from the land!
Help us to wipe away every tear
Which drink brings here.

A BOY has keener discriminations than he is usually credited with. The father may quietly drink his brandy at home, while his boy, having fewer responsibilities, less pride, and more courage, gets drunk publicly. Many a man goes to bed "comfortable," while his son is "comfortably" drinking beer and playing dominoes.

A GLASS of brandy is a glass of brandy, whether on the side-board or in the saloon. The preacher, under the inspiration of alcohol, may elaborate a magnificent peroration to captivate his congregation, while his boy may do the same thing in a down-town saloon, and there is about as much piety in the one case as in the other. No act in itself harmful, or in its influence, can be made right because of a man's position or avocation.

THE police justices of the city of San Francisco, in their annual report, say: "We are satisfied it (intoxication) is the one leading cause which renders the existence of police courts necessary."

I LOATHE, abhor—my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred,
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of the dark beverage of hell.

THE elective franchise in large cities is no better than a farce. Drunkenness has turned this highest privilege of a freeman into a two-edged sword, that is being used by bad men to cut down, and destroy forever self-government.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT was born 360 B. C., and after conquering nearly all the known world, died from the effects of intoxication by wine-drinking, 330 B. C.

INSURANCE companies will not give a policy at any rate on the life of a drunken man. Deception as to habits of inebriety vitiates a policy in law.

MEN try many foolish and useless experiments, but none more foolish and useless than the experiment of moderate drinking.

FREQUENTLY review your conduct, and not your feelings.

SAN FRANCISCO has over ten solid miles of legalized grogshops.

Q. WHY prohibit a trade on which so many depend for support?

A. BECAUSE the upholding of any business which endangers the morals and lives of the community is criminal, and therefore unchristian. The object of hatred is not the rum-seller, but the drink.

LOOK around you! how many cases of crime, insanity, disease, death, domestic unhappiness, failures in life, poverty, and orphanage, have you

not seen the direct result of rum and tobacco. These poisons are deadlier far than Cleopatra's asp.

SIN is like a river with a strong current, and the farther you go down the stream, the less likely it is that you will ever return.

WINE's a friend of sorrow,
Water's friend is glee;
Drops of crystal water, then,
Are wine enough for me.

PHYSICAL EVILS OF TOBACCO.

TOBACCO contains an essential oil, and nicotine, both of which are highly poisonous.

Tobacco when first smoked, chewed, or snuffed, deranges the whole system.

Tobacco, by perverting the nourishing saliva, prevents the due elaboration of chyle and blood.

Tobacco exerts a special influence on the brain and nervous system generally.

Tobacco, by weakening the nerves, produces morbid excitability and irritability.

Tobacco impairs the senses of smelling and tasting, and often of hearing and seeing.

Tobacco seriously affects the action of the heart and circulation of the blood.

Tobacco mars beauty, destroys the complexion, and impairs the brilliancy of the eyes.

Tobacco, smoked in confined rooms, is very injurious to sickly women and children.

Tobacco consumers are more liable to disease than if they were in a natural condition.

Tobacco weakens the constitution, and renders recovery from sickness a greater difficulty.

Tobacco has a tendency to superinduce paralysis.

Tobacco harms the gums and teeth.

Tobacco poisons the blood.

Tobacco is a known cause of enfeeblement to the posterity of its consumers.

Tobacco arrests the growth of the young, and thereby lowers the stature.

Tobacco is a stepping-stone to other bad things. It is a letter of introduction to evil associates.

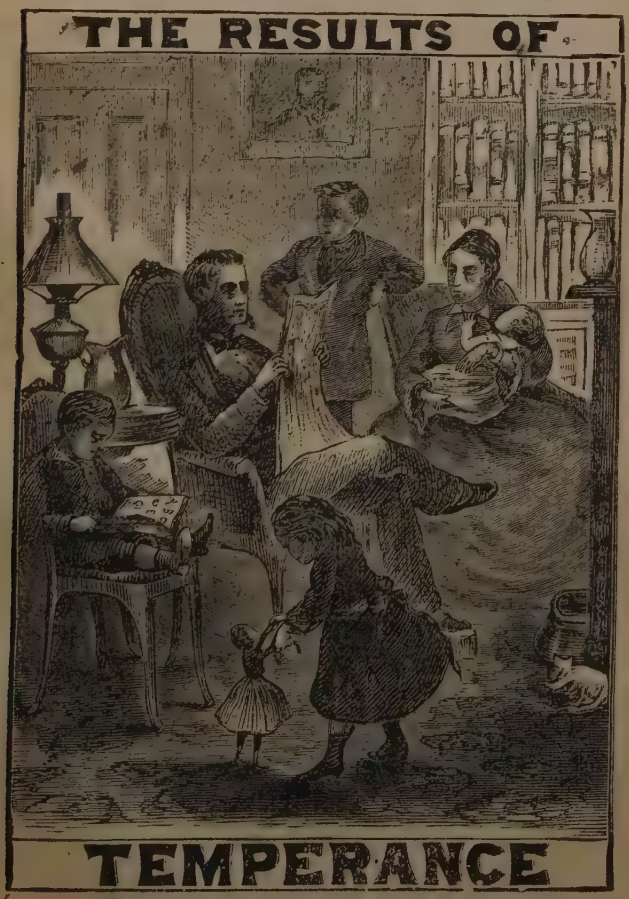
A boy with a cigar or a quid of tobacco in his mouth will not be very particular about his companions. In fact, he will hardly be tolerated in good company. He will naturally be drawn to the place where the idle and dissipated resort.

A thirst for intoxicating liquors naturally follows. His lower passions are stimulated by the narcotic, and by the company he keeps, and become precociously developed.

He grows irresolute in disposition, and loses all energy of character. One after another the barriers of virtue fall, and he sinks into early vice, and an early grave. Such is the history, not of all tobacco-users, but of thousands.

I HAVE tried both ways; I speak from experience. I am in good spirits, because I take no spirits; I am hale because I use no ale. I take no antidote in the form of drugs, because I take no poison in the form of drinks. Thus, though in the first instance I sought only the public good, I have found my own also since I became a total abstainer. I have found these four reasons for continuing to be one: (1) my health is stronger, (2) my head is clearer, (3) my heart is lighter, (4) my purse is heavier.

THOMAS GUTHRIE, D. D.



A SABBATH well spent brings a week of content,
And health for the toils of the morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned, whatsoe'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

NATURE'S WARNING.

WHEN the moderate drinker, sipping his glass of cider at dinner, feels his face flush, he has received Nature's order to stop drinking. That is the first symptom of alcoholic poisoning.

THE over-action of the heart, thus unhealthily goaded, causes the crimson flag of distress to be hung out on the cheeks.

"'Tis not beneath the fretted dome
Alone God listens to our prayer,
'Tis not when crowds behold us kneel
To pour our spirit's incense there.
An humble heart and spirit meek
Are all he asks for all his care,
In any clime, in any tongue,
For God, our God, is everywhere."

THE law is really no stronger than the public sentiment that is behind it.

THE machinery is practically no more powerful that the steam in the boiler.

WHAT the temperance cause needs is not so much a new law as a new public sentiment.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Review of My Life—I Would Not Wish to Live It Over if I Could—My Victories and How I Gained Them—Christianity and Christians—What They Are—The Effect, if All Professing Were the Genuine Gold—Some of the Pleasures of the Good Old Folks—The True Catholic Church, Its Beauty and Power—A Clip from the *California Christian Advocate*—An Acrostic—Rev. J. L. Burchard and Other Friends—Love is All Powerful, Fills the Law.

DEAR children, in this chapter I will take a little review of my life, and so arrange to finish up this little sketch.

Since I have been writing this sketch many scenes and occurrences of my life have been brought to my recollection, and I have still considerable matter on hand which I thought I should publish for you. But I see now I cannot do it without enlarging this sketch beyond all my arrangements for its publication.

In looking back over my life, I, of course, see where I sometimes made mistakes and where a different way would seem to have been better. Still, I dare not say, as I have heard some say, "I wish I could live my life over again." I dare not say this, for it is my sincere conviction if I could live my life over again, I might not better it and really might greatly worse it. I have fought a good fight, and in the main have conquered. I can say with a clear conscience, I have battled for the right, and sometimes for the time being, in doing this, I have lost friends and favorable reputation. But inward joy and happiness in every instance have come on surely as the final result.

All my victories, too, I am sure have been essentially gained, by my earnest seeking to know, and asking grace and strength to do the will of God—striving to submit myself in all things to him, as my Father in Heaven, and the owner, and ruler, and holy director of all this great universe. His spirit and his word have furnished me all my essential light and strength, and so I know and feel in my heart I should say, glory be to God.

Every stage of human life has its peculiar responsibilities, conflicts, sorrows, and joys. I am now through all of these stages, up to the last one where I now am. And I am able to say to you, from this, the last stage of human life in this world, that I am, as I really believe,

more substantially and immovably happy than ever in all the preceding stages.

The objects and scenes which present themselves in the earlier stages of human life as objects of much hope and happiness, often greatly change in the light of multiplied years and experience.

And at this point the good old people have greatly the advantage of even the good young people. The good young people look mainly ahead of them, and in bouyant hope have many delightful prospects. But some of us, the old folks, can assure these dear young people, that many of these delightful and so much desired prospects, when they do come around in the regular course of human events, clad, when they come, in the plain garments of truth, experience and reality, they often assume very different colors, attitudes and effects from all they at first, in the simple light of hope, seemed to be. And I suppose it was this truth which caused the wise man to say in his time, in reference to all possible pleasure and happiness attainable only from the things of this world, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

One of the greatest pleasures coming to good old folks in this life (as they stand on the top of the mountain, looking back on the varied journey they have made, and over on the promised land beyond), is the sight of those coming on along in this same journey, whom they have helped, by their example and counsel, to start out on the highway of safety and happiness just right, and are journeying on, and working with holy, faithful purpose.

This beautiful sight really affords those good old folks more pleasure than if they were all the time looking at

and only talking of, the good land beyond; for to them this good land is sure. And so the main concern is that the coming-up youth may all get a right start, be good, industrious, safe, and happy, as they are to follow on in this pilgrim journey, which unmistakably, when rightly followed, leads on to glory, honor, and eternal life.

And so to these good old folks, and, indeed, to all the good and faithful workers, that wonderful declaration of the good old Daniel falls as a solace and charm on the heart: "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

A little share of this happiness, I can humbly say, I am permitted to find in my feeble efforts still to do a little share in guarding, instructing, and caring for the lambs of the flock.

There is a world of force in that word of the blessed Saviour to Peter: "*Feed my lambs.*"

Often now I am meeting those gray-headed ones, who forty and fifty years ago were the children I used to try to help and encourage. The following, clipped from the *California Christian Advocate*, of September, 1881, I append as a little specimen:—

"The following touching incident took place just after the opening exercises of the Conference in Sacramento: Father L. Waugh rose in front of Bishop Harris, and said: 'Allow me five minutes. In 1834 the Ohio Conference, then embracing all the State of Ohio and a large district in Virginia, sent me as one of its members to Mt. Gilead Circuit. There I became acquainted with a kind Presbyterian lady, by the name of Harris, who often spoke to me of a boy—her son, Logan—then at school at the Norwalk Seminary. After awhile, in that

year, my Elder put me down on the Norwalk work, to take the place of a preacher who had been put into the seminary to teach, a Brother Hill being the preacher in charge. There I soon got acquainted with this Presbyterian sister's boy, Logan; and, in process of time, Logan told me he felt movings in his heart to try to do something in the way of talking religiously to the people, if the church would allow him; so his name was proposed in an official meeting, with the request that he might be allowed to exhort. Brother Power, the Elder, however, was doubtful in the matter, and rather opposed, saying he thought Logan too boisterous in his way. I, believing there was really something good in him, and that there might yet be a good out-come, advocated his case; and so Logan was licensed to exhort. And that is all I wish now to say, as he sits before you, and you can judge for yourselves.'

"The Bishop rose, detailing his own recollections of the case tenderly, and calling for the hand of Father Waugh—the greeting being witnessed by all with touching emotions."

After a separation of almost fifty years, I have no doubt that Bishop Harris and I both felt something of the same kind of emotions Paul felt at Puteoli, when he said: "We found brethren." I know my own feelings on this occasion were more than ordinary; and so with a full heart I wrote the following acrostic lines, handing them to him who used to be my youthful friend forty-eight years ago:—

ACROSTIC.

We trust in God, and courage take,
In him we find our strength and power;
Living by faith 'tis thus we make
Life's duties pleasing every hour.
In youth we heard the Saviour's voice,
And heeding, found his saving grace—
Made free from sin, we now rejoice;

Living in him, he gives us peace.
Oh yes, for us 'twas Jesus paid
God's just demand for all our sin,
And so by faith our peace is made;
Now heirs we are, joint-heirs with him.

Here, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
And keep us ever in thy love—
Redeemed on earth, oh raise us higher,
Rejoicing friends to meet above.

I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ. (Rom. 1 : 16.)
Surely he hath borne our griefs, etc. (Isa. 53 : 4.)

By your friend and brother,

LORENZO WAUGH.

Sacramento, Cal., Sept. 10, 1881.

I recollect, too, that after my interview with Bishop Harris, Rev. J. L. Burchard came and pleasantly said: "I want you to remember that Logan Harris was not the only boy you helped to start out to work in the old M. E. Church."

Of course I had not forgotten the sincere, honest, earnest face of the boy, when I took him by the hand and welcomed him into the M. E. Church. And this brings up other reflections. I remember the little girl who is now "*Grandmother Burchard*," when I took her on my knee to keep her quiet, while my dear friend, her father, Rev. Jonas Heath, was preaching to a great congregation in Virginia, and urging, in eloquent and loving strains, that "godliness is profitable unto all things, hav-

ing promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

I remember, too, how pleasant it was to meet Brother Heath and family, years after this, over the Mississippi, in Missouri, and there renew the dear friendships of earlier years. And also the sad sight after this of viewing the fatal tree which fell on my dear friend and brother, Jonas Heath, and took him off instantly into the eternal world.

But how cheering to all the great family of the good to look over into the heavenly Canaan country and see that soon the whole family, of all times, and peoples, and tongues, shall meet, and the union and communion be one eternal now, and so forever free from all sin and death, and yet progressing ever in that "eternal world of joy."

Dear children, the last thing I wish to say to you in finishing up this little sketch of my life for you, is that *Christianity* is the only power within the reach of man—all the family of the human race—the observance and practice of which can place us in the attitude in which the holy, eternal God can be well pleased with us.

And in saying this of Christianity, I do not mean simply the doctrines, organizations, formulas, ceremonies, and practices of the massive inhabitants of earth, called or calling themselves "Christians."

There is a vast amount of counterfeit coin in all the nations of the earth, which is being offered and endeavored to be passed off as pure and genuine gold. But this does not disprove the palpable fact that there is really pure gold—gold which will invariably come out of the fire more lustrous and pure than it was before it was put into the crucible. Christians, like gold, must have some special, real, absolute properties, and so be Chris-

tians in themselves, and in their effects, as the result of such state and profession.

To be Christians, the old, deceitful, wicked heart must be changed and thoroughly renewed by the power of God. All who are indeed Christians have been "*born again*;" and they all know of the truth of which the Saviour spake when he said: "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou heareth the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit." And such only can and do feel the truth of the inspired declaration that, "whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin." And such only can and do show the work of the spirit in the heart and life, as expressed in the following declaration of God's word: "But the fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law."

And were all such even now professing to be Christians, then the fatherless, the poor, the lonely widows, the destitute orphans, and travelers fallen among the thieves down near Jericho, all would smile for joy in hearing the cheerful voices saying: "Here, dear afflicted ones, is something that will help you in this the time of your distress."

These medicines, and bread, and milk, and clothes, with looks and words so sweet and kind, would make those scores and hundreds of sufferers so glad and happy. And even the kind benefactors themselves would be unusually blessed in more than seeming to hear the Author and Founder of Christianity saying to them: "Well done; do this to these my suffering ones, for in so doing you do it unto me; and remember I have the

heart and the abundance, and will more than pay you all again."

Thus then, too, those vast expenditures of money, by the millions, now thrown in to assist the devil, the flesh, and the world in effecting the ruin of the suffering race of man, would be turned in as helps and blessings in aid of salvation to man, and for the glory of God.

Then there would be seen no professed ministers of the gospel, or priests of the sanctuary, with breath, and flesh, and blood, all foul with the filthy, heathenish use of tobacco, and with faces flushed with the curse of strong drink—the holy altar being tread, and the sacred emblems handled in the midst of such intolerable depravity. A state of things saying to the laity, and to all, coming thus from the professed sanctified clergy, in awful force: "We may sin; you may sin; all may serve the flesh, if we only keep up the *form*, and keep up the *current salaries* of the clergy and expenses of the church."

I can say to you, children, in the fullness of my heart's deepest, clearest convictions, that Christianity is all that can save our sin-stricken world. And if Christianity was only once saved from the evil power of its professed votaries—but yet its worst enemies—we should then soon have an honest, pure *Catholic Church.* Then the ministers and priests of the Catholic Church (which only includes the pure and faithful, without any reference to names or orders) would be in harmony, and would be seen loving each other; and assisting each other in the blessed work of the holy ministry—holy co-operation among all and with all. And all would then remember and act on the Saviour's direction to his early disciples, when they were inclined to become sectarian:

"Forbid them not," said he, "for he that is not against us is for us."

Then we should see the honest Jew free from harm and violence from those professing to be the lovers and followers of the meek and loving Jesus. And then, I verily believe, many of those professing faith in infidelity would be seen on their knees searching the Scriptures, and in fervent prayer to God for light, for peace, and for salvation.

But I cannot elaborate, and will close by giving you one short, inspired sentence, which embodies the very essence of all the Christian faith and practice: "*Love worketh no ill to his neighbor, therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.*"

And the poet sweetly sings—

> "'Tis love that drives our chariot wheels,
> And death must yield to love."

Oh! may we have this blessed gift through all this life, and eternally. Amen.

Finished this 28th day of August, A. D. 1882.

LORENZO WAUGH.

Petaluma, Sonoma County, California.

ON THE LOOKOUT.

APPENDIX.

An Explanation of a Prejudice Some Have Had Against Me—A Word of Warning and Love for My Dear Country's Sake—Kind Note from Governor Perkins—Letter from Nicholas Carriger—A Letter and Two Mites from Aunt Charity—Letter from C. K. Jenner, Esq.—Some Acrostics.

BUT I must write one addendum chapter, impression and duty being clear and abiding, and, as the wise man says by inspiration, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" beyond the grave nothing can be done; and there is no return train to bring us back to mend up our neglects or omissions in this world. So I will write a chapter to correct a prejudice some good people have had against me, and a word of love and warning for my beloved country's sake.

At the time I took my stand in Missouri against the movement to sever the M. E. Church, and organize the M. E. Church South, I had the clearest knowledge that desperate measures were being resorted to to accomplish the latter object. And without going into a detail of all the measures, I will just relate that out of which this prejudice grew against me:—

A leading minister, an advocate of slavery and of the said new organization, and being a Mason, approached me with the suggestion that, as several of our leading ministers were Masons, by my coming in and using my influence with others of our young men, the transfer of

the M. E. Church in Missouri could thus be quietly made, and the new M. E. Church South be organized. I became satisfied, too, that his plan in that direction was taking effect with several of our young men, and with the whole thing I was exceedingly disgusted; and I laid the matter before a true Masonic friend of mine, a man in high standing in their Order, a Major Overfield; and he assured me that, while he had some knowledge that something of the kind was being attempted, the whole thing was anti-Masonic in every aspect of the case, and that it would be rebuked.

I was then preparing a defense of my own course, and my objections to an ecclesiastical organization so extremely sectional, and with the ominous term "South" affixed, indicating clearly enough that slavery was to be embraced and fostered. And in this work, which I had stereotyped, and ran through, I think, about six editions, I referred to the above-named facts, and gave the name of the said preacher.

And now here I will tell you the secret of the whole thing. Both the Masons and Odd Fellows (as individuals) assisted me in the publication and spread of my work. And then, after this, the Masons took the matter up in a grand meeting in Missouri, and made those smart who had thus abused their own doctrinal and practical regulations; and so set themselves right in the fact that they were not to be used in church separations, or in any act that could be construed as having the least look or favor towards the maiming or severing of our glorious National Union.

And so here is where the prejudice against me came from—from those who were the violators of their own established rules and doctrines, and who, while smarting

under their just reproof, ceased not to persecute me, "even unto strange cities."

Of my own course in the whole matter, I am still satisfied I was right; and I am not sure but that what I then did, and the good Masons did, contributed largely to the salvation of our own beloved nation; for in the time of the terrible Rebellion—the battle for the nation's life and death—nothing Odd Fellow or Masonic ever came to the surface; but our glorious nation's life was sustained, and human slavery went to perdition, where it of right belonged.

It is not my purpose here to enter into any discussion of the right or wrong of secret societies; nor have I ever attempted this, though one man made a public statement to this effect. I have long been associated with the Sons of Temperance, and the Good Templars; and I may simply say, it is my judgment that conscientious people ought to be able to judge what is proper and right for themselves; provided, that in every case, they keep within the sanction and bounds of the Word of God, and the interests and safety of their country; so infringing no personal or national rights. Rebellion against God, and treason against the country and government are crimes which, in the final issue, God himself will arrange adequately to punish, as on this principle God's word is: "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."

And now, and here, under a conscious sense of duty, I will say it is my judgment, that when the next assault shall be made on our Nation's life, both the Odd Fellows and Free Masons will be found in firm and unflinching defense of the Nation's rights and life, against a combination of enemies seeking to overthrow our American

institutions, tendered to us by the prayers, and blood, and treasure of our patriot fathers and mothers—long since gone to the better land.

That the assault on our blessed Nation's life is contemplated, and hastening, I have not a doubt; and that it will be an awful conflict, is sure. I may not live to see it in its full power and malice. God only can fully see the beginning and the end.

In this battle array of our Nation's enemies, we shall have the liquor power, and every other devilish power. Even now, by the tens of thousands, we have the low, and ignorant, and drunken, the escaped convicts and assassins from nearly all lands, and—empowered in their ignorance and depravity, with the mighty ballot—tools in the hands of our Nation's enemies. These, with the thousands of our own young natives, made equally low and vile and dangerous by fellowship with this foreign vileness—all these together, like the foreign *phylloxera* on our noble vines, are sapping the health and life of our glorious American liberty. And these are to be a prominent portion of the soldiers who, in their ignorance, depravity, and bigotry, officered, drilled, and armed, are to be used in the attempt to destroy our free schools, and all others of our American institutions; and so, if possible, take the life of the Government itself. God bless and save *Uncle Sam!*

Spirit of Washington, Jackson, Adams, Clay, Webster, Randolph, Benton, Lincoln, Garfield, be aroused! and may the mantles of your wisdom and patriotism fall on your junior successors! God pity us in our blind indifference to our approaching imminent danger.

Oh, God of nations, God of all creation, save us in this the day of our greatest peril! Amen.

A KIND NOTE FROM GOVERNOR PERKINS.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Sept. 16, 1882.

FATHER WAUGH: I am pleased to learn that you are proposing to publish a sketch of your life for the children. Your efforts hitherto in teaching and enlisting the youth against the evil habits of the age, I am sure, entitle you to the gratitude and aid of all parents, and of every good citizen; and especially as your well-preserved vigor in age, and your evident happiness in your work, show that you have *practiced yourself as you have preached.*

I would, indeed, be glad to encourage all well-directed efforts employed in training our youth in wisdom, and in true patriotism, and thus saving them from that disgrace and ruin which inevitably must follow where low and vicious habits become leading characteristics of their youthful lives. Yours truly, GEO. C. PERKINS.

LETTER FROM NICHOLAS CARRIGER.

SONOMA, Cal., Oct. 27, 1882.

DEAR FATHER WAUGH: I am pleased to learn you are going to publish a sketch of your life for the children. I have known you since I was a boy; and I am free and glad to say that both your teachings and example are such as every youth may safely follow. I can now, in the fullness of my heart, endorse your entire temperance doctrines. They are true, and to heed and follow them is the only safety now for our youth.

I am unmistakably convinced that I made a sad mistake when I entered into the *wine* and *brandy* business. This day I can say that all my vines and wines and brandies, and costly works, and wine-cellar—all would I now gladly give, if I could only say just what you can to my own boys, and to all the children.

I am now determined, by God's help, to be forever disengaged from the "body of this death," and to meet you in the better land.

To aid you in your work please accept the accompanying twenty dollars, gold.

NICHOLAS CARRIGER.

ACROSTIC.

PETITION TO THE HONORABLE, THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Petitioners we are to you,
Enlightened statesmen, good and true,
The thing we ask, at once you'll see,
A lasting good to all will be.
Liquor, as a deluge great,
Unchecked, will sink our noble State.
Most rapid has its progress been,
Accompanied by disgrace and sin.

Distressing laws its reign has brought;
In taxing, it has wonders wrought.
Vile bloats in office on it came,
Intriguers, base, have done the same.
Successfully doth it debase,
In church, in State, in every place.
Of all the agents sin has made,
None half its power has e'er displayed.

Sovereigns to it have bowed in shame;
Our own great men have done the same.
No one can all its bane portray;
Sore prison bills for it we pay,

Our madmen by its power we make,
F or it the orphan's bread we take.

The woes of earth without its reign
Excessive growth would ne'er attain.
Most honored Sirs, to you we pray,
Pass now an Act, without delay,
Expelling liquor, as did Maine;
Remove the evil, break its reign.
As benefactors then you'll be,
Noted and loved eternally.
Come, noble fellows! and we say
Ever will we for it pray.

L. WAUGH.

Petaluma, April 6, 1855.

LETTER FROM DR. R. H. McDONALD.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 16, 1882.

FATHER WAUGH: Years ago, I used to hear of your efforts among the children to influence and assist them to shun the degrading, ruinous habits of using tobacco and intoxicating drinks; and of late, when hearing you tell them that you had shunned these habits all your life, I have been pleased and much encouraged.

I am glad now to learn that you are preparing a sketch of your life for the children. I hope you may succeed in getting it at once through the press, as I feel sure it will be read with interest and profit in thousands of families, and be the means of encouraging thousands of youth to seek and prepare for a share for themselves in that happiness which you are enjoying now in the time of your life beyond the old, noted period of "three score years and ten."

It has been astonishing to me, of late, to see the blind indifference manifested to these malignant, soul and body-destroying habits, using tobacco and drunkenness, even among mere children—parents, and teachers, and professed priests and ministers of religion, setting often the practical example before the youth; degradation and shame and ruin being the prevailing result in every direction, as witnessed by all sober, candid beholders; even our legislation favoring this most revolting state of of things.

The very atmosphere has become vile and every clean thing foul from the use of the filthy weed, mingled with the hideous curses and delerium of drunkenness; so that murder and every intermediate crime form the staple of our daily news. Will not our people awake to a sight of our danger, and to an effective remedy?

Be assured that you have my most hearty sympathy in your good work with the children, and my wish to aid you and every department of this noble cause in every way I possibly can. Sincerely yours,

R. H. McDONALD.

LETTER FROM C. K. JENNER, ESQ.

SEATTLE, Wash. Ter., Jan. 19, 1883.

FATHER WAUGH: I am pleased to learn you are about publishing a sketch of your life for the children, and the inclosed little donation is to assist you in getting out your first edition.

Your teaching and example, I am sure, will benefit all who will heed and practice.

From my own experience, I can say to all the youth, keep away from bad company, and shun all evil habits. It is far easier to shun the wrong, and to keep clear of evil ways, than to leave off bad habits when they are once formed. And I would like to say to all the youth, get Father Waugh's book, and read it, and take his advice; and then, if you live to get old, as he is now, you will be safe and happy.

I have known Father Waugh since I was a little boy, and, by God's help, I now intend to so live as to be sure of meeting him and all the good in the better land. I feel sure, too, that in shunning bad habits, or in getting out of them when they are formed, there is no help so effectual as humbly trusting in God, and seeking the light and power of the Holy Spirit. Yours truly,

CHAS. K. JENNER.

LETTER FROM "AUNT CHARITY."

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan., 29, 1883.

FATHER WAUGH: With this note I send you a widow's "two mites," which will help you a little in getting out your book for the children.

Some of us well remember the stand you took in Missouri when the politicians and some of the preachers and priests were arranging to extend our *slavery* all over this Nation, and to rivet the chains so as never to be loosed. *May God bless every gray hair on your head, and every purpose of your heart.*

I hope to help you yet more some of these times, if you shall need it. Yours truly,

AUNT CHARITY.

Dear children, those two mites from Aunt Charity count up just $200 in gold, and like the memorable good widow's two mites of old, "more than they all."

These "Aunt Charities" and "Aunt Sarahs" I have always known to be kind to the children. Indeed the colored people generally have shown themselves to be the most kind, forgiving, and God-fearing people that ever lived on this continent.

And now, children, I want you all to ever treat the colored people kindly, and justly; and always remember that it was *God's hand* that tore off from them, in his righteous indignation, their galling chains of human *slavery*, and set them free, and their children free; so that now, blessed be God—our Pilgrim Fathers' God—we all may sing as we never should have sung before—

"The land of the free, and the home of the brave."

EAST OAKLAND, Cal., Feb. 14, 1883.

FATHER WAUGH—*Dear Friend:* I am pleased to hear that you are publishing the history of your life, and labor in behalf of the children.

Perhaps it may be of interest to you to know how the juvenile work of this State, in which you so long ago were a pioneer, is progressing. The conviction has at last forced itself upon all thinking temperance men and women, that it is easier and wiser to save the child than to reclaim the drunkard; and all over the State, "Bands of Hope," teaching the same principles that you inculcated in the "California Youth's Association," have been formed, and where the same, or similar societies existed, greater zeal is manifested by all concerned.

There is now in this State about 200 Bands in good working order, with a membership of about 12,000. The work is still advancing. Many men who have used tobacco for years have become convinced that they were committing a sin, not only against their own God-given bodies, but against God himself, by causing "these little ones to offend," and, throwing away pipe and tobacco, have joined the Band of Hope. Thus we have both old and young in our organization, and the prospects for the future are encouraging.

It is earnestly hoped by all who honor your "works and labor of love," that the publication of your book may be of pecuniary benefit, and that the story of your life thus circulated among the youth of our land may inspire many of them to "go and do likewise."

With kindest wishes, I am yours for the children,

MRS. M. E. RICHARDSON.

DEAR CHILDREN: Mrs. Richardson is my very dear friend, and is the Superintendent of the Juvenile Tem-

perance Work of this State, and resides at No. 1605 Thirteenth Ave, East Oakland, and all interested in this work, by application to her, can procure supplies for organizing Bands of Hope, which are furnished by the Grand Lodge of Good Templars free of charge. I would like to say here, that I hope an increasing interest in this glorious work will be felt, and that the rising generation may be trained to be temperate and pure in all things.

L. WAUGH.

OFFICE OF RIGHT WORTHY GRAND TEMPLAR,
INDEPENDENT ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS,
SACRAMENTO, Cal., Feb. 16, 1883.

FATHER WAUGH: I have learned with unfeigned pleasure that you have in contemplation the publication of an autobiographical sketch. My first recollections of temperance work in this State are associated with your labors among and with the youth of our commonwealth, a quarter of a century ago! There are many to-day who are now and have been total abstainers all these years, doubtless, as a direct result of your earlier efforts, and who, in reading your sketches, will more freely realize and appreciate the self-sacrificing efforts made by you in behalf of truth, morality, and temperance, in the years that are gone. I bespeak for your venture the greatest success. Sincerely yours,

GEO. B. KATZENSTEIN.

ACROSTIC.

Nellie, for you I've penned to-day
Each letter of your charming name—
Letters, they talk, just hear them say,
"**L**ive pure in life ; in this be game."
Improve your time with care in youth ;
Excel in always doing right.

Companions make of love and truth.

With these you'll share in honor bright.
And now, adieu, my Nellie, dear,
Upon you may God's blessing rest.
Give him your heart ; he'll love and cheer.
"**H**ave faith in God ;" you'll then be blessed.

Your grandpa, affectionately,

LORENZO WAUGH.

San Francisco, Feb. 4. 1883.

ACROSTIC.

Kind Muse arise and sing a song,
A little song for Katie, dear ;
To cheer her as she treads along,
In ent'ring on life's great career.
Enraptured Nature seems to be,

Hieing to Katie, as she's seen
Intently moving, bound to see
Through everything that can be seen.
To every land she'd go and coast,
E'en every clime she's bound to test.
Let love though, Katie, charm you most,
Love pure in God will give you rest.

Written by your friend and instructor in *mountainology* and *conchology*, now in the prime of his life, being only in the seventy-fourth year of his age, this 1st day of May, A. D. 1882.

Petaluma, California. LORENZO WAUGH.

Presented to Miss Katie on the day of her graduation from the State University.

ACROSTIC.

In youth, how bless'd is it to be
Devoted firmly to the right,
A sight which angels smile to see.

Blessed it is, most lovely sight!
Enshrined in youth, earth's honors lie
Like crystaled gold, deep in the mine.
Let truth prevail, then, by and by,
Earth's purest gold, unearthed, will shine.

May every power to save our youth
In every way be used aright;
Let all who teach, practice the truth,
Let parents be the children's light.

"**E**very good gift is . . . from above." (James 1 : 17.)
"**R**emember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." (Eccl. 12 : 1.)

Your friend affectionately,

L. WAUGH.

Oakland, Cal., Feb. 2. 1883.

ACROSTIC.

Love is the gift by which we find
Our all of good while here we stay.
'Tis love that beautifies the mind;
'Tis love that cheers us by the way.
In youth it comes in streams so pure,
Enlivening every earthly hope,

By love we can our sorrows cure;
Eyes bright it gives, it buoys us up.
Rare sights we gain when love is bright,
The heavenly home comes full in view—
Here angels holy then we sight,
And hear them sing their anthems new.

For us this guest is ever near;
O, may we journey in its light.
When death shall come, so cold and drear,
Let love then wing us in our flight.
"**E**vermore give us this bread." (John 6:34.)
"**R**ejoice evermore." (I. Thess. 5:16.)

By your friend,

LORENZO WAUGH.

Born in Virginia, August 28, 1808; was never intoxicated, and never used tobacco; still enjoying friends and friendship, and in cheering hopes of the eternal life beyond.

Valley Ford, Cal., August 26, 1882.

A WORD FROM THE PRINTER.

HAVING had charge of the printing of this book, in the office of the Pacific Press, I have been much interested in its perusal, and have no doubt that it will be highly prized by a large circle of readers, both old and young. The life of Father Waugh portrays two prominent characteristics which cannot be too strongly urged upon the "children," namely, his deep conscientiousness, and his life-long adherence to the principles of temperance. These traits of character, with a humble reliance upon the Spirit of truth for guidance, cannot fail to develop citizens for the Eternal Kingdom.

I have been more interested in this narrative from the fact that I became familiar with much of the ground, in Missouri and Kansas, herein spoken of, some years after Father Waugh had left it. In 1855, the first Legislature of Kansas held its session at Shawnee Mission (or manual labor school), which Father Waugh had been so largely instrumental in organizing and building up, and I was engaged upon the public printing. One of the mission buildings was used for Legislative halls, printing office, committee rooms, etc.; another building was occupied by the Territorial officers, and another as a boarding and lodging-house. The town of Westport, Missouri, was two miles distant, and many of the members, lobbyists, and other attaches lodged there. The 'bus men of Westport and Kansas City did a lively business during the session, and Missouri molded the politics and the laws of this initial Legislature of the young Territory. The remainder of the story is yet fresh in the minds of even *young* America.

At this time the Mission contained three large brick

buildings and some primitive shanties; several hundred acres of land were under cultivation, and a large orchard was in abundant bearing; and we printer boys had made the acquaintance of the choicest trees long before the close of our two months' stay.

Rev. Thomas Johnson, with whom Father Waugh had been associated in this enterprise, was still in charge. He was also a member of the Senate, and was chosen President of that body. In one respect he was like Father Waugh—he was an ardent temperance man; in some other respects he was the opposite extreme—was a large, portly man, very stern in his bearing, and enthusiastically pro-slavery. The Mission was then a protege of the M. E. Church South, and Mr. Johnson kept there a number of slaves, all of whom trembled at his frown, and dreaded his lash.

However, it must be admitted that the original establishment of this Mission was an important work, and was largely instrumental in the civilization not only of the Shawnee Indians, but of the surrounding tribes. It is a fitting monument to the memory of the author and hero of this volume.

But time works changes in us all, as well as in our surroundings. It is not my province, however, to rehearse how time has wrought with the subject of this sketch; his book tells the story very pleasantly. But as illustrative of the vicissitudes of human life, it will not be deemed out of place to insert here the following clip from the San Francisco *Examiner* of recent date:—

FATHER WAUGH.

A CONFRERE OF DANIEL WEBSTER AND JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

FOR years the name of Father Waugh has been as familiar to the inhabitants of Sonoma County as household words. His long and use-

ful life as an exponent of temperance and total abstinence from the use of liquors and tobacco, and his condemnation of profanity, has endeared him to all who know that venerable patriarch. Father Waugh at present resides near Petaluma, on a little homestead which was presented to him by General M. G. Vallejo in 1852. Father Waugh is now in his 74th year, having been born in Virginia in 1808. In his youth he was an associate and friend of John Quincy Adams and Daniel Webster, and he has many evidences of their friendly relations by way of letters, etc. He has for years led a frontier life and was once a missionary among the Indians. In his declining years he delights in writing and in various ways interesting and instructing children. He wields his pen with as great ease and precision as he has for years. Senator J. G. Fair was once his neighbor and friend, and they at one time occupied adjoining residences. Father Waugh says the first couple he ever married in California, and that was many years ago, he was assisted in that service by his then young friend Fair. The venerable gentleman is spending a few days in this city visiting friends, and appears to enjoy a few days at the metropolis as well as he ever did.

I sincerely hope that the children, to whom this work is specially dedicated, may be led to lives of integrity and temperance; and that whenever the truth may be presented to their minds, they will conscientiously lay hold of it, that it may "set them free."

W. N. GLENN.

APPENDIX II.

FOR THE SECOND EDITION.

DEAR CHILDREN:—The first edition of our book is now scattered broadcast as far as it would go, and the second is more extendedly demanded, and must be issued.

The interest taken in our book, and the almost unexceptionable kindness shown to me has been very encouraging, and has more than ever impressed me with the value of this holy principle of *human kindness* and of its blessed results when practically carried out among all classes of our human family. And so, children, in this appendix I want to call your attention specially to this principle of *human kindness*, and also to the importance of *perseverance* in all things good within our reach.

We have but to open our eyes and look out on the works of God to see that *kindness* is prominently a principle, loved and practically honored by the Father and Ruler of the universe. Sin, it is true (sin of man and of angels), has made a jar, a breach and confusion in the working and purposes of this blessed principle; but yet, with all that sin has done, how beautiful and glorious is seen the existence and working of this principle of *kindness* among the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and even the *snakes* that crawl at length in the dust of the earth; *kindness* especially to the *young*, the helpless, the *little things*. To show you the truth of this without going into any lengthy detail, let me just tell you two things which I saw when I was a boy: One day I came on a mother partridge with a whole lot of little young ones, and when she saw me she commenced fluttering, then flew a little way and acted as though

she was so crippled that I might come and catch her, which I attempted to do, but she just kept out of my way, and in the meantime the young ones were all off and hid. Then she flew off well and happy. I then just stood there and said, "Well, well; ain't she smart?"

Again, one day, I was with my father in the meadow, and at once we came near a big snake lying in the grass, and all about near her were a whole lot of very *little snakes.* The old snake, seeing us, gave a little blow, and opened her mouth wide, and every little snake made a quick dash, ran into her mouth, and down into her belly, and off she ran with the whole of them, and they were safe. And now, as to *man,* the idea has prevailed that even in nature, they, the human race, stand far above all the beasts, and birds and reptiles in the universe, and so in their *human kindness* should be far above all. This idea, too, is the real truth. But in one of man's sad inventions, and the use of it, we now see the race being brought down to a condition and state of shame and pain, of viciousness and sin, and waste, and death, far more pitiable and unsightly than even that of the *snakes* which crawl in the dust of the earth.

STRONG DRINKS AND DRUNKENNESS.

Here we find the men who can deliberately murder unoffending women—even their own wives, and the precious little children. And yet further—strange and shameful to say, a government which sanctions and legally helps to carry on the Devilish business, and then, by law, compels the sober, industrious portion to foot all the costs, stand all the loss, and support all the criminals. Won't you, boys, when you get old enough to vote, send this whole business off to the Devils, from whence it came?

There is one picture which would naturally come in just here, and would fittingly illustrate this whole sad matter; but it is too frightful to put into any book—the man with the

"*delirium tremens.*" The Devils all over him, and inside of him, frollicking through every lobe of his brain, and every particle of his blood in his whole system, with the panorama of hell, and all its inhabitants and employments held up, hot, and smoking to his undying vision. I have seen the reality, but the true picture must not, can not be put in our book.

And now, children, as to this true principle of *human kindness* (in all its practical workings), as I well know, there is nothing dearer to you in all this world. You love those who are kind to you. You love their kindness. Their kind words and timely gifts you do not forget. I myself am one with you in these matters, and so can speak with confidence of your feelings. And I know that *kindness* is the right and only proper treatment for all the dear children, both at home and at school.

You have already read of the kind treatment I received from General M. G. Vallejo when, as a weary stranger, I came seeking a home in California. And I want to speak a little more particularly here of General M. G. Vallejo and of this happy circumstance with me and my family. General M. G. Vallejo was born July 7th, 1808, and, as you will see, is a little less than two months my senior in age. When in the prime of his youth, and a noble youth he was (I speak from facts, and facts, you know, speak often more truthfully than words), he was commissioned by his Government "Commander-in-chief of all Upper California," and so, soon, he was here near the very spot where I now write, the whole country being new and only occupied by the wild beasts and the savage Indian tribes. The General took his stand and viewed the whole strange and wonderful scene—for a wonderful scene truly then it was—the varied, vast and beautiful valleys and surrounding green hills and distant snowy mountains, and the great bay with its long arms reaching out as in thoughtful kindness to cheer and help those beautiful valleys, and then the great Pacific Ocean with its graceful waves and mighty voice saying, "*God is here; love*

Genl. M. G. Vallejo.

and worship Him." General Vallejo, I say, was here and took his stand, and by the authority of his Government and in the name of God he put down his stake and here he built his home, his mission, his school—a great *adobe* structure—and still it stands, though much dilapidated, only a short distance from my own dear and beautiful home. I wish I had a beautiful engraving of it, so as to give the picture to all of you children.

But now, children, the best of all I have to tell you in this connection is, that General M. G. Vallejo is still living, a hale, happy old gentleman; a clear exemplification of the blessedness of the holy principle of *human kindness* in himself. The country is now nearly all settled up; the wild beasts and savage tribes are about all gone, and every good man, and kind lady, who can, are delighted to shake the General's hand, and catch the cheering smile which lights up his noble Castilian face. A hastily prepared picture of the General I will now give you, and I wish it was only half as good as I know the original is. Yet, really, it is quite a good engraving.

Look at this picture, dear children; and so be encouraged to try and be good while you are young. Gen. M. G. Vallejo, though now so far advanced in life, is still cheerful and happy —loved and honored by all the good who know him; and, I have no doubt, he is thinking much of the happy home, over beyond the dark river, where all the good people, and all the *little children*, who have died, and do die, are to meet bye-and bye. But all this happiness with the General, is, because he has succeeded in living a life of *industry*, *sobriety* and *kindness*, with *love and reverence* for GOD, the holy Ruler of the universe; from whom indeed, cometh "every good and perfect gift."

Dear children, I now here, with great pleasure, give you a true *fac simile* of Gen. M. G. Vallejo's handwriting—a very kind and beautiful letter. And following it, you can read a translation of it from the Spanish into English, kindly made by my old friend, Hon. Theodore H. Hittell, of San Francisco:

San Francisco, November 10, 1883.

Rev. Father Waugh:

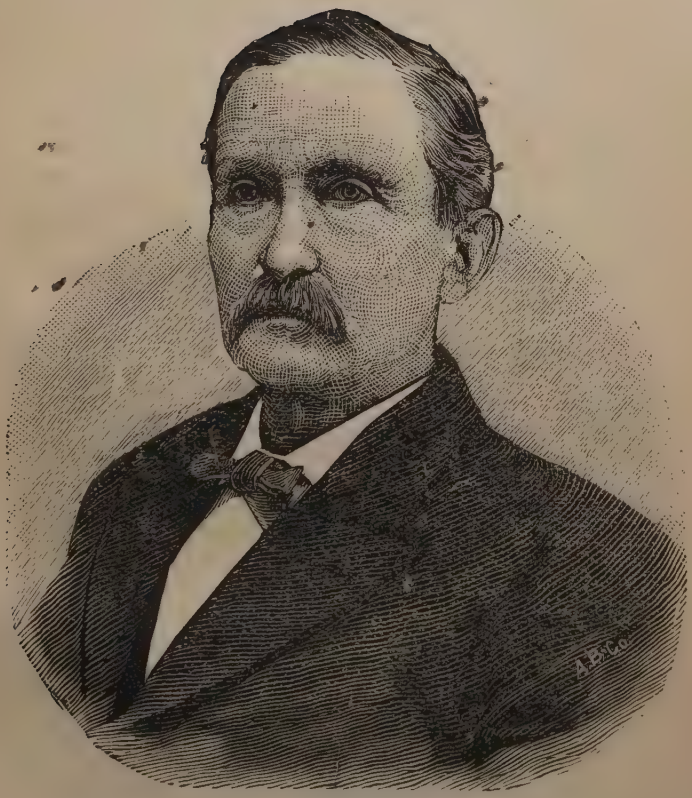
Esteemed Friend:—Permit me to send you, by means of this letter, my most cordial congratulations upon the success of your book, entitled "Autobiography of Lorenzo Waugh." And at the same time upon the good health which you enjoy "at home," surrounded by your interesting family, and which I hope may be prolonged for many years to come, if it may so please the Supreme Creator who dispenses to us in this world.

I remain, as always, your sincere and cordial friend, who respectfully B. S. M. (kisses your hands).

M. G. Vallejo.

Our next picture, J. M. Buffington, I am free, and glad to say, may be, and is here introduced to show that this blessed principle of *human kindness* is known to adhere or exist, seemingly constitutionally in some families; and so to run on hereditarily, doing its blessed work, and so making glad and happy all within its reach. In asserting this in the case of J. M. Buffington, there are hundreds of the children who would be glad to respond, "Yes, J. M. Buffington is the children's friend: No one on the Pacific Coast has shown a more constant and tender regard for us children." I am glad he has given us a letter from his own hand for our book. But before you read his letter I will tell you a little circumstance about Old Father Buffington, who used to live away back in West Virginia.

One day when on my first circuit as an itinerant Methodist preacher, having to cross the Guyandotte River on the ferry-boat, I noticed an old gentleman on the boat whose pleasant face at once attracted my attention and regard. He even spoke some kind words to me as a stranger, as we were being ferried over, and when I took out my purse and paid the ferry man the last *two bits* I had, he seemed to notice. Then after we were landed he came up to me smilingly, and said, "Young friend, I noticed in paying your ferriage you did not seem to be plenty of change." I told him that such was really the



J. M. BUFFINGTON.

San Fran.co Nov.e 1o.— 1883.

Rev. Father Waugh.

Estimado amigo.

Permítame Vd. enviarle, por medio de ésta carta, mis mas cordiales congratulaciones por el buen éxito de su libro titulado "Autography of Lorenzo Waugh". Al mismo tiempo por la buena salud que Vd. disfruta "at home" rodeado de su intesante familia, la que espero se prolongue por muchos años mas, mediante el beneplácito del Creador Supremo que nos la dispensa en este mundo.

Me repito, como siempre, su sincero y cordial amigo que atento

B. S. M.

M. G. Vallejo.

fact, but that I was now *over the river*, and so I was glad of that. He then smilingly took out his purse, bade me hold out my hand, and then emptied every dollar into it. Several dollars there were, too, and then he said: "Be encouraged in your efforts to do good." This was Old Father Buffington; and, of course, I have never forgotten him nor the Buffington family. God is blessing them, and will ever bless them.

A KIND LETTER FROM J. M. BUFFINGTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 4, 1884.

REV. LORENZO WAUGH—*My Dear Brother:* I have read your book, dedicated to the boys and girls of this land, with great pleasure and satisfaction, and if they will but adhere to its teachings they will be made better and happier in this life and better fitted for the beautiful life beyond.

It has been a life work with me to labor among the children of America, and on the 17th of this month will be the forty-ninth anniversary of my Sunday School labors, and I can truly say that in this work has been the happiest hours of my life.

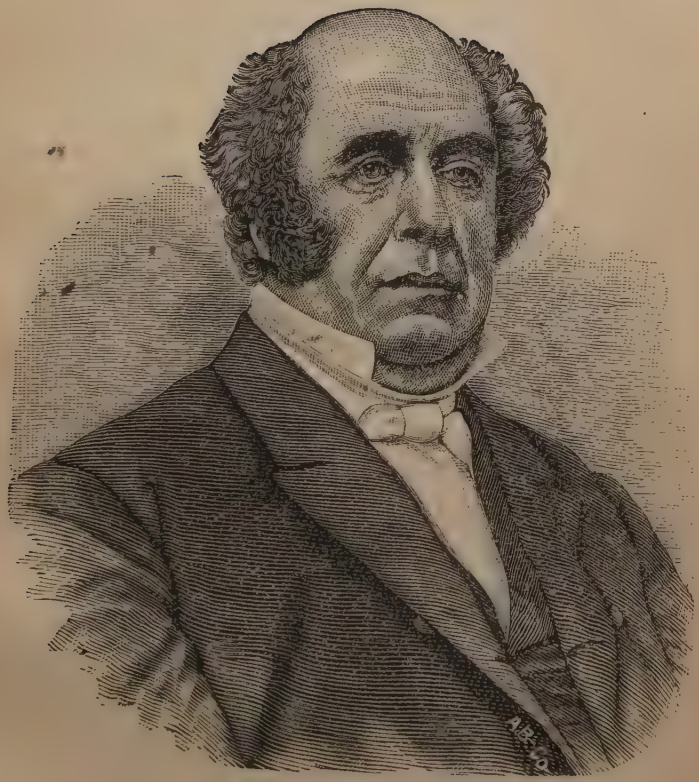
I was born in Somerset, Bristol County, Mass., February 15th, 1818, and since 1835 have been a constant worker in the Sunday Schools—nearly thirty-five years of that time in this State—and my love for that work has not abated in any manner, and hope to be spared to fill up a full half century in this blessed labor.

I notice with pleasure that you have in your book labored to impress the children with strictly temperance principles. My own life in this respect fully accords with your own, never using intoxicating drinks or tobacco in any form.

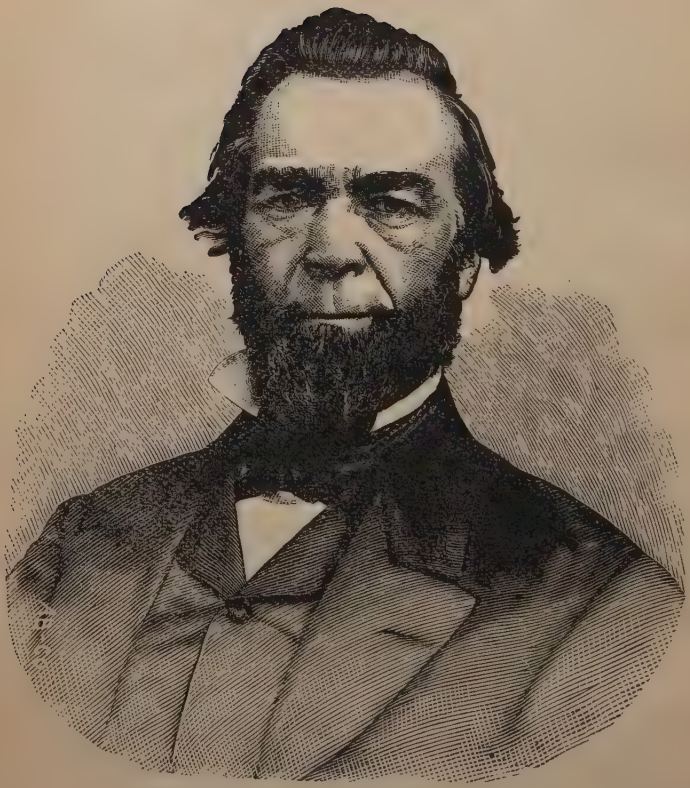
In your labor of love to the children of our land you have my earnest prayers and best wishes. Very truly yours,

J. M. BUFFINGTON.

Our next two pictures—JESSE T. PECK and J. D. BLAIN—I am glad in being so fortunate as to be able to present these two faces to the children. And I would be glad to embalm



JESSE T. PECK, D.D.



REV. J. D. BLAIN.

their dear memory in the children's love. They both have passed over into the glory land, and doubtless are there now, mingling in holy, spiritual and eternal life, with the happy children saints, to whom Jesus referred when, with that *little one* in his arms, he said: "Suffer the children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

In early times, in California, when I was traveling and working among the children, and meeting, indeed, some opposition from some good people, both of these holy, good men used to give me all possible assistance and encouragement, when it even rendered them unpopular with some of those good meaning blinded people just referred to as opposed to my work. Bishop Jesse T. Peck and Rev. J. D. Blain were both noble workers in every department of human interest and development within their reach. Especially were they zealous, wise, faithful and persevering in everything pertaining to the education and proper training of the youth. Peace be to their blessed memory!

This next picture—Rev. THOMAS GUARD—I wish to present to you, so as to impress you, boys, with two wonderful things, viz., the beauty and happy working of the great principle of *human kindness;* and the results of *perseverance* in the attainment, furtherance, and maintainance of every good thing.

Thomas Guard was born in Ireland in the year 1831. So, in the outset, he was a poor *Irish boy.* He was educated, converted, and became a Minister of the Gospel in Ireland—joining the Irish Methodist Conference at the early age of 21. While yet comparatively young, he went into South Africa, where, for nine years, he labored faithfully, endeavoring to help and improve those colonists. Then, in 1871, he came to America. Dr. Guard's first charge, in the United States, was one in Baltimore, Md. At the end of three years, he came to San Francisco, and was placed in charge of the Howard Street M. E. Church, where he continued for three years. From San Francisco he went to the city of Oakland, and then from there

back to the city of Baltimore, where, on the 14th of October, 1882, he died in great peace, and in buoyant hope of entering into the joys of the *eternal life.*

Now, dear children, this Dr. Guard, though but so short a time ago only a poor Irish boy, by heeding and obeying holy impressions, and by steady perseverance in the midst of great discouragements, became truly a wonderful man—wonderful in his holy purposes, and in his melting eloquence, in pleading for the right, and in exposing wicked, vain and hurtful things. He rests from his labors and his works they follow him.

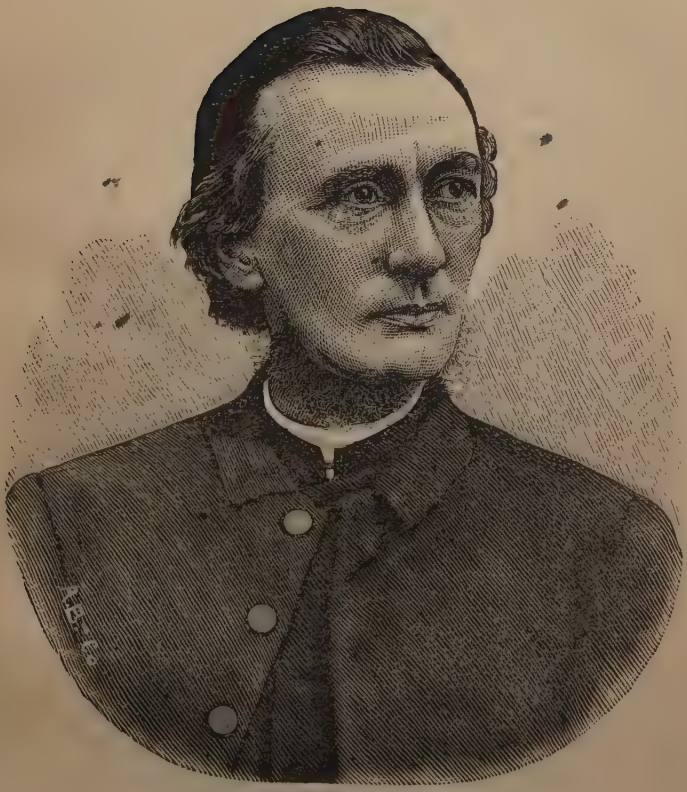
Now, dear boys, all be on your Guard, improve your time, do right, and you, too, will have a glorious future.

And now here in this appendix I will give you a few more *acrostics,* written in the main for kind young friends in different parts of the Pacific Coast, and I wish to say a word about this.

I believe that *pure social life* is one of the greatest, happiest blessings enjoyed by the human family in this world; and, on the other hand, that *impure social life* is a curse unequaled from any other source to the family of man.

The use of pure words, the interchange of kind thoughts, and the bestowment of kind mementoes of friendship to acquaintances and friends is every way commendable, and all in the direction of pure social life—a real social blessing when properly cultivated and employed.

One journalist said in his widely circulated paper: "We do not approve the taste of Father Waugh putting *acrostics* in his book." While since, in this same journal, is the detail of an awful combat between two almost naked animals mainly in the bodily shape of *men,* fighting, bleeding, and desperately tustling for a few dollars of "*prize money,*" while a crowd of the same kind of animals, in high glee and with hideous curses, are present beholding and enjoying this worse than *doggish* sport, a sight that no youth or even decent man should ever see or even read in the family newspaper, surely I am willing that all



REV. THOMAS GUARD.

the children and good people shall judge in the matter of *taste* with us.

I have noticed all my lifetime that those boys who choose to keep away from bad company, and to be kind and respectful among themselves, and especially to the girls, were the boys who make the noble men, loved and honored by all the good.

The following lines were penned years ago by my brother, Jacob Waugh, still living in West Virginia. They may not be entirely poetic, but they contain serious, truthful thoughts; and so I put them in print to be a memento of my dear brother's kindness.

L. WAUGH.

ACROSTIC.

Lo! A voice from Heaven calls thee
On the walls of Zion, come.
Ruin waits the world before you.
Endless death's the sinner's doom.
Night and day, I charge thee, warn them;
Zion's trumpet sound aloud.
Over land and sea proclaim it.
Wo! to the men who fear not God.
All the nations are invited—
Unto Jesus they may come;
Grace a ransom has provided.
Haste ye blood-bought spirits home.

ACROSTIC.

WRITTEN FOR A KIND YOUNG FRIEND, LIVING NEAR PORTLAND, OR.

Olive, my dear, you ask me write
Lines *acrostic*. Here they be.
I 've penn'd them in true friendship's light;
View them kindly—think then of me.
Evermore I 'll think of you,
And many friends, I ne 'er shall see.
JEHOVAH'S Love to all is true—
Enduring—Blessed friend is He.
Now, fare-you-well, my Olive dear,
New joys be yours through all life's way;
Enduring grace your heart will cheer—
Rejoice, give thanks, and always pray.
Your friend, truly,

Petaluma, Cal., Dec. 3, 1883. LORENZO WAUGH.

ACROSTIC.

Forever let your heart be staid,
Like Mary's on the Saviour, dear.
On Him was all our sin once laid;
Rejoice in Him—His love will cheer.
A world of sorrow *sin* has made;

Great trials oft await us here;
And hopes the brightest oft 'times fade—
Relentless *sin* can never cheer;
Dear Flora, then, like Mary be
Near by the Saviour in your love—
Embalm him thus, and then will he
Receive you with his Saints above.

Your friend, truly,

LORENZO WAUGH.

Santa Rosa, Cal., Aug. 28, 1883.

ACROSTIC.

Florence May, here are for you,
Lines just penn'd in friendship true.
Of all the sights I ever see,
Rejoicing youth they most please me.
E'en every hope for all our race
Now centres in the *youthful face;*
Clear air, and pure, with sunshine bright,
Encircles all, where youth do right.
"Merry Christmas," hear them say;
And "Happy New Year"—happy day,
Youth and age each other bless:
The birds all sing, the doves caress;
And now, my May, God bless you, dear;
Your youthful prayers HE'LL gladly hear.
Let *love* control in all you do;
On Jesus lean, He'll lead you through.
"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."
(Eccs. 12th, 1st.)

Your friend, truly,

LORENZO WAUGH.
(Born Aug. 28th, 1808.)

Sacramento, Cal., Jan. 12*th*, 1884.

F. F. JEWELL, D.D.

ACROSTIC.

In youth, how bless'd it is to be
Delighted in God's love and truth;
And from all sin to be made free.

Enriched in charms are all such youth.
Such Esther was when Haman plann'd
To put to death her people dear;
Her faith was strong—her zeal was grand,
Entrusting God, she did not fear.
Righteous she knew JEHOVAH was,

Glad always to maintain the right;
And so she came with her just cause
Resigned—yet—valiant in the fight.
Death came, but 'twas to him, her foe.
Now see him on his gallows high—
Enshrin'd in shame—*the Devil's show*
Rejoice ye good, your vict'ry's nigh.

By your friend, LORENZO WAUGH.

Santa Rosa, Cal., Aug. 16th, 1883.

REV. F. F. JEWELL, D. D.

DEAR CHILDREN: This is our very kind friend, Rev. Dr. Jewell. He has very pleasantly and gladly written you a kind letter for our book. I know him well, and can tell you, children, that he *lives* and *practices* just as he so kindly asks you children to do. He honors the parents who loved him and trained him up so kindly in the love and fear of God. You see in his very face that he is happy. His whole soul and all his strength is being employed in doing good. And of the objects in these noble efforts *the children* come up as among the first and the choicest. Read his letter, dear children, and gladly heed his kind advice, and so the age in which you live will be blessed by your presence and your works, and thus when God shall gather up his "*jewels*" in the final day you shall be gathered with the *pure* and blessed company, whose brightness and honor and glory shall only increase and beautify as eternity rolls on in its unending duration, and in its eternal fruition and glory.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 31st, 1884.

DEAR CHILDREN: You have all heard of the lost boy—Charley Brewster Ross—who was stolen by wicked men from the home of his parents in Germantown, near Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. His name has become familiar in nearly every home in all the land, and he is the representative lost boy of America. Thousands of his photographs have been placed in the most public places—in depots, in public gardens, and health resorts—so that the whole American people could help find this one "lost boy." Parents who pray for their own little ones (and every parent ought to), have sent to heaven many a prayer that the lost Charlie might be found. Children, as the story has been told or mention made of it, have nestled closer to papa or mamma, and almost shuddered to think of being stolen from home and safety.

The abductors of Charlie are not now abroad—they were killed while robbing another house—and never told the world where Charlie is, and the sad mystery still hangs over the lost pet of Germantown. These were only the agents of the one great enemy of children and the whole family of man, and others are employed that are as active and cruel as these who are watching and setting their traps to decoy children away from safety, and rob them of all that is valuable on earth or in heaven—character, purity, virtue, truth and obedient love.

We do not know how the wicked men—who were serving Satan—managed to get hold of Charlie. They may have given him candy, or nuts, or some pleasing picture, and thus drawn him on, to follow them. But we do know that those who are servants of Satan—and as such are trying to steal the beautiful boys and girls of our land—are using many such devices. Candies are made to conceal drops of brandy, or some other villainous poisons—cigarettes are advertised in flaming placards, in the mouths of prettily dressed boys, and are called "Pet"—unclean pictures and impure publications are hung in the windows and displayed in attractive colors and

forms—bad companionships on street and corner; all, all these and multitudes of other things are the bait which Satan and his allies are using to decoy boys and girls into his power and effect their ruin.

Oh! that there might be echoed all through the country the shout, *Look out! Lost boys! lost girls!* have been caught in these traps. *Keep away!—keep away!*

Let me tell you, children, what to do. Keep close to your parents and your own fireside, especially at night. Some of these child-stealers are most active at night. Keep close to Jesus, the children's Almighty friend, and by prayers and obedience to his word, secure his help and guidance.

"Little ones to him belong,
They are weak but he is strong."

Keep your eyes open, and your consciences tender, and tongue from falsehood and profanity, and your mouths clean from tobacco in any form, and all intoxicants, and be sure that you are never stolen from the paths of virtue and safety.

Your friend,

F. F. JEWELL.

DEAR CHILDREN: I have been urged by some friends to give you more of our hunting scenes here in California; but this I

cannot well afford to do just now. But I know you will be pleased with those new pictures of some of our grand scenery; though I cannot even take room to say much about them.

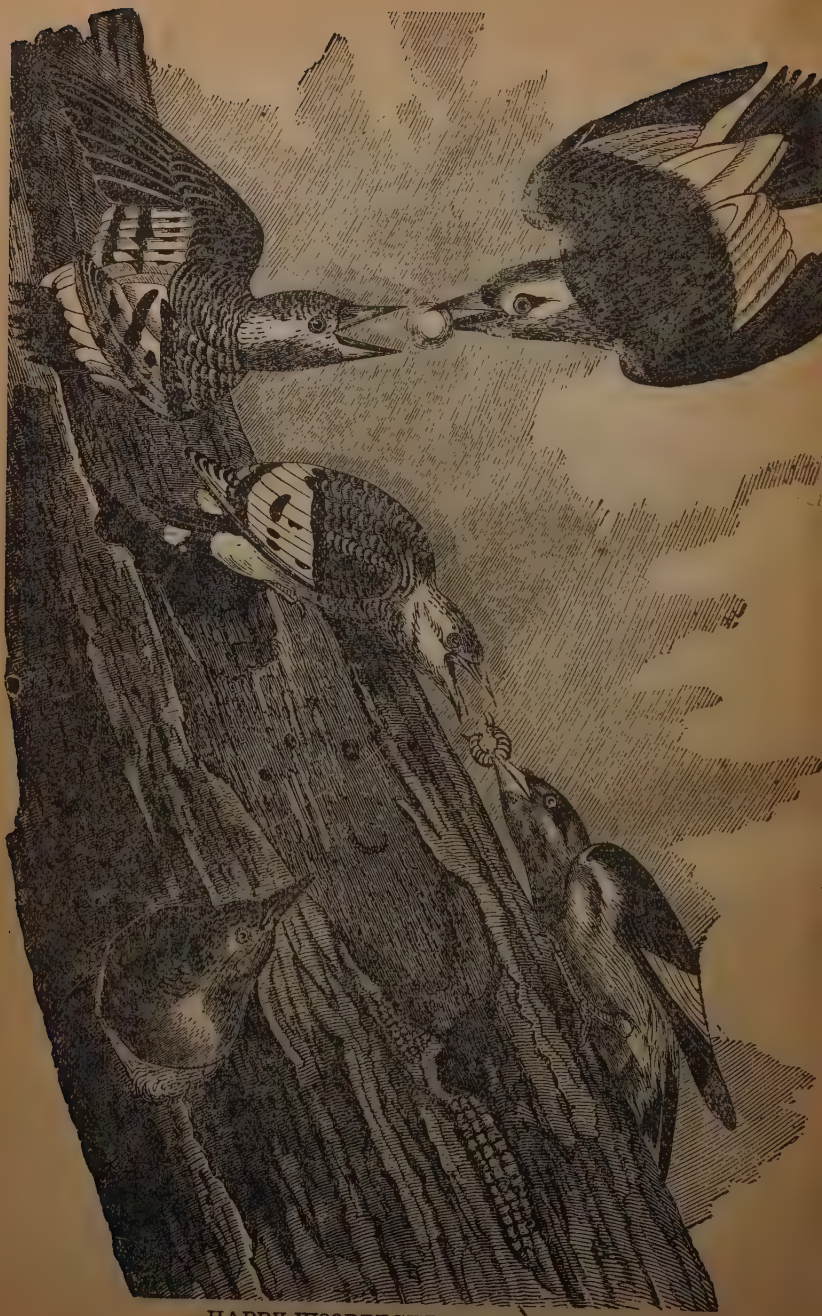
This picture here, as you see, is labelled "*Result of Woodpeckers' Industry*," and as I know the facts intended to be represented are really very interesting, and will be new to many of you, I will give you here a brief statement of this, as I know myself about it, and I have had the engraving done expressly for our book. The picture, itself, represents a section of one of our mountain pine trees, with the thick bark perforated full of holes made by the woodpeckers, in which to hide away their *acorns* for future use, and to keep them from the squirrels and other intruders.

Here, in California, the crop of acorns has usually been wonderfully abundant, furnishing food for many animals; and in former years almost the entire stock of *bread* for the Indian tribes. It would astonish you, had I the room to tell you of the great amount of these acorns which used to be gathered by the Indians, and how they kept them, prepared them, and used them. The peckerwoods, too, as I can prove to you, have been for ages here adepts in this *industry* of gathering and laying up acorns for themselves and their little ones. It is plain to be seen, too, that those industrious woodpeckers, either from being a little too greedy, or too much in a hurry, or a little inattentive to the minutiæ of business, really have lost at times stores of their good nuts. As proof of this, let me tell you this fact: Years ago, my boys and I, when getting out our timber in the redwoods, split open a great cut of a big redwood tree, and there, not far from the centre, was a fine pocket of beautiful acorns, which, to the eye, looked as though they might yet be fresh and good, though having been lying in there for possibly fifty hundred years. The peckerwoods had found a knot hole, or some little opening, in the young tree, hastily threw in their nuts, the tree grew over them, and there they lay.

Once, too, when I was up in Mendocino County, I found some boys who were playing a trick, in part, like the above. The boys had found out that the woodpeckers, in their great hurry to stow away their nuts, did not always take the pains to examine all the surroundings of their places of deposit. So the boys pleased the peckerwoods by boring holes in the gable end of their father's barn, just as nice as though the peckerwoods had done it for themselves. Then they placed nice boxes just below these holes; and so the busy peckerwoods went to work, dropping in nut after nut, till directly the boxes were full. Then the boys carried them off, and so had plenty of nuts to roast and eat. Of the fact that both the birds and boys were smart there will be no question, but of the strict correctness of the boys in the matter, we will leave it to be debated in your polemic clubs.

But now one word more about those peckerwoods and those holes they bore in the big trees, and the nuts they stow away. I have watched them at this away up in the Eel River Mountains; and the work they do, and the way they do it, is most astonishing. They make the holes down into the bark as by exact measurement. They then put in the nut and pack it well down. Then (up in those mountains) they get a little rock, or pebble, and they push it down tight into the hole on to the nut, so that no ordinary bird, or even the cunning squirrel, can touch it. And I have seen clusters of the peckerwoods meet and seem to be exceedingly joyful—hopping, laughing and talking over their safe and beautiful deposit of nuts. To me they seemed to be saying, "Here, now, is the result of our industry and diligent work—plenty of good rich nuts—and if even the worms get into some of them, all the better; for then, in the Spring, these fat worms themselves will be just the nicest dish we could get to take out and give to our beautiful little young woodpeckers. Eating these fat worms, won't they flutter, and feather, and grow, ha-ha-ha."

Now, in naming the losses of these industrious woodpeckers,



HAPPY WOODPECKERS IN SPRING

caused by a little indiscretion someway, we may say, in truth for them and in their behalf, that they do not fall a whit behind some of our own smart business folks—even our sturdy, honest miners here in California.

I have seen, in travelling through some of our mining places where much money lay in great buildings and other costly improvements utterly useless, the original owners and operators having made wrong movements or calculations in some way, showing the plain fact that really man is no more *infallible* than the birds—yet the truth remains that faithful *perseverance* will tell in the case of both men and peckerwoods.

DEAR CHILDREN: In this appendix I will write you a short chapter on "*Business.*"

The term business, as understood and employed in the English language, embraces or embodies all the employments and activities of the family of man: And, so, business may be *good* or *bad.* And then, it is true, that the business which is *right* and *honest*, is that, alone, which should be encouraged and prosecuted. Every honest, proper, needful business is honorable, and the owners and operators should be encouraged. Even the bootblack or the gatherer of the rags from the street, if they pursue the business honestly, soberly and industriously, having no other for the present, these are far more worthy of respect than all those boys who go around idle, profane and vicious, though even clad in fine apparel.

It is equally true, too, that every business or employment which is injurious, dishonest, and hurtful, should be discountenanced, and stopped as soon as possible, and all the owners and operators should be adequately punished, in the event of trying to carry on any such business; the rule applying to either men or women, boys or girls.

An honest business should be looked to and arranged for by every youth at an early age. Good honest, industrious men

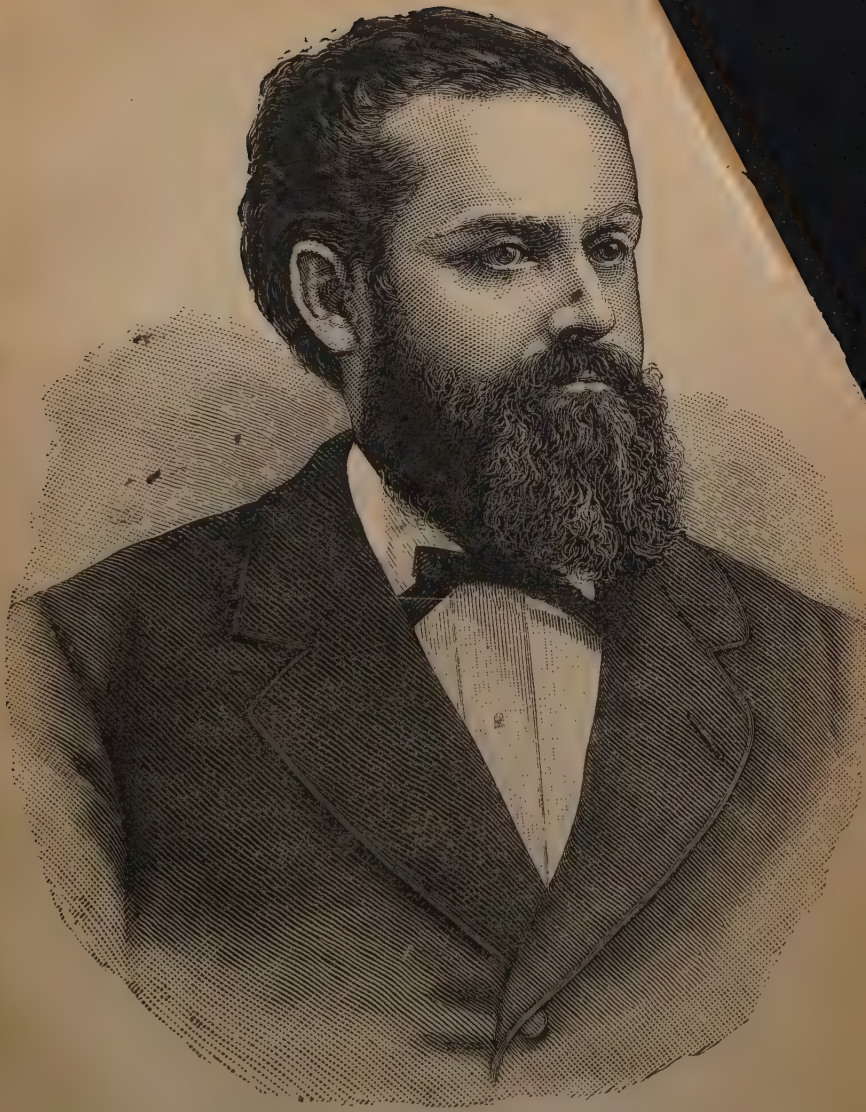
and women, boys and girls, are just the thing needed now to make this country—this government—a glorious success.

For a fair sample of what I wish to express in this matter, I will here name the case of two men now living in San Francisco, giving a sketch of their course and the results, to our youth; and before I am through, I will give their names and a sketch of their faces. (True, I have had to use a little sharp practice to get my engravings, but I now have them, and you, children, shall have the pictures.)

Those two young men were in California in early times, and early in business, honest, needful business. And they worked and planned and persevered—*honesty and fair dealing* being their watchwords—sobriety, and the love and fear of God their religion, and believing in his word. They shared in many of the reverses and hard, and even dangerous, times on this coast. But they hoped, and persevered, and the truth now is, they have *succeeded*. Their business, in all its multiform aspects, is now a wonderful success. I believe the sober truth when I say, there is not an honest business man or firm on the Pacific coast, which is not interested in their business and its success. Indeed, the mass of the good inhabitants are thus interested as individuals and families. I tell you, children, the literal truth, that the great Pacific ocean itself, along its whole line of coast, from the great "Golden Gate" to Victoria and Seattle north, and Los Angeles and San Diego south, is now repeatedly throwing great extra waves as the result of these two men's wonderful business efforts. Yes, the staid old Pacific ocean is crying out "hurrah, hurrah, boys."

If all you children could have just been with me down at at the great steamship dock this past week, I could there have shown you the literal truth of what I here tell you.

There lay a wonderful *ocean steamer*, the great screw propeller gently moving. Tons, and hundreds of tons of freight, of valuable freight, on board, and box after box of money and valuables being carried up the gangway. While on the beau-



Ex-Gov. GEORGE C. PERKINS.

tiful deck, and all over the great vessel, were gathering men, women and children.

While on the dock, amidst a great crowd of people, these two business men were calm and easy, sober and pleasant; not even a haze or whiff of filthy tobacco smoke about either of their own heads. Seeing their calm, kind looks, I could not but believe that in their hearts they were saying: "Oh, JEHOVAH, Thou who dost control the elements, the land and the sea, guard this our good ship, and bring her with her freight and treasure, and especially these many precious men, women and children, safely to their intended destination; all we commend to Thy care." I could hear and see, too, that prayers were going up, not from the proprietors alone, but from many other hearts. Those mothers, whose boys were kissed so tenderly, I am sure lifted up earnest prayers for God's protection and blessing. And those kind young ladies, whose tears so touchingly mingled with those of the parting brother and sister; they prayed, I know, that God would keep the dear departing ones and bring them safely back again. And if my infidel friend, who bade *farewell* to that beautiful daughter, kissing her so tenderly, did not pray, then I am greatly mistaken; for I think he said in his heart: "Oh, God, Thou hast all power in heaven and on earth, may I not trust this dear one to Thy care. Oh Jesus, Thou who didst still the old sea of Galilea, if the mighty storm should arise on this old Pacific still it and keep my daughter and take her safely into port." And if my friend did not omit, on this occasion, that stale old parenthesis—"*If there be a God; if there be a Jesus,*" then in this, too, I am greatly mistaken.

The old sea captain himself, grave and sober—for these men employ no drunken captains, or drunken crews—stood at his post just ready to say, "*Let her go.*"

Seeing all this, I then could no longer wonder why so great an interest is taken in these two men, and in their great steamships; and why such stores of freight and rich treasures

are continually being put in their care. Honest, sober, faithful business men—men who recognize and worship God—these are the men, after all, that business men are glad to trust—that all may safely trust.

These two men are now partners (associated with some others of like character), and at "No. 10" Market Street, San Francisco, may be found the names "CAPT. CHARLES GOODALL AND GEORGE C. PERKINS."

Here is Capt. Goodall's kind face and his kind letter.

REV. L. WAUGH:—I have been pleased to learn that you are about to get out a second edition of your book. I have read it with much pleasure and I trust with profit.

Allow me, through you, to recommend its perusal by all the boys, that they may learn the kind of boys it takes to make valuable, wide-awake, anti-tobacco consuming men.

Yours truly,

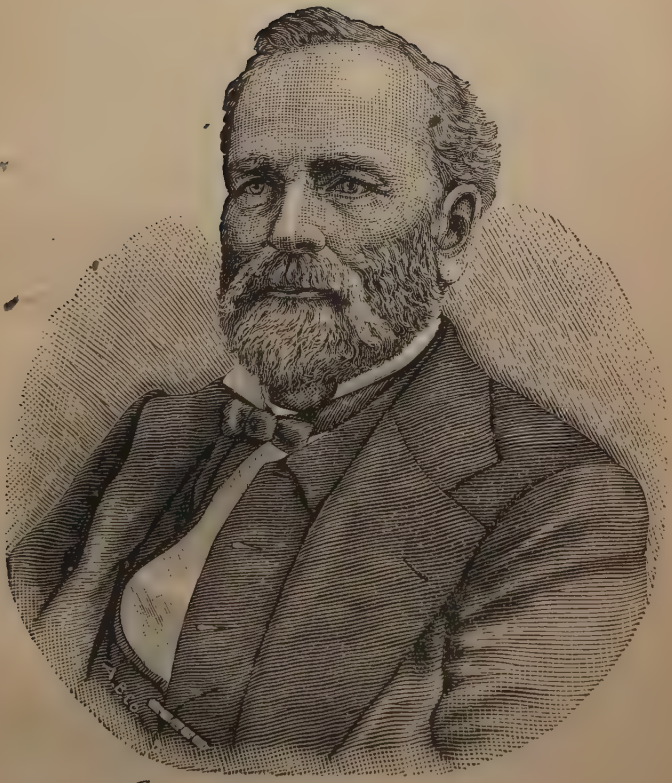
CHAS. GOODALL.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 8, 1884.

You have already had the pleasure of reading the kind letter of George C. Perkins, written for us when he was Governor of our beautiful State, and so now here I give you his cheerful face.

And I now will say to you, children all: Take encouragement, be steady, industrious, temperate, honest and faithful. Touch no tobacco in any form; save your money; choose and follow some honest business; love and reverence God, and when your life's great ship steams into port, you will find a "*sweet, sweet home*" in a beautiful land, where society will all be good, and friends need to sorrow no more or ever to part again.

N. B.—One thing, children, I forgot to say. It is this: You are not to understand that in anything I have said of drunkenness, or dissipating people, that you are to treat these rudely, harshly or umkindly—by no means—only pity them



Chas Goodall

and help them if you can. Once I was deeply impressed with this truth, in hearing Miss Frances E. Willard say, in a great assembly, where I knew there were a great number of whisky-selling, drinking men, "Dear fellow men, in our efforts we are not aiming to infringe or touch a solitary item of your interests or your rights. O, no, it is your *business*—your death-dealing business—we are striving to remedy and get rid of. And why should you object? Dear fellow men, just see what it is doing for yourselves. Your once beautiful faces, just see them now, bloated, inflamed; noses red and distorted; loathsome, frightful in the extreme. Then, see these once such lovely brothers of ours reeling, frightful demons now. And those dear, lovely sisters of ours, now thrown by this, your horrid drink traffic, into irremedible disgrace and ruin. Can you blame us? We pity you, and we would help you if we could. Oh, how true is Solomon's words: '*Wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging.*'"

Oh, no, children. Though the whole liquor business and all dissipation is dangerous, we must treat even these, our fellow beings, as kindly as possible. A little time ago, in my own county, I was virtually stopped on the highway by one of these whisky gentlemen.

The first word he said to me was: "I know you, sir, and you are the man that's traveling round and working against our *pisness*." "What is your business, sir?" I asked. "The liquor pisness," was his angry reply. "Well," said I, "I am working to try and save the children from the ruin of that very business." His answer came still more fiercely: "*Let the children go to the Devil;* you are not to disturb our pisness." I left him in a hurry; but this is the exact spirit of the whole thing. Let the children go to the Devil, the country and the government, is now the liquor power sentiment.

Dear Children: I am glad to give you here a kind letter from Dr. Briggs. I have known him for many years. His letter will give you a little inkling of the times and scenes he has passed through on this Coast.

The *cut* of his face, I agree, does not do him ample justice—for, really, he looks yet almost like a young man, as you see him in his pulpit or among the children in the Sabbath-school. There is no filthy tobacco about his mouth or person, I tell you, and so he is neat and pure and sweet. This is what he lives and preaches. All you boys do likewise, and so be lovely, as you then will be; lovely boys and then nice old men.

Dear Father Waugh: You wish my face to put into your book to embellish it, I suppose! I have nothing but a small cut, which was accidentally fished out of the rubbish the other day. I am not particularly ornamental at my best; but this thing, if I remember rightly, is a caricature of a very poor original. It makes me look as though I had fallen from grace,

or had been badly scared by a ghost. However, it is all I have. Use it or not as you choose. Possibly the case is like that of the old lady who said people talked a great deal about improvement in art, but for her part she didn't see any; they didn't make half as good pictures of her as they did thirty years ago.

You ask for personal reminiscences of my life in California. I could give you reminiscences enough for ten volumes; but, unluckily, few in which I happened to be a chief figure are worth publishing. I landed in San Francisco October 17th, 1850, thirty-three years ago last October, and have *lived* here ever since, albeit we *staid* away five years under various calls. If we count the time when this was a part of the Oregon and California Mission Conference, I am the oldest member (though not the oldest man) of the Conference. I have served comparatively few pastoral charges, having belonged to the slow-moving and long-staying class; but have preached almost everywhere, and always with good accommodation; in churches, dwellings, shops, streets, barns, barrooms, barracks, theaters, tents and under the trees. Being on the ground, I was almost compelled to have something to do with public affairs, both within and without the church. It providentially fell to my lot to expose the cunningly concocted scheme to foist slavery into our State, over or through the constitution; and this exposure brought on a battle which raged with great fury. Many times my life was threatened, but you yourself can testify that I was not killed. So why make ado about dangers which never ripened into deeds? Thus, with little natural courage, and with a Friend Quaker's abhorrence of strife, I became a soldier of conscience in the times that tried men's souls. My health is without flaw. I have lived to see my country freed from the curse of slavery, and hope to live to see it redeemed from the tyranny of rum power.

There, is that enough for self-picturing? If so let me take up a more congenial part. Should the Lord spare me to reach

your ripe age, and my courage rise to the height of the emergency, possibly I shall write a book, as you have done, though I could not hope to write as well. How heartily I wish you success in both branches of your chosen work—the circulation of your Life-biographic among the reading public, and the yet more useful circulation of your Life-automatic among the children and youth of the land, in the great, good cause of juvenile temperance organization. Get the boys right, and the world will not go wrong. Get all the children right, and the day will soon dawn when not a death-trap shall disfigure the free land from ocean to ocean. It is glorious that you, at seventy-six years of age, are still able to charm young ears with the eloquence of youth, richly freighted with the garnered wisdom of a vast experience. God bless you, and the cause, and the children, and the broad and fruitful land.

Yours for Christ, fraternity and prohibition,

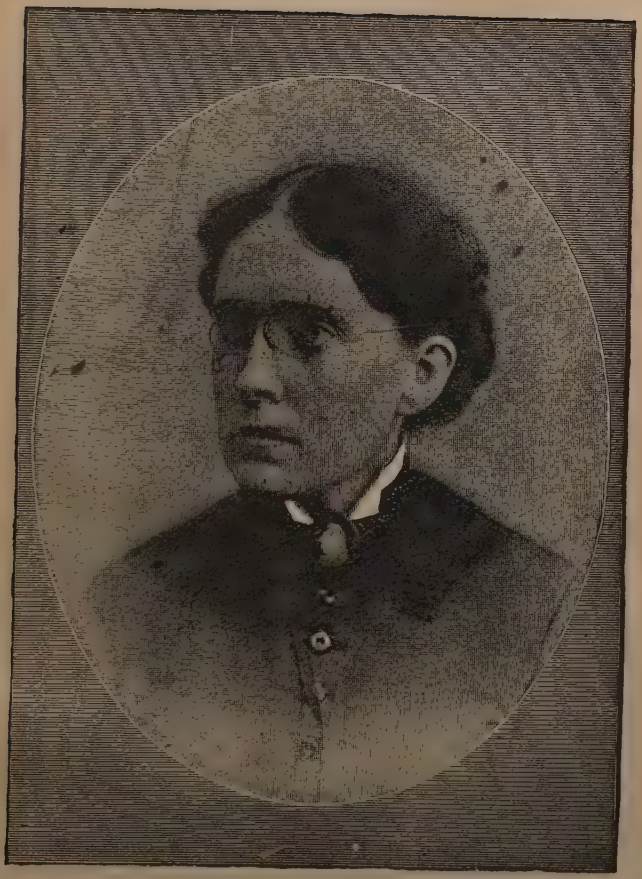
M. C. Briggs.

Alameda, Cal., February 18th, 1884.

Dear Children: I have the great pleasure of giving you a sketch of the kind face of our dear friend, Miss Francis E. Willard. Through the kindness of Brother A. D. Wood, writing for the cut to her home in Illinois, I get it just in the nick of time to get it into our book for you children.

This dear girl has fully given herself to God and to the work of our common humanity—the proposed rescue of all our people from the death-dealing scourge of the liquor power. Her travels and public labors have been incessant now for years. And it is wonderful how she and her blessed co-laborers—the noble band of the W. C. T. U.—have been sustained and prospered in their blessed work.

In witnessing myself the travels and labors of this dear girl, I am sure that, like one of old, she has often practically said: "But none of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy."



FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Many of you, children, I know, still joyfully cherish the remembrance of the visit, and the blessed work of Francis E. Willard and Annie Gordon with us here on the Pacific Coast. Let us, dear children, continue to pray for God's blessing to attend them, and that the glorious object for which they are so faithfully working may, in God's own time, be fully accomplished—the complete and everlasting overthrow of the curse of all curses to the human family—the *Liquor power.*

You will see, children, in reading the following little clip, that Miss Willard is, herself, taking a kind interest in our book.

FATHER WAUGH'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

DEAR UNION SIGNAL:—This is an unique little book, and sets forth the benignant life of a Methodist missionary among the Indians, pioneer to California, temperance and anti-tobacco man of seventy years standing, who, starting from good "ole Virginy never tire," has traversed the continent, and the allotted years of man, doing good and not evil, all the days of his life. Father Waugh now lives in Petaluma, California, but I met him at that incomparable Saratoga convention in 1881, and again at his own home, where he is universally respected and beloved. His book would be a bonanza to our boys, and might well find a place in Sunday school libraries and Bands of Hope. Address Methodist Book Room, San Francisco.

By the way, this book room is under the management of our "Mother Hill's" son, who is a noble, genial man, and leading minister on this coast, and worthy, in every way, of that heroic soul who led the women of Newark, N. J., and only at eighty years of age, resigned her office of president of local W. C. T. U.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Since the above was written, Mother Hill has passed peacefully over to join all the holy workers in the beautiful spirit land. She died in great peace Jan. 20, 1884, in her eighty-first year.

The following is a kind autograph note from Miss Willard:

PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, May 7, 1883.

FATHER WAUGH—Kind Friend: Accept my thanks for the unique volume presented by you yesterday. It will have permanent historical value as a record of pioneer life in the Golden State, and permanent moral and religious value as the record of a clean, wholesome life, into which the poison habits of our bewildered era have not entered, and which has illustrated the victory that over-cometh, even the faith that works by love. May many a fresh young soul find a beacon light in this ennobling story, and be assured that to the good this path of life is "better farther on"—even to three score years and ten.

Yours in the battle for "sweeter manners, purer laws,"

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

DEAR CHILDREN: These few pictures of our big trees and great Redwood forests, Yosemite Falls, etc., will give you an idea of some of our grand scenery here in California. But to give you anything of a general description would require quite a book in itself; and to do justice in illustration would require a larger book than mine for the pictures.

There is one big tree on Kings River 44 feet in diameter, and one in the Mariposa grove they call the "Grizzly Giant," which measures 93 feet in circumference near the ground.

In the Calaveras grove there is a big tree they now have named "Starr King." This is said to be the tallest tree now standing in the grove. It measures 366 feet in height. There are two trees they call the "Sentinels." One of these measures 315 feet in height.

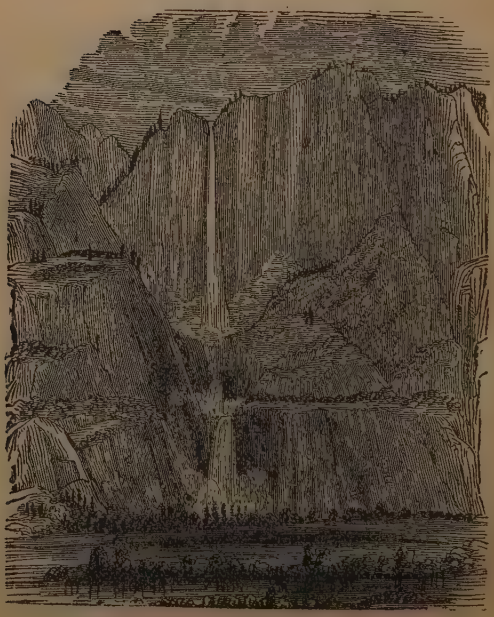
Thousands visit this beautiful retreat for pleasure, sea-bathing and to worship God. Next Fall the Annual Conference of the M. E. Church is to hold its session there.

CHURCH AND PAVILION BUILT ON THE STUMP OF THE ORIGINAL BIG TREE.

This church would afford room for a preacher and a congregation of fifty worshipers.

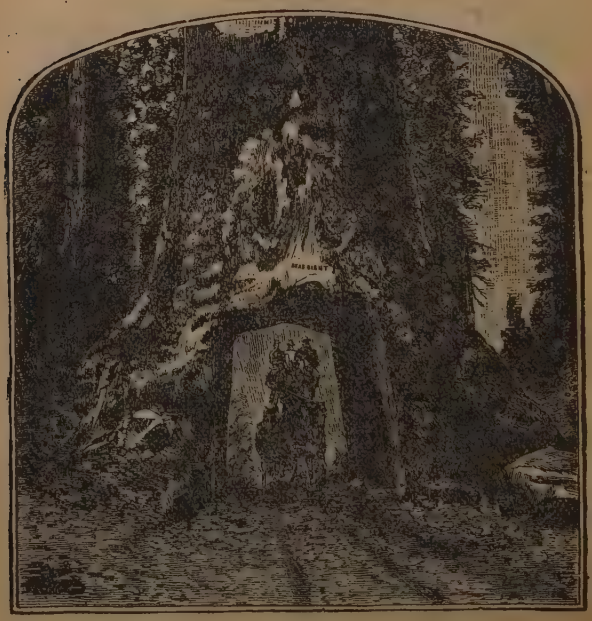
The log near is twenty-five feet in diameter.

SCENES ON THE TUOLUMNE ROAD TO THE YOSEMITE.



YOSEMITE FALLS, 2634 FEET HIGH.

El Capitan and Cathedral Rocks, Yosemite Valley, 3,300 Feet High.



THE DEAD GIANT ON THE OAK ROUTE.

Driving a stage coach loaded with passengers through the trunk of a big tree thirty one feet in diameter, on the Big Oak Flat Road to the Yosemite.

ACROSTIC.

Mamie, with this a *shell* you'll find—
A shell from the Pacific beach;
Most wondrous are some shells in kind—
In wisdom, all, great lessons teach.
Every kind is uniform;

Every kind their kindred love—
Rejoicing all, in calm, or storm—
In shell-like ways they make their love.
Could you but watch those shells a day·
Kissing, talking, feasting free—
Surely, happy, you would say,
Every one must surely be.
Come, Mamie, dear, and here with me,
Kindly scan the great shell race,
Encluster'd in the mighty sea—
Rejoicing in JEHOVAH'S grace.

Your friend from California,

LORENZO WAUGH.

Ontario, Ohio, July 24th, 1884.

This friend of mine is a near relative of the noble James King of William, who was foully assassinated by J. P. Casey, in San Francisco, Cal., May 14th, 1856; the Vigilance Committee hanging Casey for the same, on the 22nd of May, the same year.

ACROSTIC.

Ever on the move we go,
Like the rivers as they flow;
Incessantly both night and day,
So soon this life must pass away.
Every day new cares we find,

Work for body and for mind.
In youth, 'tis true, we seem to be
Like lambs, from cares kept free,
Hoping only soon to find
Every joy that cheers the mind.
Little folks, then laugh and play,
Make merry times throughout the day;
In later times the tides of life
New duties bring, and often strife,
A thousand things that must be done,

Hard work, and toil (but little fun).
Old age comes on. How quickly, too!
Reclining feebly, death in view.
Such is life in this brief state.
Trust, then, in him who did create.
"**M**an that is born of woman is of few days." (Job, xiii.)
"**A**nd now abideth faith, hope, charity." (1st Cor. xiii, 13.)
"**N**o man dieth to himself." (Rom. xiv, 7.)

By your friend from California,

LORENZO WAUGH.

St. Louis, Missouri, Aug. 17th, 1884.

ACROSTIC.

Etta, these lines I'll write for you,
That you may still remember me.
To please my friends, so good and true,
A steady friend I hope to be.

F*arewell*—the best of friends must say-

Kindred with kindred part,
In distant lands awhile to stay—
Remaining, though, still one in heart.
Kind *friendship* is our *social sun*,
Perpetual blessings crown its way,
And *sorrows* from it swiftly run—
The storm clouds by it pass away.
Remember me, then, Etta, dear—
In prayer, ask God to guide and bless.
Can we not meet (though no more here)
Kind friends above and there *caress?*

Your friend from California,

LORENZO WAUGH.

Blooming Grove, Ohio, July 25th, 1884.

The mind often, when in deep thought and fervent prayer, comes in contact with strange and wonderful things, inexplicable at the time.

When the above lines were penned this beautiful girl was in the bloom of health and Christian activity. Since then she has passed over into the heavenly society.

ACROSTIC.

God, God in nature, let us view—
Everywhere His work we see,
Rejoicing all, in union true;
The heavens and earth in friendship free.
In nature all, are ties that bind—
Entun'd in love, the stars they sing;

Kind waters flow in drops so kind,
Infusing life in everything.
Rejoicing life in everything
Knows and loves the blessed light.
Pure air, and sunshine—winter—spring,
All, all in friendship true unite.
Time itself stands not alone—
Reunion ties stretch far away,
Including worlds as yet unknown—
Cloudless will be the eternal day.
Known unto God are all his works. (Acts, xv, 18.)

By your friend from California,

LORENZO WAUGH.

Blooming Grove, Ohio, July 17th, 1884.

ACROSTIC.

Here is my friend, a little boy,
As happy as a boy can be,
Like all good children full of joy,
Delightful prospect sure has he.
A mother's love, a father's care,
Now guard their children night and day;

Uplifted hearts in faithful prayer—
Receive our children, Lord, they say.
Let each grow up in wisdom's ways,
Imbued with truth and wisdom's gain.
Now guide us all through all our days;
Grant us, then, with thee to reign.

The grandma, ESTHER, was my friend
Over forty years gone by,
May grace and mercy still attend,
Prepare us all for joys on high.
Kindred and friends shall we meet there
In union bonds to part no more.
Now fare you well, and may we share
Salvation's joys on that bright shore.

Your friend from California,

LORENZO WAUGH.

Norwalk, Ohio, July, 1885.

ACROSTIC.

PAUL, and ADAMS—names that shine;
Adams as a statesman (good was he)
Undaunted Paul was a divine—
Like one of these our PAUL may be.

And, so, while young, dear Paul, be kind;
Direct your thoughts in wisdom's way,
And train the body and the mind—
Make progress thus each coming day—
So shall you bless the world some way.

Your friend from California,

LORENZO WAUGH.

Topeka, Kansas, August 23rd, 1884.

ACROSTIC.

Kitty, though you do not hear,
It yet is happy you can see.
The *sight*, in part, supplies the ear—
Then happy still, you sure can be.
Your heart can hear, as God does talk—

Most loving things to you he'll say—

"**M**y child," he says, "come, with me walk-
Uplift your heart with joy and pray.
No child of mine should be distress'd
Nor murmur, while to me so near—
Endeared are all. All shall be bless'd."
Live joyous, then, *in heaven you'll hear.*

Your friend from California,

LORENZO WAUGH.

Ontario, Ohio, July 26th, 1884.

LELAND STANFORD, JR.,

Was born in Sacramento, California, May 14th, 1868, and died in Florence, Italy, March 13th, 1884.

His last earthly resting-place is in his favorite "Palo Alto," which is between San Francisco and Santa Clara, and near the line of the railroad.

There may be seen the beautiful monument which parental love has erected to mark the earthly resting-place of the departed dear and only child.

"He being dead, yet speaketh."—*Hebrews*, xi, 4.

ACROSTIC.

Lo! Here's a youth, come, children see,
Enshrined in honor none can stain;
L*ife* is with him all pure and free,
And far beyond all death and pain.
None where he lives can ever go
Deranged with drink and smoke and shame.

Sweet streams of love there ever flow,
The Saviour's there and calls each name.
A happy throng, and joyous place,
New joys increasing as they rise,
Forever feasting in God's grace.
Oh! Oh! That HOME above the skies.
Renewed in love, kind friends there meet,
Dear children hail their parents dear,

JESUS, THE CHRIST, in love, all greet.
Rejoice, ye good, "OUR HOME" is near.

These lines I write on the name of LELAND STANFORD, JR., in honor of that noble boy, being now in the 77th year of my age; and remembering, too, that his kind father and mother afforded me some help and encouragement in my work among the children in California, years before Leland Jr. was born.

LORENZO WAUGH.

Petaluma, Sonoma Co., Cal., March 13th, 1885.

ACROSTIC.

Lord Jehovah, Thou hast bless'd
Every stage of Stanford's life;
Let love, and peace, and joy and rest
Attend him now—and his kind wife.
Now in their fast declining days,
Direct them in their last great plan,

(So dear to them, and for Thy praise)
To help the race, as *money can.*
A training school for precious youth,
Now in their love they would erect,
For teaching science and all truth,
Oh, God, we pray, in this direct.
Restore their health; this effort bless,
Direct the whole, complete, adorn.

So it may bring a grand success,
Rejoicing thousands, yet unborn. *Amen.*

By your friend,

Lorenzo Waugh.

Now in the 79th year of my age. Still happy, having learned the great lesson given in 1st Thess., 5th chapter, and in the 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th verses.

Menlo Park, Cal., Oct. 18th, A. D. 1886.

OBITUARY.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away. (Rev. xxi: 4.)

WAUGH.—Died, in San Francisco, August 6th, at the residence of her son, Mr. Wm. Waugh, Mrs. Clarissa Jane Waugh.

The disease causing her death was dropsy of the chest. She was born near Mansfield, O., February 20, 1826. For a time she was a schoolmate with General Sherman. When very young she was blessed with a sense of God's saving love, and she joined the M. E. Church. In her youth, with her father, John Edsall, she moved to Missouri. In 1841 she was married to Rev. Lorenzo Waugh, a traveling elder of the M. E. Church. With him she shared the toils and privations of the early itinerant life till the spring of 1852, when, the health of both having failed, they crossed the plains and came to California. They settled in the country, four miles from what is now the city of Petaluma. Nearly all of that delightful and fertile country was then uninhabited. As there was no church yet built, their new home was opened as the first place, in all that region, for preaching and for social religious meetings. Here the early preachers always found a welcome home. Ever their house was a model of neatness and quiet, as well as of a generous and unostentatious hospitality. Though never demonstrative, Sister Waugh was ever ready and prepared for every needed work. Especially in cases of affliction, her alacrity and skill were apparent. Her character is well expressed in the words of the wise man, "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." Though her sickness was for many weeks, and was very painful, her patience and resignation were truly

notable. The writer frequently visited her sick-room, and could not fail to observe that there the favor of God was amply bestowed. She leaves a large circle of friends. Her husband, Father Waugh, in his sad bereavement needs—and, indeed, he enjoys—the strong consolations, which, so often, he has imparted to others. She was truly triumphant in her death. She embraced the children, and gave them a message of dying love. Remembering the two absent sons, she said: "Pa, tell John and Henry Clay to meet me in heaven. I am going there, and I am perfectly happy." Her face was radiant, like that of an angel. On this coast the Christian veterans are fast passing away. It is pleasant to know that what Mr. Wesley said of the Methodists of his time is true of these—"They die well." Mrs. Waugh was the mother of four sons and one daughter, all of whom survive but the youngest son, Franklin. He died, aged ten years. A very interesting account is given of him in Father Waugh's autobiography.—J. J. CLEVELAND.

ACROSTIC.

How wondrous are God's works as seen
All varied in our journey here.
Rare sights in rocks and landscapes green,
Rich mining camps are also near.
In grandeur great the distant peaks
Enrobed in snow attract the sight;
The *plain* in wonders vast it speaks,

Nature is seen in wondrous light.

How beauteous must God's domain be
On which the blight of sin ne'er came.
Rejoicing Harriet, oh may we
New Canaan reach—in JESUS' name.

Written in Arizona on the train, March 11th, A. D. 1886.

LORENZO WAUGH.

This young lady was one of J. M. Buffington's early Sab-

bath-school scholars, and has been connected with the kindergarden work of Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, from the beginning. We met on the train, where very endearing friendships are often formed.

FATHER WAUGH.

HE WRITES A LETTER TO THE CHILDREN ON HIS SEVENTY-NINTH BIRTHDAY.

DEAR CHILDREN:—This is my birthday. I was born in Virginia, August 28, A. D. 1808, and as there is no celebration of this event going on, I will take the time and write a letter to you children, as I am now once more with you; as the true old saying is, "Once a man and twice a child," being now, as you will see by the figures, just within 21 years of being one hundred years old. Should I be spared to live out these 21 years, all you children, if spared, will be men and women. So then I will allow you to have a celebration on my birthday, as I think it will be perfectly right for a man who lives a good life till he is 100 years old to be accepted as a man the second time.

So, in this letter I will briefly tell you children how it is that I am still with you—so well, so happy, and so active.

And, first, my father and mother were both good, so I came into the world just right. For, I tell you, children, it makes all possible favorable difference with us to be blessed with good parents, so that we children can take a right start in the world physically, mentally and morally.

Second, through the care and training by father and mother, especially my mother—I was kept from falling into any of the prevailing bad habits of the times. So that I can tell you in truth I never indulged in the use of tobacco, strong drinks, telling lies or profane language. I cultivated and maintained a

good conscience, as in the presence of God and among my associates, convinced that it was best to do right. And then pressing my will right up to the work, I am this day just as free and happy as it is possible for any or all of you children to be. My blood is pure, my heart beats free and easy, my skin is clear and my breathing pure. And so I am happily on the stretch for the hundred-year-old stake, only twenty-one more years ahead.

And now, dear children, all of you just determine to make a good run. Shun all bad habits, all intemperance and dissipation, and needless self-indulgence, and make the very best of your circumstances. Bring your wills up to the point to do right for yourselves, and because it is the best thing to do so in every aspect of the case.

In conclusion, I will append my name in acrostic form, so that you may the better remember me and what I tell you today.

ACROSTIC.

Let love control in all you do;
O keep your honor bright and true;
Rejoice in always doing right,
Enlist while young in "the good fight,"
Never indulge in habits vile,
Zealously shun deceit and guile;
On God depend, His laws obey,
With honor then you'll win the day.
And so at last we'll share above
Unbounded joys, where all is love.
Good friends we'll meet, now gone before;
How glorious there, on that bright shore!

ACROSTIC.

Rose, you are like a garden rare
Of flowers; yourself the central rose;
Sweet odors fill the balmy air,
Exquisite buds! What charming blows!

E'en every color, shade and hue,
Like diamonds, in the rose appear.
Its sweetness charms the sparkling dew;
***S**weet breezes* sing, caress and cheer;
All honey bees in joy draw near,
Bright butterflies sail in and greet,
E'en humming-birds, *hum* in their cheer,
The *children laugh* as there they meet.
How happy would our world soon be

Could all be trained in *love* so pure.
Life's sorrows then would swiftly flee,
Eternally would *peace* endure.
Vain, though, indeed, this hope would be,
***E**xcept we stop the drinking sin*;
Let this be done, we then shall see
A reign of glory ushered in;
Nothing should swerve us when duty is plain.*
Divine power will ever sustain those who do right.†

Your friend, kindly,

LORENZO WAUGH,

Now in the 78th year of my age; was never intoxicated, and never used the *filthy weed.*

Petaluma, California, Dec. 18, 1885.

* Acts xx: 24. †Joel ii.

Dec 22. 1885.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON

Rev. Lorenzo Waugh.

Dear Sir.

Accept my thanks for your book and the very ingenious acrostic you do me the honor to make over my name. Your book reflects the motives and purposes of a generous nature and a useful life. Yours very truly

Rose Elizabeth Cleveland.

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